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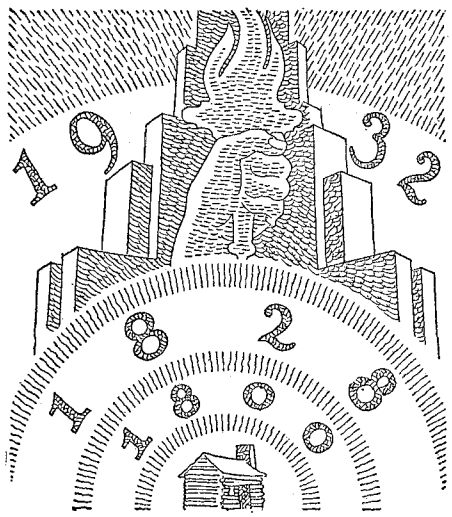
National Politics and War

By Charles A. Beard

Is the Republican party, the party of "wealth and talents," dead? Will failure of the present administration lead us to war? Dr. Beard, co-author of "The Rise of American Civilization," in one of the most important papers he ever wrote, draws from America's past to suggest our future course in domestic and foreign affairs



THE overwhelming preponderance of Democrats in the Government of the United States disconcerts good Republicans and mere observers who watch the storm from ivory towers. According to the well-known law of action and reaction, there should now be a Republican majority in the House of Representatives or at least a minority large enough to exert a powerful check on the Executive and its legislative cohorts. It is a strange kind of administration in Washington that does not accumulate enough errors in two years to cut its support in Congress and the country. What has happened? What is the significance of the Roosevelt upheaval in American life?

Ready answers will come, of course, to the lips of those who live from day to day on personal reminiscences and chimney-corner gossip. At last the Grand Old Party representing wealth and talents is down and out, and will sink into oblivion, like the Federalists and Whigs. That is one answer, from one quarter. Another is that the New Deal has not yet finished its course of folly and waste, but will in due time come to its crisis; then the people, weary of dust and ashes, will turn once more to the Grand Old Party representing wealth and talents. Is the list of alternative answers thus exhausted?

In this quest we have, as Patrick Henry once said, only the lamp of experience to guide us, only the course of American history in the past. Surely it will be generally agreed that out of this history eventuated the New Deal and its sponsors. From American history then a few relevant conclusions may be drawn with fair certainty. From a study of it also may emerge some light on the nature of the present Democratic upheaval and its possible course.

The first of the conclusions bearing on the significance of Mr. Roosevelt and the election of 1934 is that the present Democratic upheaval is the third statistical triumph of the kind, not the first. Twice before in American history the party of wealth and talents has been overwhelmed at the polls. A similar thing occurred under Thomas Jefferson in 1800. It was repeated on a scale more vast and with deeper stirrings at the bottom under Andrew Jackson in 1828. The outburst of New Freedom under Woodrow Wilson cannot be included in this list. His election in 1912 was a political fluke, as his minority vote at the polls demonstrated, and his re-election may be ascribed to the confusions and perplexities of the World War, especially to the slogan that he would keep us out of the War. It is true that a political upheaval was in prospect during the years preceding 1914, but whatever meaning it had was submerged beneath the passions of the War itself.

I

So we may safely say that the first triumph of the forgotten man over the party of wealth and talents came in 1800, with the Jeffersonian "revolution." It had

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the appearances of being "the permanent revolution." From year to year, with minor fluctuations, the Federalist party sank deeper and deeper into the flood of oblivion. At last it disappeared, as such and in name only. Many of its members, like John Quincy Adams, quickly clambered aboard the new party led by Jefferson, so evidently triumphant. Others sulked in their tents or put up a feeble fight until time cut them off from the living. By 1824 the whole country was safely Republican—the term then applied to Jefferson's party. It was frankly and avowedly an agrarian party. Jefferson had openly appealed to that interest and had repeatedly said that agriculture alone—a system of independent farmers—could furnish a secure base for a republic. Under it wealth was widely distributed. And the overwhelming majority of American voters were farmers. Indeed, the Jeffersonian revolution seemed to be permanent.

But two things interfered with its permanence. The first was war. The second was the inexorable movement of American business enterprise, in spite of all efforts to maintain the supremacy of agriculture in the economy of the country. And these things are still with us: the imminence of war and the movement of business enterprise.

Shortly after the "revolution" of 1800, Jefferson's Republicans began their attack on the apparatus set up by the party of wealth and talents. They drove Federalists from their berths in the Government and stripped them of their fees and emoluments. They assailed the stronghold of wealth—the United States Bank—and extinguished it when its charter expired. In time they even deprived wealth of many advantages in commerce which it enjoyed under discriminating laws. They seemed to think that it would sink in the scale if stripped of certain special privileges which it had enjoyed under the beneficence of the Government. They seemed to imagine that its very life depended on such bounties and grants at the expense of "the public." What might have happened had events taken a "normal" course, no one knows. But a war with Great Britain intervened in 1812.

It was an expensive war. It called for money and supplies. And only business enterprise could furnish money and munitions. Except in New England this enterprise rallied to the support of Madison's Republican administration. It lent money to the Federal Treasury and sold goods to Republican quartermasters—at a price and on terms. With foreign imports cut down by war, American industries sprang forward by leaps and bounds. At the end of the war the business enterprise which Hamilton had fostered with so much trouble had become a giant in comparison with its stature in 1789. An immense public debt had been accumulated in the hands of bankers and business men. The hated thing which Jefferson had tried to extinguish had risen to new heights.

After the war, when the agrarians in the Federal Government faced the music of paying the bills, they were helpless, for neither their philosophy nor their experience provided them with any sure guidance. So they re-established the United States Bank. They raised the tariff—to assure "home markets for agricultural produce," and to bring revenue into the depleted Treasury. For money and practical experience they had to draw upon gentlemen naturally associated with the party of wealth and talents, whatever its mere name. Not without reason did old Republican croakers, like John Randolph, cry out that the "blood suckers" had returned to power—in Jefferson's party, this time. The permanent revolution did not seem so permanent after all.

II

It was then that preparations were made for the second great upheaval in politics, under the leadership of Andrew Jackson. Signs seemed to be propitious again. New states had been admitted to the Union in the West. They were all fundamentally agrarian in interest, far more agrarian than the older seaboard states. Well might the doddering Federalists protest against being overbalanced in Congress by the flood of wildmen poured in upon its floors from the backwoods districts.

These wildmen were a different breed from the farmers in the East. They had gone into the wilderness with their families. They had battled with Indians. They had cut down forests and built log cabins. They had knocked down opponents with their strong, hard fists. They had not enjoyed the benefits of a soothing education. And they were not satisfied to play a second fiddle to gentlemen planters from Virginia in the orchestra. They found their "natural leader" in one of their own kind—"Old Hickory" Jackson. It is true that Jackson owned slaves and aped the habits of gentlemen, but he had come up through the jungle of hard knocks and seemed to be the right man for the occasion.

At all events under General Jackson's leadership came the second great popular upheaval, that of 1828—the last until the advent of Mr. Roosevelt and his New Deal in 1932. And this revolution made Jefferson's upheaval look like a tea party in comparison. Rough fellows in knee boots and coonskin caps poured into Washington by the hundreds, filling the surviving Federalist office holders and the new Republican office holders with dismay and horror. All the best families in Washington who could get away fled in disgust. John Quincy Adams sulked, as his father had sulked

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in 1801. It was a holocaust, a slaughter of innocence and virtue, an outrage beyond repair, the beginning of the end—so the "best" people thought. All except the stoutest of Jeffersonian Republicans were disgusted when rough fellows crowded the White House after Jackson's inauguration, trampled mud into the carpets, drank punch in huge gulps, upset punch bowls, and stood in dirty boots on damask chairs to "git a glimpse of the Gineral." Republican planters in the South, who had never loved Jefferson anyway, simply could not endure it.

Before long the war on the party of wealth and talents was renewed in earnest, in language less polite than that employed by Jefferson in 1800. This time, it seemed, there was to be a thorough house-cleaning. Old Republican and Federalist office holders, holding their noses while hoping to hold their jobs, were cut off from the Treasury with merciless strokes. In comparison with General Jackson's methods the tactics of General Farley appear mild and genial. The duties of any job, said Jackson, can be made so plain that anybody can perform them. Farley never thought of making a member of the paving rammers' union a coordinator of the Railways. Anyway, out went the crowd with their knee breeches and ruffles.

Then, with a roar like that of a lion, Jackson sprang on the stronghold of wealth and talents—the second United States Bank. In vain did the grave Senators Webster and Clay, having retainers and favors from the Bank in their pockets, seek to preserve its life against the barbarians. In vain did they plead for "sound money." In vain did John Marshall, with one foot in the grave, try to block the wildcat banking started by state and village politicians. In vain did the party of wealth and talents rally to the support of Nicholas Biddle and his Bank. The raging flood of Jacksonian Democracy rolled over them and they sank into ruin and oblivion—for a time.

Disgusted with the doings of "the blood suckers" in Jefferson's party, Jackson's men cast off the term "Republican." The title had been alarming in 1800, but it meant little more than "Federalist" in 1828. Since there was to be a new deal, they had to have a new name. So they now called themselves Democrats—Jacksonian Democrats.

When Jackson was re-elected in 1832 the permanent revolution seemed doubly permanent—copper-riveted, in fact. The Bank was extinguished amid a mighty squawk. General Jackson rode rough-shod over everything and every person that obstructed his path. Nothing that he ever did or said was marked by the suavity that characterizes the leader of the third upheaval—Franklin D. Roosevelt. To be sure, the General was gentle with his friends as long as they took orders or flattered his vanity, but he made no addresses to bankers in the style employed by President Roosevelt in October, 1934. Having smashed the enemy, humiliated the Senate, and enthroned his followers, Jackson handed the scepter over to Martin Van Buren, and retired amid the cheers of his boys. The job seemed to be done once and for all. The party of wealth and talents was prostrate in the dust, more prostrate than after the election of 1800 or of 1934.

III

This old party might have remained prostrate if two things had not intervened again, the same two things—the movement of business enterprise and war.

It was difficult, no doubt, for business men to make headway amid the dust and racket of Jackson's upheaval. Many were ruined or suffered diminution of fortune during the first stages, but the more ingenious among them got ahead even after wildcat currency poured over the country, after the tariff was cut, and after bounties for shipping were withdrawn. Their troubles were multiplied as banks failed and states repudiated debts. They had to employ more clerks to shuffle and sift state bank notes worth ten, twenty, sixty, seventy, or eighty cents on the dollar and fluctuating from day to day. They were distressed when states like Pennsylvania and Mississippi just stopped paying interest on bonds. They were in despair as Democratic Congressmen heartlessly jerked subsidies away from shipping companies. They were embarrassed when Democratic Congressmen pounded the table and demanded still easier money.

But in spite of their troubles, business men made headway, for they were versatile, and not to be baffled by politicians decked in the habiliments of sovereignty. They built more and more factories. They opened mines. They constructed railways and telegraph lines —with bounties even from Democrats, who wanted their "'deestricts' favored." They reached out into the West and drew produce to the East by providing canals and railways and furnishing credit to farmers and warehousemen. Since they could not have a sound national bank, they founded sound state banks amid the unsound banks, and in time even easy-money men came to see the difference between the one and the other. Under the superintendence of business men, cities rose like magic—in Jefferson's western farming region. Out of the mud sprang Chicago.

By the middle of the nineteenth century an economic revolution had taken place despite the political upheaval. At the turn of the mid-century business enterprise overtopped agriculture in the amount of capital employed in mines, factories, railways, and urban property. Swiftly through the years the center of economic

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gravity had shifted from agriculture to business enterprise. Beneath the uproars of politics, notwithstanding the policies of government, the fateful transformation had taken place. The returns of the census could not be debated.

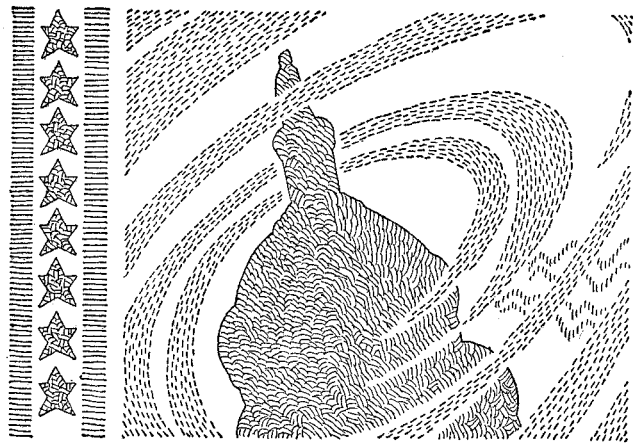
Still Jackson's Democrats were in a numerical majority in town and country. Only by using military heroes, General Harrison and General Taylor, could leaders in the party of wealth and talents manage to slip into power for a season. Finally that subterfuge failed them when they tried to elevate General Scott and he used Irish brogue in his campaign speeches.

Backed by a numerical majority, Jacksonian Democracy might long have remained in power, if it had made concessions to this invincible business enterprise and if it had not developed a faction which preferred civil war to concessions. But the agrarian Democracy of Jackson's time was founded on a given set of economic conditions. Its revolution of 1828 could have been permanent if the economic conditions had been permanent. And they were far from permanent, as business enterprise had statistically and realistically demonstrated.

Not only was business enterprise spreading its transforming works throughout the land; the agricultural base of Jacksonian Democracy was splitting. Planters employing slave labor were marching into the Southwest in seven-league boots and they were producing staples for which the chief outlets, or at all events important outlets, had to be found in Europe.

These planters never liked Jacksonian Democracy, with its equalitarian and dangerous doctrines, and they tried to work with the party of wealth and talents. But they came to believe that their hope for profit and survival lay in widening the foreign markets for their staples and lowering the barriers to the inflow of returning goods. They also became somewhat alarmed by the agitations against their labor system. How deep-seated were these alarms, nobody knows. That they were exaggerated was demonstrated by the loyalty of slaves to their masters during "the War between the States."

In the end, for one reason or another, planters in large numbers went over to Jackson's party, took direction of it, fought off concession to business enterprise, and demanded the supremacy of their policy and interest at Washington. As a Virginia newspaper once put the case, the South nominated Democratic candidates for Northern Democrats to elect. And they nominated no more candidates like General Jackson. Indeed none like him were available. And, when they could no longer have their way in the Democratic party, when the West insisted on having a man like Douglas, planting leaders in the Democratic party preferred to take their states out of the Union rather than



surrender their interests or make sufficient concessions to either Northern Democrats or business enterprise. Thereupon war came—war, that great upsetter of all calculations.

Here the planter-leaders guessed wrong. There were hundreds and thousands of Jacksonian farmers in the Northwest who had some ideas of their own, other than the ideas of the planting aristocracy. These Jacksonian farmers wanted the Government of the United States to give away the public domain in the West in the form of homesteads—not subsistence homesteads, but 160-acre farms. Planters did not like that, because it meant a swift increase in the area dedicated to free farmers and free laborers. Business enterprise did not like it either, for it meant higher wages in factories and mines as the population was drained off to the West.

In the end business enterprise proved to be more supple than the planting aristocracy. In a changing world it had to be or perish. It took the risk and offered the farmers of the West free homesteads out of the federal domain. It gave up the old name Whig, as it had surrendered the old term Federalist. Astute men like Seward knew that there was not much use in fighting for an old symbol and losing the substance in an effort to grasp the shadow.

What should the new name be? The issue was settled in the West. The name of the new combination of business enterprise and farmers about-to-get-homesteads was "Republican." That was a grand old name. It was Jefferson's name. It had been hated like poison by Federalists and old Whigs, but agrarians still loved it even after Jackson had supplied a new term. In 1860, there were living thousands of Democrats who had once called themselves Republicans, or by way of concession, Democratic-Republicans. So the leaders of the new combination between business enterprise and freehold agriculture chose Jefferson's title for their party. Nothing sounded better to many Western ears than "going back to the grand old party of Thomas Jefferson." What a lesson that is for practical politicians!

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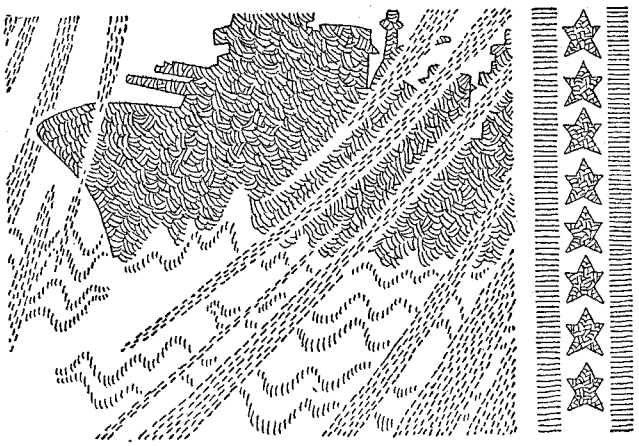

IV

With this line-up the Civil War was fought. When the country emerged from the conflict the Democratic party which had been so supreme in 1836 was shattered to its foundations. Meanwhile business enterprise emerged with more and better things. The national debt in the hands of bondholders had jumped into the billions. Great fortunes had multiplied. A third United States Bank, with modifications, had come into being. The tariff had been raised again and again. War profiteers had heaped up accumulated capital. The center of economic gravity had shifted nearer to the center of business enterprise. The "permanent" revolution of 1828 had been completely undone.

For seventy-two years, 1861–1933, the Republican party governed the country, in name or in fact. "Ah," students and practical persons with a school-book knowledge of history will say, "that is all wrong; you forget the Democratic Congresses and eight years of Grover Cleveland and eight years of Woodrow Wilson." But Grover Cleveland did not strike at a single one of the privileges deemed necessary to efficient business enterprise; when he made a gesture against the tariff in 1887, he was thrown out of the White House in a rush. When he came back and was handed a Democratic tariff bill in 1894 he thought that it looked more Republican than Democratic and he could not bring himself to sign it. The act bore the name of Gorman, but it might have borne the name of McKinley. And in a few short months Cleveland was the great white hope of business enterprise in the battle for sound money.

Woodrow Wilson, too, was in the White House for eight years. He got there on a fluke made by business enterprise. Like the planters in 1860, business enterprise had grown stiff with resting on its laurels and it failed to take to its bosom a poignant personality of the time, Theodore Roosevelt. In due course it was to make all the concessions he demanded and more, but it could not bear the thought in 1912. So Woodrow Wilson, with his minority vote, slipped into the White House. What he might have done had not war intervened, no one knows, but that imminent thing—war—has a way of intervening. What the voters would have done otherwise was indicated by the election of 1914, when the Democratic majority in the House was cut from 147 to 29. It is true that the Democrats won in 1916: Wilson squeaked through by a narrow turn in California. What he might have done then, no one knows, for Wilson "took" the country into war.

Out of the war of 1917, as out of the war of 1812 and the war of 1861, the party of business enterprise emerged more triumphant than ever. It had a new national banking system, sanctioned by Democrats, despite Andrew Jackson. Fortunes had multiplied. War profiteers had heaped up a mountain of accumulated capital. A Republican House had been elected in 1918 and was at work on a new tariff bill. In 1920 the party of the New Freedom was hurled headlong out of Washington in a combination of Waterloo and Sedan.

From 1921 to 1933, the party of wealth and talents, still bearing Jefferson's old title, Republican, continued to rule the country, despite all agitations and threats on the left, despite agrarian discontents voiced in Congress. Its regime looked like a permanent order of things. It might have been if the economic base could have been kept intact, if that high level of "permanent prosperity" could have been maintained. But for various reasons, business enterprise and a Republican administration could not make the system work. It broke down on their very hands, and all the economists and witch doctors in the country could not get it running again by 1932.

V

Then came the third great Democratic upheaval, under the direction of Franklin D. Roosevelt. And to the surprise of hardened politicians the upheaval became more of an upheaval in 1934.

Is this the permanent revolution at last—the utter and final discomfiture of the party of wealth and talents?

That calls for prophecy, which is a dangerous trade. Judging by the past, we may be sure that the "permanent" is not permanent. There has been no great shift in the economic base since 1933. The party of wealth and talents as an economic order has not been decimated. Banks have not been nationalized, nor the railways taken over by the Government. Not a single instrumentality of economic power has been wrested from this party. The public debt has been increased, and its members hold bonds representing that debt. Even the financing of farmers has been assumed by the Federal Government on the basis of tax-exempt bonds. This operation has strengthened, not weakened, the

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party of wealth and talents; in the place of defaulted and decaying farm mortgages, it holds bonds guaranteed by the Federal Government. In the process of liquidation now going on, all signs indicate a swift concentration of defaulted and distress paper in the hands of the shrewd and enterprising. There is no hint whatever of any change in the old practices of reorganizing bankrupt concerns. The "little fellow" is being frozen out as usual. At the end of the depression, if it ever ends, the concentration of wealth in the United States will doubtless mark a new high point in the evolution of American economy. The party of wealth and talents survived the Jeffersonian revolution, and the Jacksonian revolution. If it has not lost its talents, it will survive the Roosevelt revolution.

Yet the future is veiled.

If we seek to penetrate it, what instruments can we use? Only knowledge of the past, including the latest moment. What knowledge is relevant? And how far does it take us?

Certainly we cannot foreclose on the future. We may divine its alternatives and catch a dim vision of its contours, but we cannot bring any equation of forecast to a mathematical conclusion, a Q. E. D.

We can be reasonably sure that the depression will relax or deepen. If from obscure causes it does relax and President Roosevelt is in power at the time, the Democratic party is likely to reap the reward of appreciation at the polls, to the long-time discomfiture of the Republicans. If the crisis deepens, the Democratic administration may resort to strong measures. It may nationalize banks, especially the business of issuing notes. This is not impossible, but it seems improbable. Still more likely is inflation on a large scale, an orgy of paper money, such as we had after the destruction of the United States Bank in 1836. But if anything is known at all, large-scale inflation will aggravate the crisis and thus deliver into the hands of some strong party a mandate to rehabilitate the disordered finances of the country.

Other measures, well known, are also at the disposal of the President. Will he make use of them in an hour of deeper crisis? Nobody knows. Not even the President, unless, like Lincoln in the summer of 1862, he has already made up his mind. Critics may say that he is going to the left or to the right, but this is a meaningless phrase until the words are defined in terms of concrete measures.

If there is anything in American traditions and practices to guide us, it is that a wider spread of economic calamity will culminate in a foreign war, rather than in a drastic reorganization of domestic economy. President Roosevelt has given no indication that this alternative will be rejected. He has, to be sure, spoken of peace with his wonted geniality, but Herr Hitler has done as much. The gentlemen who stumbled into war in 1914 had been celebrating peace for a quarter of a century, while they feverishly prepared for war. Deeds speak louder than words. President Roosevelt has adopted the biggest navy program in the history of the country in peace time, and Secretary Swanson was not going beyond the record when he declared that the Democratic victory last November was an endorsement of this program. President Roosevelt has not given any indication whatever that he intends to relax the competition of the United States with Great Britain and Japan for prestige and "sea power." Judging by the past and by his actions, war will be his choice—and it will be a "war for Christianity against Paganism" this time.

At once the cry will go up that "nations do not deliberately make war." Nations as such never do anything. Statesmen in power make decisions for nations. Seldom if ever do statesmen deliberately "make" war, but they often prefer "strong" foreign policies to "strong" domestic policies. It is well known, except to innocence, that it is a favorite device of statesmen to attempt the adjustment of domestic dissensions by resort to diplomatic fulminations, war scares, and war itself. The Department of State under Cleveland and Olney was well aware that the threat against Great Britain over the Venezuela episode was calculated to reduce the inflammation of "the anarchistic, socialistic, and populistic boil." The Spanish War was in many quarters regarded as a welcome relief from the domestic conflict—an effective damper on the populistic movement. This is not saying that President Roosevelt will deliberately plunge the country into a Pacific war in his efforts to escape the economic crisis. There will be an "incident," a "provocation." Incidents and provocations are of almost daily occurrence. Any government can quickly magnify one of them into a "just cause for war."

Confronted by the difficulties of a deepening domestic crisis and by the comparative ease of a foreign war, what will President Roosevelt do? Judging by the past history of American politicians, he will choose the latter, or, perhaps it would be more accurate to say, amid powerful conflicting emotions he will "stumble into" the latter. The Jeffersonian party gave the nation the War of 1812, the Mexican War, and its participation in the World War. The Pacific war awaits.

Beyond that lies the Shadowy Shape of Things to Come.

In a coming number: An important article by David Cushman Coyle on control of the business cycle.

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Kneel to the Rising Sun

A STORY

By Erskine Caldwell

A SHIVER went through Lonnie. He drew his hand away from his sharp chin, remembering what Clem had said. It made him feel now as if he were committing a crime by standing in Arch Gunnard's presence and allowing his hollow face to be seen.

He and Clem had been walking up the road together that afternoon on their way to the filling station when he told Clem how much he needed rations. Clem had stopped a moment to kick a rock out of the road, and said that if you work for Arch Gunnard long enough your face will be sharp enough to split the boards for your own coffin.

As Lonnie turned away to sit down on an empty box beside the gasoline pump, he could not help wishing that he could be as unafraid of Arch Gunnard as Clem was. Even if Clem was a Negro, he never hesitated to ask for rations when he needed something to eat; and when he and his family did not get enough, Clem came right out and told Arch so. Arch stood for that, but he swore that he was going to run Clem out of the county the first chance he got.

Lonnie knew without turning around that Clem was standing at the corner of the filling station with two or three other Negroes, and looking at him; but for some reason he was unable to meet Clem's eyes.

Arch Gunnard was sitting in the sun, honing his jackknife on his boot top. He glanced once or twice at Lonnie's hound, Nancy, who was lying in the middle of the road waiting for Lonnie to go home.

"That your dog, Lonnie?"

Jumping with fear, Lonnie's hand went to his chin to hide the lean face that would accuse Arch of short-rationing.

Arch snapped his fingers and the hound stood up, wagging her tail. She waited to be called.

"Mr. Arch, I——"

Arch called the dog. She began crawling toward them on her belly, wagging her tail a little faster each time Arch's fingers snapped. When she was several feet away, she turned over on her back and lay on the ground with her paws in the air.

Dudley Smith and Jim Weaver, who were leaning against the side of the filling station behind Arch, laughed. Arch spat some tobacco juice on his boot top and whetted the jackknife blade some more.

"What kind of a hound dog is that, anyway, Lonnie?" Arch said. "Looks like to me it might be a ketch hound."

Lonnie could feel Clem Henry's eyes boring into the back of his head. He wondered what Clem would do if it had been his dog Arch Gunnard was calling.

"His tail's too long for a coon hound or a bird dog, ain't it, Arch?" somebody said behind Lonnie, laughing out loud.

Everybody laughed then, including Arch. They looked at Lonnie, waiting to hear what he was going to say.

"Is he a ketch hound, Lonnie?" Arch said, snapping his fingers again.

"Mr. Arch, I——"

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"Don't be ashamed of him, Lonnie, if he don't show signs of turning out to be a bird dog or a fox hound. Everybody needs a hound around that can go out and catch pigs and rabbits when you are in a hurry for them."

Arch Gunnard was getting ready to grab Nancy by the tail. Lonnie sat up, twisting his neck until he caught a glimpse of Clem at the other corner of the filling station. Clem was staring at him with unmistakable meaning, with the same look in his eyes he had had when he said that afternoon that nobody who worked for Arch Gunnard ought to stand for short-rationing. Lonnie lowered his eyes. He could not figure out how a Negro could be braver than he was.

"The trouble with this hound of yours, Lonnie, is that he's too heavy on his feet. Don't you reckon it would be a good idea to lighten the load some, being as how he's a ketch hound to begin with?"

Lonnie remembered what Clem had said he would do if Arch Gunnard ever tried to cut off his dog's tail. Lonnie knew, and Clem knew, and everybody else knew, that that would give Arch the chance he was waiting for. All Arch asked, he had said, was for Clem Henry to overstep his place just one little inch, or to talk back to him with just one little word, and he would do the rest. Everybody knew what Arch meant by that, especially if Clem did not turn and run. And Clem had not been known to run yet from anybody, after fifteen years in the county.

Arch reached down and grabbed Nancy's tail while Lonnie was wondering about Clem. Nancy acted as if she thought Arch were playing some kind of a game with her. She turned her head until she could reach Arch's hand to lick it. He cracked her on the bridge of the nose with the end of the jack-knife.

"He's a mighty playful dog, Lonnie," Arch said, catching up a shorter grip on the tail, "but his wag-pole is way too long for a dog his size."

Lonnie swallowed hard.

"Mr. Arch, she's a mighty fine rabbit tracker. I——"

"Shucks, Lonnie," he said, whetting the knife blade on the tail. "I ain't never seen a hound in all my life that needed a tail that long to hunt rabbits with. It's way too long for just an ordinary ketch hound."

Lonnie looked up hopefully at Dudley Smith and the others. None of them offered any help. It was useless for him to try to stop Arch, because Arch Gunnard would let nothing stand in his way when once he had set his head on what he wished to do. Lonnie knew that if he should let himself show any anger or resentment, Arch would drive him off the farm before sundown that night. Clem Henry was the only person there who would help him; but Clem——

The white men and Negroes at both corners of the filling station waited to see what Lonnie was going to do about it. All of them hoped he would put up a fight for his hound. If any one ever had the nerve to stop Arch Gunnard from cutting off a dog's tail, it might put an end to it. It was plain, though, that Lonnie, who was one of Arch's share croppers, was afraid to speak up. Clem Henry might; Clem was the one to stop Arch, even if it meant trouble. And all of the men knew that Arch would insist on running Clem out of the county, or filling him full of lead.

"I reckon it's all right with you, ain't it, Lonnie?" Arch said. "I don't hear no objections."

Clem Henry stepped forward several paces, and stopped.

Arch laughed, watching Lonnie's face, and jerked Nancy to her feet. The hound cried out in pain and surprise, but Arch made her be quiet by kicking her in the belly.

Lonnie winced. A contraction in his throat almost choked him for several moments, and he had to open his mouth and fight for breath. The other white men around him were silent.

Lonnie could see the other end of the gas station from the corners of his eyes. He saw a couple of Negroes go up behind Clem and grasp his overalls. Clem spat on the ground between outspread feet, but he did not to try to break away from them.

"Being as how I don't hear no objections, I reckon it's all right to go ahead and cut it off," Arch said, spitting.

Lonnie's head went forward and all he could see of Nancy were her hind feet. He had come to ask for a slab of sowbelly and some molasses, or something. Now he did not know if he could ever bring himself to ask for rations, no matter how much hungrier they became at home.

"I always make a habit of asking first," Arch said. "I wouldn't want to go and cut off a tail if a man had any objections. That wouldn't be right. No, sir, it wouldn't."

Arch caught a shorter grip on the hound's tail and placed the knife blade on it two or three inches from the rump. It looked to those who were watching him as if his mouth were watering, because tobacco juice trickled down the corners of his lips.

A noisy automobile came plowing down the road through the deep red dust. Every one looked up as it passed to see who was in it. Lonnie glanced at it, but he could not keep his eyes raised. His head fell downward once more until he could feel his sharp chin cutting into his chest. He wondered then if Arch had noticed how lean his face was.

"I keep two or three ketch hounds around the place," Arch said, honing the blade on the tail as if it were a razor strap until it brought smiles to the faces of the men grouped around him, "but I never could see no

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good reason for a ketch hound having a long tail. It only gets in their way when I send them out to catch a pig or rabbit for my supper."

Pulling with his left hand and pushing with his right, Arch Gunnard docked the hound's tail as quickly and as easily as if he were cutting a willow switch in the pasture to drive the cows home with. The dog sprang forward until she was far beyond Arch's reach, and began howling so loud she could be heard more than a mile away. She stopped once and looked back at Arch, and then she sprang to the middle of the road and began leaping and twisting in circles. All that time she was yelping and biting at the bleeding stub of her tail.

Arch leaned back and twirled the severed tail in one hand while he wiped the jack-knife blade on his boot sole. He watched Lonnie's dog chasing herself around in circles in the red dust.

Nobody had anything to say then. Lonnie tried not to watch his dog's agony, and he forced himself to keep from looking at Clem Henry. Then with his eyes squeezed shut, he wondered why he had remained on Arch Gunnard's plantation all those past years, sharecropping for a mere living on short rations, and becoming leaner and leaner all the time. He knew then how true it was what Clem had said about Arch's sharecroppers' faces becoming sharp enough to hew their own coffins. His hand went to his chin before he knew what he was doing. His hand dropped when he had felt the bones of his jaws.

As hungry as he was, he knew that even if Arch did give him some rations, there would not be nearly enough for them to eat until the following week. Hatty, his wife, was already broken down from hunger and working in the fields; and his father, Mark Newsome, stone blind for the past twenty years, was always asking him why there was never enough food in the house for them to have a solid meal. Lonnie's head fell forward a little more, and he could feel his eyes becoming damp. The pressure of his sharp chin against his chest made him so uncomfortable that he had to raise his head at last in order to ease the pain of it.

The first thing he saw was Arch Gunnard twirling Nancy's tail in his left hand. Arch Gunnard had a trunk full of dog tails at home. He had been cutting off tails ever since any one could remember; and during those years he had accumulated a collection of which he was so proud that he kept the trunk locked and the key tied around his neck on a string. On Sunday afternoons when a crowd was there, Arch showed them off.

Clem Henry had left the filling station and was walking alone down the road toward the plantation. Clem's house was in a cluster of Negro cabins below Arch's big house, and he had to pass Lonnie's house to get there. Lonnie was on the verge of getting up and leaving when he saw Arch looking at him. He did not know whether Arch was looking at his lean face or whether he was watching to see if he was going to get up and go down the road with Clem.

The thought of leaving reminded him of his reason for being there. He had to have some rations before supper time that night, no matter how short they were.

"Mr. Arch, I——"

Arch stared at him for several seconds, appearing as if he had turned to listen to some strange sound unheard of before that moment. Lonnie bit his lips, wondering if Arch was going to say anything about how lean and hungry he looked. But Arch was thinking about something else. He slapped his hand on his leg and laughed out loud.

"I sometimes wish niggers had tails," Arch said, coiling the hound's tail into a ball and putting it into his hip pocket. "I'd a heap rather cut off nigger tails than dogs'."

Dudley Smith and somebody else behind them laughed for a brief moment. The laughter died out almost as suddenly as it had risen. The Negroes who had heard Arch shuffled their feet in the dust and moved backward. It was only a few minutes until not one was left at the gas station. They went up the road behind the red wooden building until they were out of sight.

Arch got up and stretched. The sun was getting low, and it was no longer comfortable in the October air.

"Well, I reckon I'll be getting on home to get me some supper," he said.

He walked slowly to the middle of the road and stopped to look at Nancy retreating along the ditch.

"Nobody going my way?" he asked. "What's wrong with you, Lonnie? Going home to supper, ain't you?"

Lonnie found himself jumping to his feet. His first thought was to ask for the sowbelly and molasses, and maybe some corn meal; but when he opened his mouth, the words refused to come out. He took several steps forward and shook his head. He did not know what Arch might say or do if he said "no."

"Hatty'll be looking for you," Arch said, turning his back and walking off.

He reached into his hip pocket and took out Nancy's tail. He began twirling it as he walked down the road toward the big house in the distance.

Dudley Smith went inside the filling station, and the others walked away.

After Arch had gone several hundred yards, Lonnie sat down on the box beside the gas pump from which he had got up when Arch spoke to him. He sat down heavily, his shoulders drooping, his arms falling between his outspread legs.

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He did not know how long his eyes had been closed, but when he opened them, he saw Nancy lying between his feet, licking the docked tail. While he watched her he felt the sharp point of his chin cutting into his chest again. Presently the door behind him was slammed shut, and a little later he could hear Dudley Smith walking up the road toward home.

II

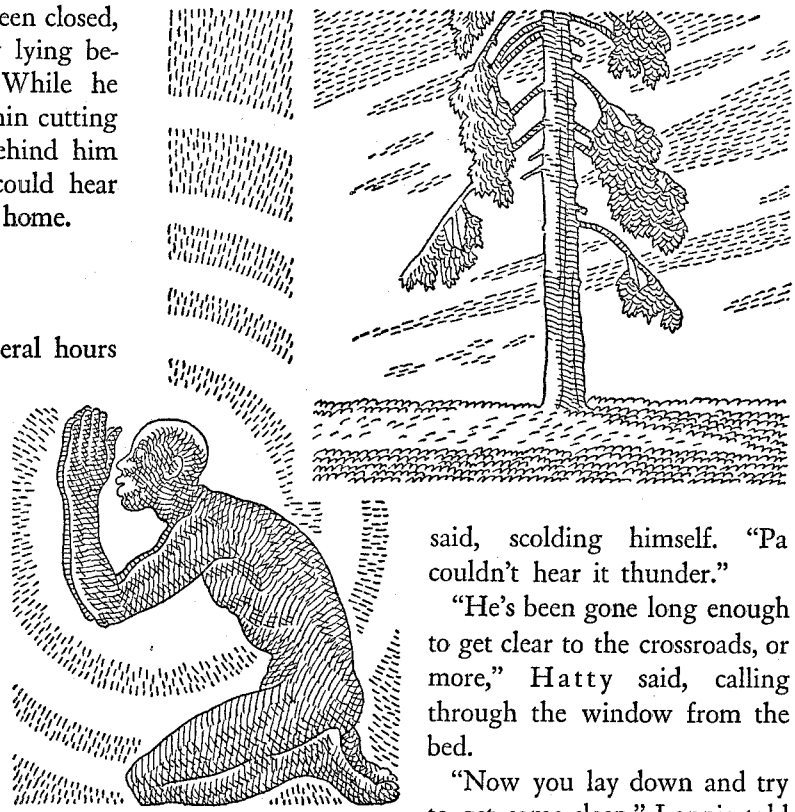
Lonnie had been sleeping fitfully for several hours when he suddenly found himself wide awake. Hatty shook him again. He raised himself on his elbow and tried to see into the darkness of the room. Without knowing what time it was, he was able to determine that it was still nearly two hours until sunrise.

"Lonnie," Hatty said again, trembling in the cold night air, "Lonnie, your pa ain't in the house."

Lonnie sat upright.

"How you know he ain't?" he said.

"I've been laying here wide awake ever since I got in bed, and I heard him when he went out."



"Maybe he's just stepped out for a while," Lonnie said, turning and trying to see through the bedroom window.

"I know what I'm saying, Lonnie. Your pa's been gone a heap too long."

Both of them sat without a sound for several minutes while they listened for Mark Newsome.

Lonnie got up and lit the lamp. He shivered while he was putting on his shirt, overalls, and shoes. Outside the window it was almost pitch dark, but Lonnie could feel the damp October air blowing against his face.

"I'll go help look," Hatty said.

Lonnie went to the bed and drew the covers back over her and shook his head.

"You try to get some sleep, Hatty," he said; "you can't stay wide awake the whole night through. I'll go bring Pa back."

He left Hatty, blowing out the lamp, and stumbled through the dark hall, feeling his way to the front porch by touching the wall with his hands. When he got to the porch, he could still see hardly any distance, but his eyes were becoming more accustomed to the darkness. He waited a minute, listening.

Feeling his way down the steps, he walked around the corner of the house before calling Mark.

"Pa," he said loudly. "Oh, Pa!"

He stopped under the bedroom window when he realized what he had been doing.

"Now that's a fool thing for me to be doing," he said, scolding himself. "Pa couldn't hear it thunder."

"He's been gone long enough to get clear to the crossroads, or more," Hatty said, calling through the window from the bed.

"Now you lay down and try to get some sleep," Lonnie told her. "I'll bring him back in no time."

He could hear Nancy scratching fleas under the house, but he knew she was in no shape to help look for Mark. It would be several days before she recovered from the shock of losing her tail.

"He's been gone a long time," Hatty said, unable to be still.

Lonnie walked toward the barn, listening for some sound. Over at the big house he could hear the fattening hogs grunting and squealing, and he wished they would be quiet so he could hear other sounds. Arch Gunnard's dogs were howling occasionally, but they were not making any more noise than they usually did at night.

Lonnie went to the barn, looking inside and out. After walking around the barn, he walked into the field as far as the cotton shed. He knew it was useless, but he could not keep from calling Mark time after time.

"Now, what in the world could have become of Pa?" he said, stopping and wondering where to look next.

After he went back to the front yard, he began to feel uneasy for the first time. Mark had not acted any more strangely during the past few days than he ordinarily did, but Lonnie knew he was upset over the way Arch Gunnard was giving out short rations. Mark had even said that at the rate they were getting food, all of them would starve to death in another three months.

Lonnie left the yard and went down the road toward

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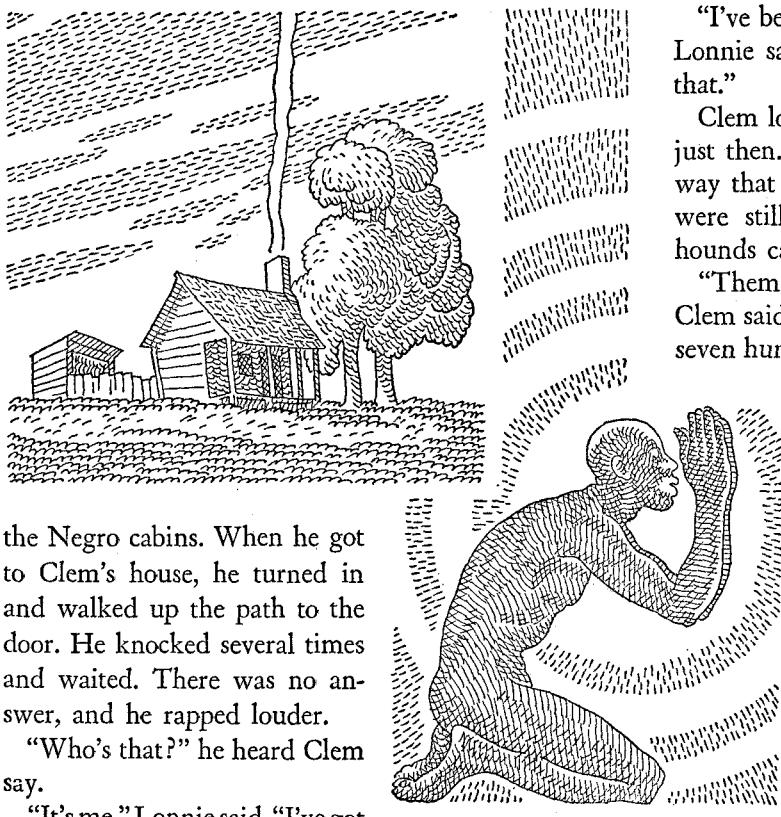

the Negro cabins. When he got to Clem's house, he turned in and walked up the path to the door. He knocked several times and waited. There was no answer, and he rapped louder.

"Who's that?" he heard Clem say.

"It's me," Lonnie said. "I've got to see you a minute, Clem. I'm out here in the front yard."

He sat down and waited for Clem to dress and come outside. While he waited he strained his ears to catch any sound that might be in the air. Over the fields toward the big house, he could hear the fattening hogs grunt and squeal.

Clem came out and shut the door. He stood on the doorsill a moment speaking to his wife, telling her who had called him.

"What's the trouble?" Clem asked, coming down the path to Lonnie.

"Pa's not in his bed," Lonnie said, "and Hatty says he's been gone from the house over an hour now. I went out in the field, and all around the barn, but I couldn't find him anywhere."

Clem then finished buckling his overall straps, and began rolling a cigarette. He walked slowly down the path to the road. It was still dark, and it would be at least an hour before dawn made it any lighter.

"Maybe he was too hungry to lay in bed any more," Clem said. "When I saw him yesterday, he said he was so weak he didn't know if he could last much longer."

"I asked Arch last night after supper time for some rations—just a little piece of sowbelly and some molasses. He said he'd get around to letting me have some the first thing this morning."

"Why don't you tell him to give you full rations, or none?" Clem said. "If you knew you wasn't going to get none at all, you could move away and find a better man to sharecrop for, couldn't you?"

"I've been loyal to Arch Gunnard a long time now," Lonnie said. "I'd hate to haul off and leave him like that."

Clem looked at Lonnie, but he did not say anything just then. They turned up the road toward the driveway that led up to the big house. The fattening hogs were still grunting in the pen, and one of Arch's hounds came down a cotton row to smell their shoes.

"Them fattening hogs always get enough to eat," Clem said. "There's not a one of them that don't weigh seven hundred pounds, and they're getting bigger every day. Besides taking all that's thrown to them, they make a lot of meals off of the chickens that get in there to peck around."

Lonnie listened to the grunting as they turned up the driveway toward the big house.

Reckon we'd better get Arch up to help look for Pa," Lonnie said. "I hate to do it, because I know how he never likes to lose his sleep, but I'm scared Pa might stray off into the swamp and get lost for good. He couldn't hear it thunder even, and I never could find him back in there in all that tangle."

Clem said something under his breath and went on toward the barn and hog pen. He reached the pen before Lonnie.

"You'd better come here quick," Clem said, turning around to see where Lonnie was.

Lonnie ran to the hog pen. He stopped and climbed half-way up the wooden-and-wire sides of the fence. At first he could see nothing, but gradually he was able to see the moving mass of black fattening hogs on the other side of the pen. They were biting and snarling at each other like a pack of hungry hounds turned loose on a dead rabbit.

Lonnie scrambled to the top of the fence, but Clem caught him and pulled him back.

"Don't go in that hog pen that way," he said. "Them hogs are wild enough now to tear you to pieces. They're fighting over something."

Both of them ran around the corner of the pen and got to the side where the hogs were. Down under their feet on the ground Lonnie caught a glimpse of a dark mass splotched with white. He was able to see it for only a moment, because one of the hogs trampled over it.

Clem opened and closed his mouth several times before he was able to say anything. He clutched Lonnie's arm, shaking him.

"That looks like it might be your pa," he said. "I swear before goodness, it does look like it."

Lonnie still could not believe it. He climbed to the top of the fence and began kicking his feet at the hogs,

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trying to drive them away. They paid no attention to Lonnie.

While he was perched there, Clem had gone to the wagon shed, and he ran back with two singletrees he had somehow managed to find in the dark. He handed one to Lonnie, poking it at him until Lonnie's attention was drawn from the hogs long enough to take it.

Clem leaped over the fence and began swinging the singletree at the hogs. Lonnie slid down beside him, yelling at them. One hog turned on Lonnie and snapped at him, and Clem struck it over the back of the neck with enough force to drive it off momentarily.

By then Lonnie was able to realize what had happened. He ran into the mass of hogs, kicking them with his heavy stiff shoes and striking them on their heads with the iron-tipped singletree. Once he felt a stinging sensation, and looked down to see one of the hogs crunching the calf of his leg; after hitting the hog until it was driven back, he paid no attention to it. He knew most of his overall leg had been torn away, because he could feel the night air on his bare wet calf.

Clem had gone ahead and had driven the hogs back. They were in a snarling circle around them, and both of them had to keep the singletrees swinging back and forth all the time to keep the hogs off. Finally Lonnie reached down and got a grip on Mark's leg. With Clem helping, Lonnie carried his father to the fence and lifted him over.

They were too much out of breath for a while to say or to do anything. The snarling fattening hogs were at the fence, biting the wood and wire, and making more noise than ever.

While Lonnie was searching in his pockets for a match, Clem struck one. He held the flame close to Mark Newsome's head.

They both stared unbelievingly, and then Clem blew out the match. There was nothing said as they stared at each other in the darkness.

Clem walked several steps away, and turned and came back beside Lonnie.

"It's him, though," Clem said, sitting down on the ground. "It's him, all right."

"I reckon so," Lonnie said. He could think of nothing else to say then.

They sat on the ground, one on each side of Mark, looking into the night. There had been no sound or movement from the body at their feet since they had laid it down. The face, throat, and stomach had been completely devoured.

"You'd better go wake up Arch Gunnard," Clem said after a while.

"What for?" Lonnie asked. "He can't help none now."

"Makes no difference," Clem said persistently. "You'd better go wake him up and let him see what there is to see. If you wait till morning, he might take it into his head to say the hogs didn't do it."

Clem turned around and looked at the big house.

"A man who short-rations tenants ought to have to sit and look at that till it's buried."

"You ought not to talk like that about Arch," Lonnie said. "He's asleep in bed. He didn't have a thing to do with it."

Clem laughed a little, and threw the singletree on the ground between his feet. After letting it lay there a little while, he picked it up and began beating the earth with it.

Lonnie got to his feet slowly. He left without saying anything more and walked stiffly to the house in the darkness to wake up Arch Gunnard.

III

Arch was hard to wake up. And even after he was awake, he was in no hurry to get up. Lonnie was standing outside the bedroom window, and Arch was lying in bed six or eight feet away.

"Who told you to come and wake me up in the middle of the night?" Arch said.

"Well, Clem Henry's out here, and he said maybe you'd like to know about it."

"You tell Clem Henry I said that one of these days he's going to find himself inside out, like a coat-sleeve."

Lonnie waited doggedly. He knew Clem was right in insisting that Arch ought to wake up and come out there to see what had happened. Lonnie was afraid to go back to the barnyard and tell Clem that Arch was not coming.

"Are you still out there, Lonnie?" Arch shouted.

"I'm right here, Mr. Arch," Lonnie said.

He met Arch at the back step. On the way out to the hog pen Arch did not speak to him. Arch stalked heavily ahead, not even waiting to see if Lonnie was coming. The lantern that Arch was carrying cast long flat beams of yellow light over the ground; and when they got where Clem was waiting with Mark's body, the Negro's face shone in the night like a highly polished plowshare.

"What was Mark doing in my hog pen at night, anyway?" Arch said, shouting at them both.

Neither Clem nor Lonnie replied. Arch glared at them for not answering. But no matter how many times he looked at them, his eyes returned each time to stare at the torn body of Mark Newsome on the ground at his feet.

"There's nothing to be done now," Arch said finally. "We'll just have to wait till daylight and send for the undertaker."

He turned his back and looked sideways at Clem.

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Clem stood up and looked him straight in the eyes.

"What do you want, Clem?" he said. "Who told you to be coming around my house in the middle of night?"

"I couldn't stand to see anybody eaten up by the hogs," Clem said.

"You mind your own business," Arch told him. "And when you talk to me, take off your hat, or you'll be sorry for it."

Lonnie backed away. That was how trouble between Clem and Arch always began. He had seen it start that way dozens of times before. As long as Clem turned and went away, nothing happened; but sometimes Clem had stayed right where he was and talked up to Arch just as if he had been a white man, too. Lonnie hoped it would not happen this time. Arch was already mad enough as it was, for being got out of bed in the middle of night, and Lonnie knew there was no limit to what Arch would do when he got good and mad at a Negro.

"I reckon you know how he came to get eaten up by the hogs like that," Clem said, looking straight at Arch.

Arch whirled around.

"God damn you yellow-blooded—" Arch yelled.

He swung the lantern at Clem's head. Clem dodged, but the bottom of it hit his shoulder, and it was smashed to pieces. The oil splattered on the ground, igniting in the air from the flaming wick. Clem was lucky not to have it splash on his overalls.

"Now, look here—" Clem said.

"You yellow-blooded nigger," Arch said, rushing at him. "I'll teach you to talk back to me. You've got too big for your place for the last time."

"Mr. Arch, I—" Lonnie said, stepping forward partly between them. No one heard him.

Arch stood back and watched the kerosene flicker out on the ground.

"You know good and well why he got eaten up by the fattening hogs," Clem said, standing his ground. "He was so hungry that he had to get up out of bed in the middle of night and come up here in the dark trying to find something to eat. Maybe he was trying to find the smokehouse. It makes no difference. He's been on short rations like everybody else, and he was so old he didn't know where else to look for food except in your smokehouse. You know good and well that's how he got lost up here in the dark and fell in the hog pen."

The kerosene had died out completely. In the last faint flare, Arch had reached down and grabbed up the singletree that had been lying on the ground where Lonnie had dropped it. Arch raised the singletree over his head and struck with all his might at Clem. Clem dodged, but Arch drew back again quickly and landed a blow on his arm just above the elbow before he could get out of the way. Clem's arm dropped lifelessly.

"You God damn yellow-blooded nigger!" Arch shouted. "Now's your time, you black bastard. I've just been waiting for the chance to teach you a lesson. And this's going to be one you won't never forget."

Clem felt the ground with his feet until he located the other singletree. He stooped down and got it. Raising it, he did not try to hit Arch, but held it in front of him so he could ward off Arch's blows at his head.

"Drop that singletree," Arch said.

"I won't stand here and let you beat me like that," Clem protested.

"By God, that's all I want to hear," Arch said, his mouth curling. "Nigger, your time has come, by God."

He swung once more at Clem, but Clem turned and ran toward the barn. Arch went after him a few steps and stopped. Then he threw aside the singletree and turned and ran back to the house.

Lonnie went to the fence and tried to think what was best for him to do. He knew he could not take sides with a Negro, even if Clem had helped him, and especially after Clem had talked to Arch in the way he wished he could himself; he was a white man, and to save his life he could not bear to think of turning against Arch, no matter what happened.

Presently a light burst through one of the windows of the house, and he heard Arch shouting at his wife to wake her up.

When he saw Arch's wife go to the telephone, Lonnie realized what was going to happen. She was calling up the neighbors and Arch's friends. They would not mind getting up when they found out what was about to take place.

Out behind the barn he heard Clem calling him. Leaving the yard, he felt his way out there in the dark.

"What's the trouble, Clem?" he said.

"I reckon my time has come," Clem said. "Arch Gunnard talks that way when he's good and mad. He talked just like he did that time he carried Jim Moffin off to the swamp—and Jim never came back."

"Arch wouldn't do anything like that to you, Clem," he said excitedly, but he knew better.

Clem said nothing.

"Maybe you'd better strike out for the swamp till he changes his mind and cools off some," Lonnie said. "You might be right, Clem."

Lonnie could feel Clem's eyes burning into him.

"Wouldn't be no sense in that, if you'd help me," Clem said. "Wouldn't you stand by me?"

Lonnie trembled as the meaning of Clem's suggestion became clear to him. His back was to the side of the barn, and he leaned against it while sheets of black and white passed before his eyes.

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"Wouldn't you stand by me?" Clem asked again.

"I don't know what Arch would say to that."

Clem walked away several paces. He stood with his back to Lonnie while he looked across the field toward the quarter where his home was.

"I could go out here in that little patch of woods and stay till they got tired of looking for me," Clem said, turning around to see Lonnie.

"You'd better go somewhere," Lonnie said uneasily. "I know Arch Gunnard. He's hard to handle when he makes up his mind to do something. I couldn't stop him an inch. Maybe you'd better get clear out of the country."

"I couldn't do that, and leave my family down there across the field," Clem said.

"He'll get you if you don't."

"If you'd only sort of help me out a little, I would only have to go and hide out in that patch of woods a while. Looks like you could do that for me, being as how I helped you find your pa when he was in the hog pen."

Lonnie nodded, listening for sounds from the house. He continued to nod while Clem was waiting to be assured.

"If you're going to stand up for me," Clem said, "I can just go over there in the woods and wait till they get it off their minds. You won't be telling where I am, and you could say I struck out for the swamp. They wouldn't ever find me without bloodhounds."

"That's right," Lonnie said, listening for sounds of Arch coming out of the house. He did not wish to be found back there where Arch could accuse him of talking to Clem.

The moment Lonnie replied, Clem turned and ran off into the night. Lonnie went after him a few steps, as if he had suddenly changed his mind about helping him, but Clem was lost in the darkness by then.

Lonnie waited several minutes, listening to Clem crashing through the underbrush in the patch of woods a quarter of a mile across the field. When he could hear Clem no longer, he went around the barn to meet Arch.

Arch came out of the house carrying his double-barrelled shotgun. His pockets were bulging with shells.

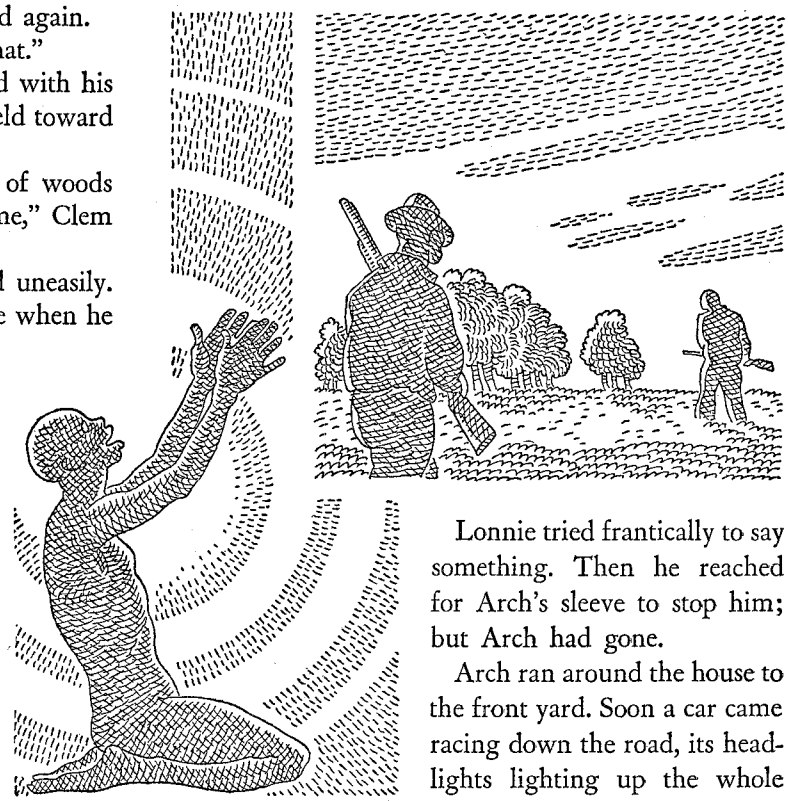
"Where is that damn nigger, Lonnie?" Arch said.

Lonnie opened his mouth, but no words came out.

"You know which way he went, don't you?"

Lonnie again tried to say something, but there were no sounds. He jumped when he found himself nodding his head to Arch.

"That's all right then," Arch said. "That's all I need to know. Dudley Smith, and Tom Hawkins, and Frank and Dave Howard, and the rest will be here in a minute, and you can stay right here so you can show us where he's hiding out."



Lonnie tried frantically to say something. Then he reached for Arch's sleeve to stop him; but Arch had gone.

Arch ran around the house to the front yard. Soon a car came racing down the road, its headlights lighting up the whole place, hog pen and all. Lonnie knew it was probably Dudley Smith, because his was the first house in that direction, only a mile away. While he was turning into the driveway, several other automobiles came into sight, both up the road and down it.

Lonnie trembled. He was afraid Arch was going to tell him to point out where Clem had gone to hide. Then he knew Arch would. He had promised Clem he would not do that. Now, he did not know what to do. But try as he did, he could not make himself believe that Arch Gunnard would do anything more than whip Clem.

Clem had not done anything that called for lynching. He had not raped a white woman, he had not shot at a white man; he had only talked back to Arch, with his hat on. But Arch was mad enough now to do anything; he was mad enough at Clem not to stop at anything short of lynching.

The whole crowd of men was swarming around him before he realized it. And there was Arch clutching his arm and shouting into his face.

Lonnie recognized every man in the feeble dawn. They were excited, and they looked like men on the last lap of an all-night fox-hunting party. Their shotguns and pistols were held at their waists, ready for the kill.

"What's the matter with you, Lonnie?" Arch said, shouting into his ears. "Wake up and say where Clem Henry went to hide out."

Lonnie remembered looking up and seeing Frank

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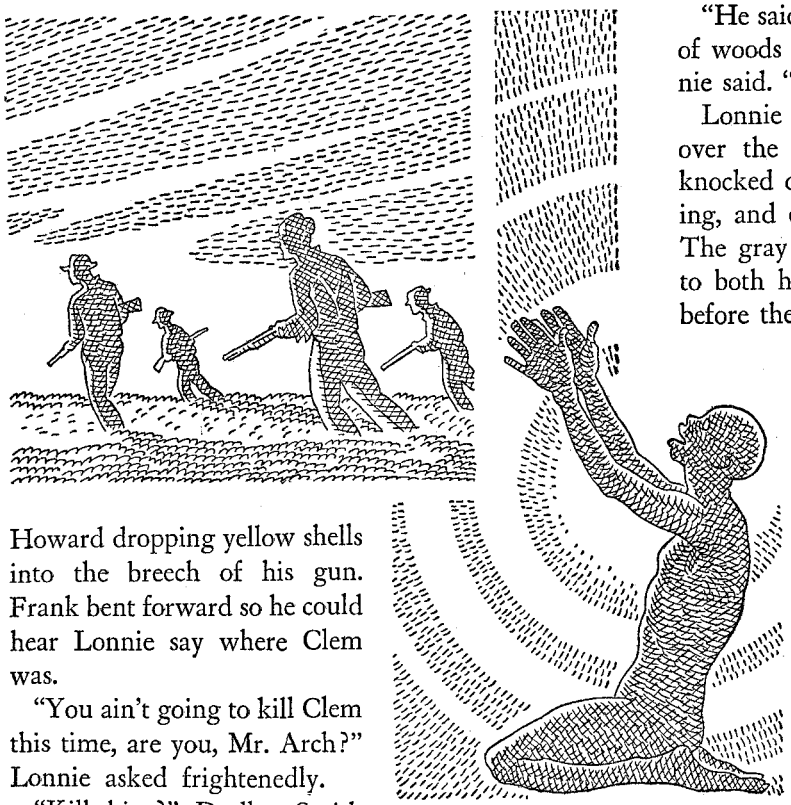

Howard dropping yellow shells into the breech of his gun. Frank bent forward so he could hear Lonnie say where Clem was.

"You ain't going to kill Clem this time, are you, Mr. Arch?" Lonnie asked frightenedly.

"Kill him?" Dudley Smith repeated. "What do you reckon we've been waiting all this time for if it wasn't for a chance to get Clem? That nigger has had it coming to him ever since he came to this county. He's a bad nigger, and it's coming to him."

"That's right," Lonnie said. He heard himself speak, but he did not know what he was saying. "But Clem helped me find Pa when he was looking for something to eat."

Arch grabbed his shoulder and shook him until his teeth rattled. Then he realized what he had been saying.

"Now, look here, Lonnie," Arch shouted. "You must be out of your head, because you know good and well you wouldn't talk like a nigger-lover in your right mind."

"That's right," Lonnie said, trembling all over.

He could still feel the grip on his shoulder where Arch's strong fingers had hurt him.

"Did Clem go to the swamp, Lonnie?" Dudley Smith said.

Lonnie tried to shake his head; he tried to nod his head. Then Arch's fingers squeezed his thin neck. Lonnie looked at the men wild-eyed.

"Where is he hiding out, Lonnie?" Arch demanded.

Lonnie went three or four steps toward the barn. When he stopped, the men behind him pushed him forward again. He found himself being rushed behind the barn and beyond it.

"All right, Lonnie," Arch said. "Now which way?"

Lonnie pointed toward the woods where the creek was. The swamp was in the other direction.

"He said he was going to hide out in that little patch of woods along the creek over there, Mr. Arch," Lonnie said. "I reckon he's over there now."

Lonnie felt himself swept forward, and he stumbled over the rough ground trying to keep from being knocked down and trampled upon. Nobody was talking, and every one seemed to be walking on tiptoes. The gray light of early dawn was increasing enough to both hide them and to show the way ahead. Just before they reached the fringe of the woods, the men separated, and Lonnie found himself a part of the circle that was to close in on Clem.

Lonnie was alone, and there was no one to stop him, but he was unable to move forward or backward. Slowly he understood what he had done. Clem was probably up a tree somewhere in the woods ahead, but by that time he had been surrounded on all sides, and if he should attempt to run, he would he shot down like a rabbit. Lonnie sat down on a log and tried to think what to do. The sun would be up in a few more minutes, and as soon as it rose, the men would close in on the creek and Clem.

Once or twice he saw the quick flare of a match through the underbrush where some of the men were lying in wait. A whiff of cigarette smoke struck his nostrils, and he found himself wondering if Clem could smell it wherever he was in the woods. There was still no sound anywhere around him, and he knew that Arch and the rest were waiting for the sun, which was soon to come up behind him.

It was light enough by then to see plainly the rough ground and the tangled underbrush and the curling bark on the pine trees. The men had already begun to creep forward, guns raised as if stalking a deer. The woods were not large, and the crowd would be able to cover it in a few minutes at the rate the men were going forward. There was still a chance that Clem had slipped through the circle before dawn, but Lonnie felt that he was still there. He realized more sharply than ever that Clem had trusted him not to tell in which direction he had gone to hide.

Lonnie found himself moving forward, drawn into the narrowing circle. Presently he could see the men all around him in dim outline. Their eyes were searching the heavy green pine tops as they went forward from tree to tree.

The creeping forward began to work into the movement of Lonnie's body. He found himself springing forward on his toes, and his body was leaning in that direction. It was like creeping up on a rabbit. He forgot for a while what he was doing there. The springing motion in his legs seemed to be growing stronger with each step. He bent forward so far that he could

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almost touch the ground with his fingers. He could not stop now.

The fifteen men were drawing closer and closer together. The dawn had broken enough to show the time on the face of a watch. The sun was beginning to color the sky above.

Lonnie was far in advance of any one else. He could not hold himself back. The strength in his legs was more than he could hold in check.

He had so long been unable to buy shells for his gun that he had forgotten how much he liked to hunt.

The sound of the men's steady creeping had become a rhythm in his ears.

"Here's the bastard!" somebody shouted, and there was a concerted crashing through the dry underbrush. Lonnie was among the first to reach the tree.

He could see everybody with guns raised and, far into the sky above, the sharply outlined face of Clem gleamed in the rising sun. His body was hugging the slender top of the pine.

Lonnie did not know who was the first to fire, but the rest of the men did not hesitate. There was a deafening roar as the shotguns and revolvers flared and smoked around the trunk of the tree. Lonnie closed his eyes; he was afraid to look at the face again. The firing continued without break. Clem hugged the tree with all his might, and then, with the far-away sound of splintering wood, the top of the tree and Clem came crashing through the limbs to the ground. The body, sprawling and torn, landed on the ground with a thud that stopped Lonnie's heart for a moment.

He turned, clutching for the support of a tree, as the firing began once more. The crumpled body was tossed time after time, like a sackful of kittens being killed with an automatic shotgun, as charges of lead were fired into it from all sides. A cloud of dust rose from the ground and drifted overhead with the choking odor of burned powder.

Lonnie did not remember how long the shooting lasted. He found himself running from tree to tree, clutching at the rough pine bark, stumbling wildly toward the cleared ground. The sky had turned from gray to red when he emerged in the open, and as he ran, falling over the hard clods of the plowed field, he tried to keep his eyes on the house ahead.

Once he fell and found it almost impossible to rise again to his feet. He struggled to his knees, facing the round red sun. The warmth gave him the strength to rise to his feet, and he muttered unintelligibly to himself.

When he got home, Hatty was waiting for him in the yard. She had heard the shots in the woods, and she had seen him stumbling over the hard clods in the field, and she had seen him kneeling there; and she now ran trembling to him to find out what had happened.

Once in his own yard, Lonnie turned and looked for a second over his shoulder. He saw the men climbing over the fence at Arch's. Arch's wife was standing on the back porch, and she was speaking to them.

"Where's your pa, Lonnie?" Hatty said. "And what in the world was all that shooting in the woods for?"

Lonnie stumbled forward until he reached the front porch. He fell upon the steps.

"Lonnie, Lonnie!" Hatty was saying. "Wake up and tell me what in the world is the matter."

"Nothing," Lonnie said. "Nothing."

"Well, if there's nothing the matter, can't you go up to the big house and ask for a little piece of streak-of-lean? We ain't got a thing to cook for breakfast. Your pa's going to be hungrier than ever after being up walking around all night."

"What?" Lonnie shouted, jumping to his feet.

"Why, go get a little piece of streak-of-lean, Lonnie. That's all I said."

"Meat?" he said, shaking her roughly.

"Yes," she said, falling back in surprise. "Couldn't you ask Arch Gunnard for a little bit of streak-of-lean?"

Lonnie slumped down again on the steps, his hands and head falling.

"No," he said almost inaudibly. "No. I ain't hungry."

NO PROXY

By Robin Lampson

No sight or knowledge of another's disaster ever fully prepares us
For our own: we accept the event, and we sympathize; but no other can act
As our vicar in living, as our proxy in the learning of pain and misfortune;
No other can substitute and receive for us experience's trauma and cicatrix.
For pain and disaster, like death, are things we instinctively reject
As personally irrelevant until they impale us and we purchase realization
With our own suffering tissue and twisting nerves.

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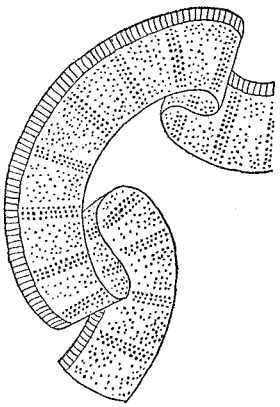

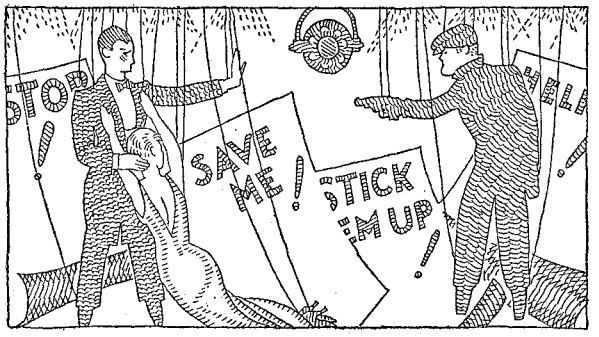

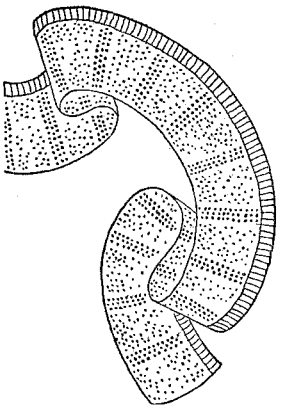

The Movies in Peril

By Gilbert Seldes

What have five years of dialogue done for the movies? Reviewing the half-decade, Mr. Seldes hands laurels to gangster films, explains Mae West—and suggests a requirement for the movies' survival

It is now five full years since the moving picture found its tongue, long enough in movie terms for a rough judgment. I think that most observers would divide that judgment into two parts and their prejudice would be shown only by the one they chose to emphasize. As my prejudice is in favor of the movies, I place the favorable one first:

The talking picture has utterly confounded the pessimists and won over the die-hard enthusiasts for the silent moving pictures; the entertainment it provides is more varied and more intelligent than that of the silent picture; and it has a vitality and an obscure faith which makes it often superior to the stage. Yet—

In five years the talking picture has not produced a single work of the highest order of importance; it has floundered in ignorance of its own capacities; and at the present moment it is in grave danger of sinking to a level of monotonous, moderately satisfactory production.

In these five years, four of which witnessed the progressive impoverishment of the American people, some 5 billion dollars have been paid at box offices by audiences which varied from 60 to 100 million individuals a week, at 12,000 theaters which showed some 3000 full-length pictures, made in Hollywood at annual costs ranging from 100 to 150 million dollars. To counteract the natural enthusiasm of all those connected with the moving-picture industry I have used minimums wherever exact figures were not available, and find the totals impressive. Less significant, although more often noted, are salaries of individuals: the notorious $30,000 a week paid for several weeks to an actress who has never been the most popular or the most talented player in Hollywood and the well-earned half-million a year wage of a young producer.

The talking picture could not have held itself at these financial levels, which accurately represent the favor of the multitude, if it had not rapidly perfected the mechanism and, a little more slowly, retreated from its first error, which was the belief that the talking mechanism was the important thing in a picture. The improvements in sound and in articulation came quickly and the pictures were aided by their only real rival in public entertainment, the radio, because the radio accustomed people to the loudness, volume, and fuzzy contours of human speech as it issues from the microphone or the screen. A certain amount of braying still takes the place of human utterance, but it is no longer disagreeable; within the past year a natural, quiet voice has sometimes been heard, but if more progress is not made, if the necessities of large auditoriums continue to influence the production of sound, it is quite likely that we will all begin to imitate the microphone in our daily conversation.

Enchanted with "the mike" in the early days of the talking picture, producers and directors forgot one of the prime values of their older instrument—the mobility of the camera—and trained the lens on the face, and often down the gullet, of the person who spoke or sang. I do not think I was alone among critics when I suggested in 1929 that the person to whom a thing is said—"I am going to kill you"—is as important, pictorially, as the person who spoke; but it was nearly two years before the camera detached itself from the speaker. The directors seemed actually to forget, at times, that they had a camera at all, as in the case of the movie made from the stage-play, *Broadway*, where an attempted murder in a taxi-cab was shown on the screen and, instantly, the victim of the attempt entered the speakeasy and described the scene (in the words used in the stage production where, of course, the event had not been witnessed by the audience). In brief, during the early days of the new mechanism, the moving picture ceased to move. Yet, while audiences sat spellbound at the miracle of sound issuing from the screen (which was only the miracle of the phonograph synchronized to screen movements), the critics kept insisting that the picture must keep moving and that wherever sound interfered with action, sound must be sacrificed. It is perhaps the critics' only great contribution to the cinematic art and they have not yet been adequately thanked. The reason is

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that directors, of themselves, went back to the camera and, as technical improvements created a mobile microphone, the conflict between the two mechanisms abated. The victory, however, was definitely in favor of the camera and the proof is that no new name for the talking pictures was ever accepted: they are still "the movies."

In spite of this victory the movie is still in danger, and, with the continued threat of television escaping from the research laboratories, the urgency of reforming the battle lines is great. Where the danger lies can best be seen after the accomplishments of the talking pictures have been noted.

The least interesting (although highly successful) thing the talking movie has done is the musical show, and the speed at which popular art moves in America can be measured by the fact that in five years this type has not only been exhausted and discarded, but has been welcomed back again and is on its way to a second oblivion. It happened that one of the first great successes was *Broadway Melody;* so many back-stage plots, contrasting private agony with the gaiety of a musical production, followed, that the theme became tiresome and "musicals" were condemned. Four years later they return with only vestiges of plot, and even with burlesques of the plot, and are frankly presented as happenings on the musical comedy stage which sometimes enlarges itself to show half a mile of a river and always presents dancers in brilliant mass formations seen as no theater-goer ever saw them, from the air and at the bottom of the sea, multiplied or divided by tricks of the camera, a little stupefying and not important.

The cycle which followed was by all odds the best the talkie has done so far: the epic of the gangsters. It is quite probable, as Mr. Alva Johnston said in his *New Yorker* profile of Darryl Zanuck, that these films accomplished what laws and commissions failed to do: they stirred the public to resentment against the crimes of prohibition and made murder a matter of public concern. As movies they were important because most of the best ones were not drawn from books and plays, but were created specifically for the screen, they brought a sense of actuality and a rude male vigor to an art given to prettiness and sentimentality, they shifted emphasis from women to men and created stars who were neither clothes models nor movie actors, but players in a new medium. The moving picture, vocal or silent, has always been skilful in exploiting a passing interest, but in most cases it has used the war or transcontinental bus travel or a championship prizefight as mere background for its single absorption in the separation and return of young lovers. In the gangster pictures the rackets themselves took first place and for the first time people felt that the moving picture was interested in them and their daily affairs. These pictures corresponded in a way to the dime novel, but the pathos of distance was lacking, and they were all harsh, menacing, and tough. Of the dozens which spoke in these new accents, three easily led the field: *Scarface, Little Cæsar,* and preeminently, *Public Enemy.* Produced by Zanuck, it established James Cagney as a new star, brought Kubec Glasmon and John Bright to Hollywood as screen writers, and brought fresh honor to the director, William A. Wellman.

No group or cycle of feature films, in either the silent or talking movies, has been as satisfactory as these gangster and racket pictures. Against them rose a great clamor that they glorified the criminal, gave a false impression of American life, and corrupted the young. It was perfectly natural that the defenders of prohibition should raise this outcry; rather startling is the comment of Will H. Hays, who singled out, among others, *Broken Lullaby, The Champ, Skippy, Sooky, Tarzan, Shanghai Express, Ladies of the Jury,* and *The Spirit of Notre Dame* as pictures showing improvement in the screen, but mentioned not one of the gangster films by name, and repeated what he had said in March, 1931: "I took occasion to re-emphasize the suggestion . . . that with the growing indignation against gangster rule, public interest in such themes in literature, on the stage, and in the films was waning . . ."

That public interest was waning while public indignation grew, happened not to be so; Mr. Hays is not paid to prophesy and his attempt was ludicrous, for it was after this judgment had been delivered that the most successful gangster pictures were released. Mr. Hays did say that "the screen has done much . . . to 'debunk' the gangster by removing his mask of mock-heroism . . . Nevertheless . . . to over-emphasize the gangster's rôle in American life was undesirable . . . Public taste . . . demanded a more inspiring type of entertainment . . ." And, the following year, Mr. Hays was pleased to discover that "the gangster theme was practically elminated by . . . wholesome travesties. . . ."

What took their place? The five pictures of the next year which brought in more than a million dollars in rentals were: *Grand Hotel, Emma, Bring 'Em Back Alive, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,* and *Arrowsmith;* and *The Champ* which was released in December of 1931 may be counted in for good measure. All except the animal picture, *Bring 'Em Back Alive,* were chosen by some 300 moving-picture critics as among the ten best pictures of the year; the other five were: *The Guardsman, Smilin' Through, Bill of Divorcement, Back Street,* and—as if to spite Mr. Hays—*Scarface.* The balance between serious and light plays, between deep emotion and sentimentality, between the cinematic adult and the universal infantile, is equal in this selection, and the list is so varied that no conclusions can be drawn. By 1933, however, it was possible to say what had taken the place of the gangster film. The pictures which reached the million mark were: *Cavalcade, I'm No Angel, Little Women, She Done Him Wrong, State Fair,* and *Footlight Parade.* Nearly 400 critics chose the first, fourth, and fifth of these for the best ten (and *Little Women,* which was a late release, will probably be among those chosen for 1934). The others were: *42nd Street, Private Life of Henry VIII, Lady for a Day, Farewell to Arms, I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, Maedchen in Uniform,* and *Rasputin and the Empress.* Here we have two historical films of the distant past; two recaptures of the immediate past; two Mae West films; a love story of the World War; two musical shows; a sentimental story of the past and one of the present; a moderately realistic version of a social disgrace; and an importation from Germany which escapes classification. In addition to some of those mentioned, the Committee on Exceptional Photoplays of the National

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Board of Review chose *Berkeley Square* (pathos of the past); *Three Cornered Moon* (fantasy); *Zoo in Budapest* (fantasy and young love), and above all these, *Topaze,* a supremely well-done comedy of financial chicane. Not one of the leading pictures was concerned with any subject of immediate interest to the average man. They were films providing escape from every-day life.

Nonetheless, the influence of the gangster films has worked through the whole business of making pictures, so that in nearly every picture the adult and intelligent observer catches a glimpse of its factual rudeness; in nearly every one there is a character who drastically or sourly says what human beings really think, or mocks at heroics, or deflates pretensions. In the gangster cycle, the movies came down to earth and have had a new saltiness and vigor ever since.

One other type of picture has had an influence outside of its own immediate radius; that is the *Grand Hotel* type, the picture in which a group of unrelated individuals are brought together in one place and their lives set to impinge one upon the other. Inspired by the success of *Grand Hotel* on the stage, the movies made this type even before they made *Grand Hotel,* placing their characters in railway stations, transcontinental busses, trains, and, above all, on board ship. There could hardly be a dominating plot in these pictures, and there had to be half a dozen more or less developed personalities. The result was that many excellent minor actors became interesting for themselves, and not for the support they gave to stars, and the movies began to develop quirks and oddities of action and expression. Eccentric characters were used for their comic value, and the pictures inevitably had more of the surprise and variety of life than those of the stricter order. The pursuit of these by-paths is natural to the camera technic, and today you may find traces of the method, even in highly dramatic pictures, corresponding more or less to the injection of sub-plots and unrelated characters in the old Elizabethan drama.

It is the distinction of Miss Mae West that she has not only created a movie cycle but, it would appear, has completed it all by herself. It took five years for the moving-picture producers to recognize the shrewdness of the few critics who told them that Miss West was a remarkable actress, but when the movies got around to this phenomenal woman, they did remarkably well by her, giving her her head, to say the least, and allowing her to create herself on the screen. She has had directors, but the style is still the style of Mae West; she has written her own stories; she broke down the two artificial screen concepts of love as a mystery and as a sin; she made, in less than one year, two films which grossed more than two million dollars each in rentals—*i.e.,* money paid by the exhibitors to the producing company—a unique record, all the more pleasing to Paramount because hers are the only pictures bearing that name which are in the "smash hit" class for the dolorous year of 1933; and in all probability she was the chief cause of the most violent outbreak of hostility against the movies in the present generation.

To understand why, it is necessary to recall the three preceding types of sexual allurement exploited by the movies: the vamp (Theda Bara); the It girl (Clara Bow); the Pained Lady (Greta Garbo). I have put in parenthesis the names of the most famous exemplars; each had dozens of rivals, imitators, or followers. Parallel to the exploitation of each of these types, there ran the permanent moving-picture theme that while human beings, chiefly under the age of twenty fell in love, they did not make love, and, if slightly older but still attractive men and women had lovers, the sexual passion did not

The Ten Best Talking Pictures

1929	*Disraeli* *Broadway Melody*
1930	*All Quiet on the Western Front* *Abraham Lincoln*
1931	*Cimarron* *Street Scene*
1932	*Grand Hotel* *The Champ*
1933	*Cavalcade* *42nd Street*
1934	(see note below)

Each year *The Film Daily* asks several hundred motion-picture critics of America to name the ten best pictures.

The accompanying list is made up of the first two choices of each of the past five years. It is quite possible that the same critics would now omit some of their earlier choices. These, in any case, were considered the most important pictures of their times. The Year Book issued by *The Film Daily* is the source for statistics used herewith, except for the figures on box-office rentals which were compiled by *The Motion Picture Herald.* Seven of the ten pictures made more than $1,500,000 (*Disraeli, Abraham Lincoln,* and *Street Scene* excepted). Pictures which gross more than a million dollars in rentals constitute the financial honor roll of the industry.

NOTE: The list of the ten best talking pictures for 1934 is just published by *The Film Daily* as this magazine goes to press. A discussion of these pictures as a group is not therefore included in this article. The 1934 list follows: *The Barretts of Wimpole Street, The House of Rothschild, It Happened One Night, One Night of Love, Little Women, The Thin Man, Viva Villa, Dinner at Eight, The Count of Monte Cristo, Berkeley Square.*

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exist for them. I do not note these circumstances in behalf of any thesis about Americans and love, considering that all the theses so far advanced have been peculiarly short-sighted. The thing to bear in mind, in this connection, is that the movies from the beginning were made for the sole purpose of universal light entertainment; obviously (and perhaps correctly) the full impact of the sexual passion was considered inappropriate to this purpose.

However, the three types mentioned did exist, and if they did not represent the truth of desire, they offered a dosage of sex. The first was foreign: the slinky seductress, the sort of thing one read about in French novels and French murder cases; the second was entirely American, perhaps the strangest phenomenon in the entire history of the screen. For it glorified the sex appeal of the sexless. The fairly attractive Miss Bow was a hoyden and madcap in most of her pictures, athletic, a good pal, an ever so healthy and mildly necking adolescent female. There is nothing to indicate that the captain of the girl's basketball team in a mid-western high school is the ideal mistress of the American man; her appearance on the screen may be analyzed according to Freud or according to Marx, and I am afraid it will not make much sense in either case. Incidentally it should be noted that the movies heavily overcapitalized Sex Appeal; none of the great money makers of that period is an It film, and the great names (Chaplin, Fairbanks, Pickford, Tom Mix's Horse, and Rin-tin-tin) are innocent of S. A.

The third, or Pained Lady, type arrived at perfection with the coming of speech. In it women with mysterious profundities of soul and equally mysterious aspirations to something beyond sex, play hob with gentlemen whose objects, however matrimonial, are a little fleshly. To the Garbos, Shearers, Crawfords, and many less distinguished, speech, especially when it was witty speech, afforded a new instrument of defense against the brutal advances of men. In the end love triumphed, but it was love compromised with the intellect, leading to marriage in the manner of a Long Island house-party comedy.

All these folderols vanished before the simple statement which is the essence of all of Miss West's pictures, that the practice of love by a man and a woman is the occasion of *mutual* delight. To the endless repetition of this statement all the murmurs and shrugs and wags and glances of her technic minister; her plots are nothing; her characters nothing; her setttings are slightly beglamored, so that the common reality of what she is saying is never too instant and harsh. Her characteristic title is the one which her company abandoned after the midsummer threat of boycott: "It Ain't No Sin." To be candid, her films are hardly vulgar. As for high impropriety, the films had been playing with homosexuality, as comedy relief, for years—it is definitely suggested in one of Chaplin's early comedies; and in recent months the musical films had been full of smirks and a dull innuendo, with oblique references to sex and digestion which were stupidly vulgar. The crime of Mae West was that she annihilated all the artificial approaches to sex, that she made no approach in that sense at all, but simply was sex. It is not surprising that the moralists fell upon her.

In several ways the talking picture was more offensive to the moralist than the silent picture had been. In the old movies a prolonged or too passionate kiss brought objection, but the commercial feature picture never allowed itself a downright indecency of gesture. Speech brought the opportunity for circumlocution, for hinting at improprieties, and, even more, for silence. The moment a man and a woman stopped talking, and the scene faded, the worst was apprehended, and audiences whistled appreciatively. I recall a neat trick: James Cagney picking up a forward young woman, whom he disliked in spite of her passion for him, and carrying her to her bedroom, depositing her upon her bed. "What are you going to do?" she asked. The reply was, more or less, "I'm going to give you an experience you will never forget." And with that, he slammed the door upon her and departed. But that was comedy. In the films of passion, the action was not visible—and was presumed to be different. Moreover, with speech, the picture could take over the more sophisticated product of the stage, and although screen versions were purified, *Design for Living, Strange Interlude,* and *The Guardsman* appeared. And from another field of legitimate production, the smutty black-out of musical shows was reproduced.

Speech added subtlety to the moving picture. In silence, you could do anything and trust to a written caption to cover up inconsistencies, but speech demanded at least a minimum of logic and, in serious plays, some consideration of human motives. The intellectual content of the pictures, still not too great, has increased.

The increase has not, however, included in any serious way the economic problems of the depression. Roused by Russian films exploiting the grandeurs of the Soviet régime, critics have complained that Hollywood lags behind the times or goes fascist (in the sense that every film which provides escape from contemporary problems helps maintain the established order). In this complaint it is forgotten that Russia is ascendant and America, for the first time in generations, is temporarily descendant, and that in neither country do films attack the prevailing system. Entertainment always lags behind events and the remarkable thing is only that Hollywood has not produced highly successful films based on the psychological revolution accomplished by President Roosevelt in 1933. King Vidor's *Our Daily Bread* chose a minute item in Recovery for its theme. Even Repeal and the weathering of the banking storm brought only minor pictures, and *Gabriel over the White House,* a melodrama of dictatorship, was not an exceptional success. For the past year the producers, scenting a good topic, have been trying to find a way to make the munitions business acceptable to the bankers who control the movies and to the foreign countries which are still important buyers of the Hollywood product.

Leaving the feature film, I come now to the great disaster and to the great triumph of the talking picture. The disaster is the newsreel which has lost its prime quality: that it was a record of actuality. Events are occasionally recorded as they happened: the riot at Ambridge, Pennsylvania, the later stage of the *Morro Castle* disaster, and the assassination of King Alexander are instances. But far too many events are rehearsed and taken, or are taken after the actual event, sometimes with "improvements." The camera can be con-

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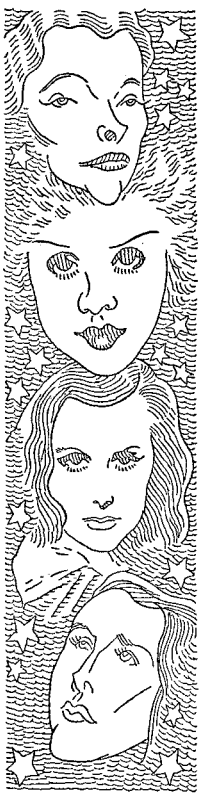
cealed, but the microphone cannot; and the self-consciousness of public figures is obvious. I have not myself come across serious falsification—that is usually left to the commentators whose introductions are often totally hostile to the shown event. But the sense of the real and the unpremeditated which made the old newsreel a relief and a delight, after the mannered feature picture, has gone. As these reels will eventually form the raw material of history, this is a grave misfortune.

The corresponding triumph is Walt Disney's. Just as the old Keystone comedies were always the best part of the average movie show, the Silly Symphonies today tower over all but the most exceptional feature pictures. Beginning with *Mickey Mouse,* Mr. Disney instantly discovered what to do with sound—that is, he reduced it to an accompaniment of action and, as far as he was able, made it as unreal and fantastic as his action. With color added to the Silly Symphonies he achieved perfection. Technical limitations on the color spectrum turned out an advantage, the Symphonies appearing in a sort of wash or pastel which recalls the old magic lantern and something of the Christmas card. Speech is cut to a minimum; what might be said is usually sung; the Silly Symphonies are completely satisfactory to every sense. They are successful, of course, because of their charm, their humor, their ingenuity, their simplicity—but of these things I need not write. They are universally known.

I said near the beginning that the talking movie was in danger, and by that I did not mean the danger of being disliked by a few intellectuals. It is the practical financial danger which threatens every form of popular entertainment which fails to change and develop—the danger which finally destroyed the minstrel show, burlesque, and vaudeville; the danger averted to an extent by musical shows when they turned satirical; the danger from which the old movie was saved at the last moment by talk. The danger may be summarized in this way: with the introduction of speech, the movie has lost magic and has failed to create the one element which could take the place of magic, *i.e.,* character.

The loss of magic is baffling; it ought not to have happened when the mystery of speech was added to the mystery of motion on the screen. I do not think it has, so far, touched the movies' audiences who are diminished in number not because they dislike the movies, but because they do like the virtually free radio and have less money to spend. But the kind of elation which the old movie gave has disappeared and we are all too familiar with the movies now to fall completely under their spell. It is not the microphone, but the wrong use of it which is to blame. Technically, as I said, the mobile camera defeated the static mike; but in the creation of pictures as a whole, the realistic microphone still dominates; there is too much dialogue (which is seldom the conversation of human beings) and too little imagination, and every time a person speaks, he shatters the created illusion which the picture can give.

This belief in speech could be destroyed instantly if the producers of movies would ask their audiences, seriously, what they remember of their favorite films. Of an exceptionally bright film, *It Happened One Night,* one spectator, without prompting, recalled Claudette Colbert toying with her garter to attract attention when Clark Gable's thumbing had failed to get them a ride. Of *Public Enemy* every one I have asked remembers the bandaged corpse of the gangster falling through the door. Of *Cavalcade* it is the moment when the lifebelt, before

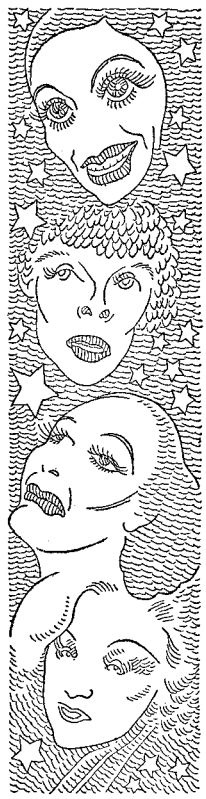


Successful Pictures and "Flops"

In November of last year, Douglas W. Churchill reported to *The New York Times* the results of a poll of four hundred theater managers, which indicated the comparative success and failure of the leading films of all companies. The most striking feature of this report is that several heavily publicized large-scale productions are listed as failures; on the other hand, half a dozen of the most meritorious films made in the year were successful. That dozens of totally insignificant pictures made money was to be expected; and this list, of course, made no mention of hundreds of films which brought in meager returns, but apparently were not expected to do any better.

Among the successes and failures were:

SUCCESSFUL FILMS	UNSUCCESSFUL FILMS
It Happened One Night	*Twentieth Century*
Five pictures starring Will Rogers	*Berkeley Square*
Dinner at Eight	*Treasure Island*
The Thin Man	*Queen Christina* (with Greta Garbo)
Viva Villa	*Design for Living*
Dancing Lady	*Death Takes a Holiday*
I'm No Angel	*Nana*
The pictures with Shirley Temple	*Counsellor at Law*
Little Women	*Little Man What Now?*
The House of Rothschild	*George White's Scandals*
Footlight Parade	*The Song of Songs* (with Marlene Dietrich)



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which the lovers have sworn eternal fidelity, is seen to bear the name of the *Titanic;* of *All Quiet on the Western Front* it is the faces of marching men or a battle scene; of *Queen Christina* it is the face and form of Greta Garbo, flawlessly beautiful. Always it is something seen, not something heard. Even in *The Thin Man,* one of the wittiest films made, one remembers walking the dog more than the badinage.

Lubitsch, Vidor, Van Dyke, Capra, Milestone, and one or two other directors, are aware of this and often let movement and gesture tell more than words. To others, the only movement is a man walking one of those endless Hollywood marches from one room to another, between conversations. None has yet created a style of production in which the movie has its own kind of talk, a kind which should be as different from that of the stage as that of the stage is from the talk in musical shows. Until that is done, the talking movie will remain a hybrid. It must create speech with a rhythm, accent, economy, and reference to action all appropriate to the movie—and to nothing else. That this will restore magic to the films, I cannot say. I am only sure that this has to be done first.

Even if it is done, and certainly if it is not, the movie has to go into the business of creating characters if it wants to save its neck. Again the reason is practical. There are few plots in the world and the movie exhausts local color and new fads rapidly; the third time a husband, wife, and lover are seen in a submerged submarine, an effect of boredom obtains and even if the next time you see them in the bowels of an active volcano, it isn't all fresh and exciting. Even in the most ingenious of films, connecting links between episodes of the story are weak, and the usual method is to strengthen them with comedy—which also is not unlimited in supply. The one matrix in which plot can be safely imbedded is human character. If you are interested in a character, your absorption makes you immune to boredom. And the contemporary movie almost always ignores character. It presents individuals with queer traits or habits or looks; it offers easily identified types; and it is overpopulated with actors and actresses. But ask, "What character played by your favorite player did you like best and how did it differ from any other character?" and you discover that characters, in the ordinary sense, as we speak of characters on the stage or in fiction, hardly exist. The producers reply that their audiences demand what they get, refusing to allow ZaSu Pitts to play anything but the comic distracted figure of fun; but that is a confusion of ideas. Marie Dressler was always the familiar Marie Dressler, but nearly always created character; Roland Young is recognizably himself, but always creative; so is Charles Laughton; Bette Davis created a remarkable character in *Of Human Bondage,* but seldom before; W. C. Fields creates character and Jimmie Durante doesn't—and apparently doesn't need to. The moving-picture "character" as now exploited is briefly remembered for what he or she did, not for what he or she was. That is why they are soon forgotten.

And if a producer were to say to me, more frankly than usual, "What of it? We are not in the business of making imperishable masterpieces. We make them to be forgotten, so that next month's releases will take their place—" I would have to answer that when enough individual movies are forgotten, the movies as a whole will be forgotten. That is the danger. The movies have never played for the long run. In the beginning, they didn't have to—almost anything made money. Again, when the movies began to talk, the gold rush was on. Now, under financial pressure, the producers naturally cling to the old favorites, the old methods; they must show a profit each quarter; they dare not experiment; they cannot think five years ahead.

I am not hopelessly prophesying disaster. The moving picture has such a natural and universal appeal, that it can count on attracting a large number of the two million children who reach the movie age every year. But it needs 100 million attendants a week, which means that it must establish and nourish the habit of going to the movies, which can only be done by continuing interest. It does not need to satisfy the intellectuals, but the producers might note that of the seventy-three films with the highest box-office returns, at least thirty-five were satisfactory to a critical taste. You can get instant popularity by a cheap exploitation of any temporary interest; the long run requires only good movie craftsmanship.

Greater commercial empires than that of Hollywood have crumbled and sunk beneath the sea. By thinking boldly and experimenting freely, the movies can insure themselves against oblivion. And not otherwise.

RHYTHM

By Elsa Gidlow

Dance, dance, joy is the heart's laughter.
The heart needs joy, the spirit drunkenness.
Joy is the heart's laughter, the vein's wine;
The feet of man must tramp the earth in dance,
Man's feet must stamp and tread the purple and green
Grapes of mirth and his blood must quicken
With the sharp breath of ecstasy, however won.
Nature is grave: the earth does not laugh,
But man needs laughter, man must dance
Till he is lost in rhythm, till the veins swell
And sing, and he reels with vision.
Dance, dance, joy is the heart's laughter.

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At Sundown

A STORY

By William Saroyan

I HAVE to laugh, remembering this girl Varanzoff, who was like nothing else I have seen alive, bird and flower and field and brook, all implied in her strange reality, and at night, walking with her through the city, I used to wonder if it was true, the earth, our city, this girl, and myself, and under the light of street lamps I could not tell if she walked with me through a time of life, or if somehow, because of knowing her, I had gotten myself wholly out of the earth and out of time, since it seemed to me that never before had there been a love so timeless, so essentially without beginning and end, and never again would be.

I have to laugh, remembering all that I have forgotten, because I have forgotten the frantic need I felt in those days to know a truth of life more magnificent than any truth I now know, a truth I once dreamed of acquiring, with this girl Myra, and learned I could never acquire, since I was mortal, no less than she, and then, in despair and desperation, buying a new suit of clothes for my body, which was all that was left of me, the rest crumbling into the death of this need, and a new hat, and filling my heart and mind with a new set of ideas about the way of life, a less magnificent but more plausible set.

My amusement now infuriates this death in myself, and the laughter of my body stumbles before the bitter grief of my dead heart, and I remember dimly this strange longing I once had which soon became tragic, quietly in the heart where all great tragedies occur, my amazing wish to walk out of the earth with this little Russian girl, since the earth was ugly and full of death, and it seemed that we were not ugly and could never die. And when I knew that it could not be, or that we could earn deathlessness only by accepting and walking into mortal death, I became scornful, laughing at the absurd longing, forgetting it, staying alive, putting on new clothes.

More than anywhere else, more certainly than upon the surface of the earth, it seemed that she and I lived, as one life, herself and myself as one new life, in the depths of music, where there was precision and accuracy, and it was music we had heard together, at concerts, and music we had heard together, being together, that had never been written or played by an orchestra.

And it was therefore incredible to me that our reality was only the reality of substance, of flesh and blood and bone, our mortality on earth, our shaped and animated substance in the city, of the time, Myra's clothed body and my own, and each of these bodies helplessly wanting morning on earth, the day of our beginning, the day of the coming of time, to prove our timelessness, and walking with her each evening I would be sick and speechless with this boyish longing, and we would walk for hours all over the city, trying to understand what we could think or hope for, since we loved one another so much, and what the meaning of such a love could be.

I was young, but I was not so very young, because when a man has endured twenty years he imagines he has lived a long time, from the beginning of the earth to the latest moment of breathing, and he has felt a lot of history of one sort or another squirming up through his blood and becoming a part of his identity, solidifying in his bones, and I remember I did not feel at all young. I was demanding of my own private mortality the fulfilment, real and whole and not merely idealistic, of a desire definitely of *my* life, and Myra's, and therefore a desire I could not ignore. I know I did not want to evade it, and simply lie with her and be done with it, because then I would have had to admit that living was ineffectual because I hadn't the strength to impose magnificence upon it, and not because it was so anyway, which I finally had to suppose, perhaps deceiving myself.

I do not know why these amazing longings still occur in new lives, when experience has long since proven their futility and danger, but they do still occur, and there must be some reason, and I have an idea they are universal and everlasting, inevitable events of growth, slowly or swiftly pushed aside, as the case may be, since they lead only to the most profound of sorrows, or to death itself, and never, I am afraid, to the magnificence they awaken in the heart and furiously demand, because, perhaps, in the nature of things we are, after all, rather puny, and rather weak, and much too easily

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adapted to the earth, and to the limitations of mortality.

At any rate, earlier in life I had known desire of another sort, and had not felt the ineffectuality of these evanescent longings, when they had been fulfilled, because I myself had wanted and expected and demanded no more than what I had received, and because I had been only partly formed, and only partly myself. Now, with Myra I was still only partly myself, and still only partly formed, but now there was this difference: that I was tormented by these hopes of magnificence and could never, seemingly, be satisfied with anything less, unless it was death itself, because I had touched whores and died in one night and found myself alive again, and a little ill, the next morning, and Myra was not one of these and with her I meant to gain life, not death, and I meant to gain my wholeness, my full identity.

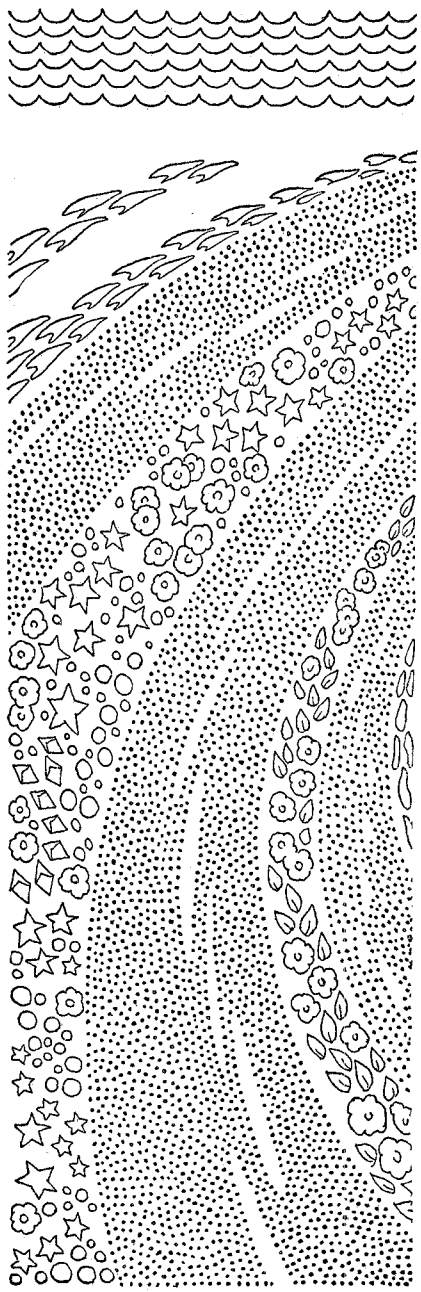
I used to wonder what I would do if, even with Myra, the answer was to be death and ineffectuality, and afterward a most cowardly and humiliating deception of self, and a weakly acceptance of the next best thing, and it seemed to me that I would prefer to be utterly dead, wholly effaced, completely without remembrance and hope. Knowing her, I could not bring myself to believe our love was no more than what had happened innumerable times before and would certainly continue to happen to the end of time, and there were long summer nights when, after having walked with her for hours and returned to my small room, I could not sleep and would dream wakefully of another earth and another mortality, a place of greater beauty, and a life of greater power and precision, and I have to laugh at this, because I remember I used to insist that it *could* be and that it *would* be, or I would not care to live at all.

Before the coming of Myra, I had been clumsy and awkward and sentimental and vulgar, and now and then I had been shy, or foolish, or timid, in the presence, late at night, of the nude female body, and always, after I had mocked myself by demanding no meaning of my having life, and another having it, I would go down dark and foul-smelling stairways to the city street, and there blink or swear or tell myself it was glorious, really marvellous, knowing all the same that this fidgetiness could not be the truth of mortality, that certainly it *was* not, and wondering what could be the truth, and where I would ever find some one I could love without my body and mind being confused by a lot of cheap and embarrassing emotions.

Of the nudity of Myra I had seen only face and neck and arm and hand, but a face is much, being the essence and reflection of all the rest, and the loveliness of arm, white and smooth, and the poise of hand, and the glance of eye: these are much, and from seeing what was unclothed of her I knew, almost more truthfully than if I had seen her wholly apart from the imposed costume of the day and place, the beauty of Myra herself, inward as much as outward, the quiet but lithe spirit sweetly shaped in the whiteness of flesh, and wanting much of meaning and grace in this incredible and to me miraculous knowing of one another, I could not often touch even her hand, fearing that unless each of us understood the beauty and significance of this ordinarily innocent gesture of communion the entire configuration of our longing would be disastrously brought to ruin.

I mean, I wanted Myra and myself, as one, to be one gloriously, and I was afraid to touch her hand, I was afraid it would lift us out of the strange place we had entered and place us again in the midst of the ugliness of the earth, and I didn't want this to happen, and I think Myra didn't want it to happen. We were always asking one another where we might go to be alone, but what we meant perhaps was where we might go to be out of the contemporary ugliness, and it was sad when we would have to decide on a walk along the waterfront, along Embarcadero, and then on to the Marina, which are actually only places, and less than what we were seeking.

Myra's father was a small tailor whose shop was on Townsend Street, near where I worked as a clerk in the office of a coffee importer, and I knew him months before I knew Myra. I used to visit his shop once a week, after work, to have my suit pressed, or a button sewed on, and while I stood behind the curtain of a corner of the room, I used to carry on a loud and to me amusing conversation with him, since I enjoyed hearing him speak English with a very interesting Russian accent. He regarded me, I think, as one of those remarkable young men who, out of sheer nervousness and impatience, thrust themselves into the activities of life at an early age, and try to make a lot of money. At any rate, I used to kid him a lot, and he knew he was being kidded, but he was always friendly and liked to see me. And I liked seeing him. To amuse myself, I used to ask him if he could honestly say I was handsome, and he would consider the question very seriously, and then reply, Well, not so handsome, but a good young man. Which always pleased me because I knew how really large my



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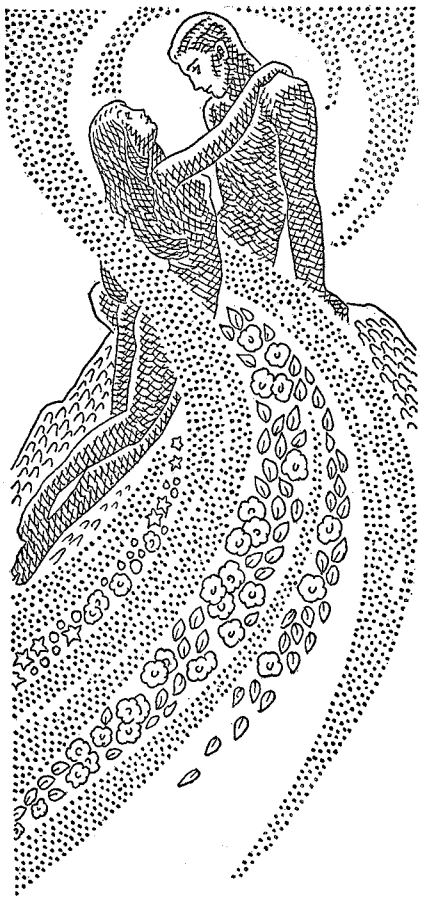

ears were and how melancholy my expression.

One Saturday afternoon I was standing behind this curtain, shouting at Mr. Varanzoff, when I heard the door of his shop open, and being curious peeped from behind the curtain and saw Myra. For the love of Mike, I said. Who is this? Then I heard the old man and Myra speaking quietly, at the old man's suggestion, since there was a customer in the shop, behind the curtain, in Russian, and I don't know what happened, I simply understood I would want to break my neck to know this girl.

The old man brought me my suit, and I put it on, trying desperately to think of something to say to the girl. I came from behind the curtain, neatly buttoned all over, perfectly conventional, but wholly delirious with the strange feeling Myra's voice had sent through my body and mind. She is unlike any one alive, I kept saying to myself, and finally, after paying her father for the work he had done, I said to her, trying to seem at ease, trying to look into her face without blinking, What is your name?

It was a stupid question, but I couldn't help it.

Myra, she said.

I couldn't think of anything more to say, because it was not easy to be so near her and to look into her eyes, so I turned to her father, trying to be the bright young man I imagined he thought me to be.

Is this your daughter? I said.

I was amazed that so lovely a person might be the daughter of this quiet old man, and even after he had said that she was his daughter, I could not believe it, and I remember that I felt, Well, she is really no one's daughter: that just happened, the way such things do.

The old man introduced us. I don't know why, unless it was that I hung around, not leaving the store.

Myra, he said, this is:

Carl Hofmann, I said. I am an Austrian.

An Austrian? said the old man. I didn't know that. I thought you were an American.

Oh, sure, I said. I was born here, on the other side of town. My people are dead. I do not speak the language, but you know what I mean.

I was talking like a fool, wanting Myra to know where I was from, all the facts of my beginning, and I went on telling the old man, and Myra, about my school-days and how miserable I always felt and how anxious to get out of school.

I left school last year, I said proudly. I have been working a whole year. My aunt does not support me any longer.

And still I did not go away. The old man became embarrassed by my presence, but it seemed to me that Myra, although she did not speak, only smiled and paid close attention to everything I said, did not mind my staying, and probably even wanted me to stay.

We left the shop together, and I walked with her to old man Varanzoff's house, almost three miles away. Myra said she would have taken a street car, but it was a pleasant evening and if I really wanted to walk, well, certainly, she wanted to, too. I saw the house where she was living, and it was a drab place, and I couldn't picture her in such a place. It seemed incredible. How could such a flower emerge from this place? I asked myself.

I suppose it was all boyish silliness, but whatever it was it was miraculous to me, and going away from her, walking to my own room, I began to wonder how such things came about. There I was in that small room, of the time, and somehow not of it, and there was Myra in her father's house, and somehow it seemed to me neither of us belonged where we were, and I began to wonder where we *did* belong.

Afterward, she came every afternoon to her father's shop, and we began walking together, my mood and feeling about her slowly becoming her mood and feeling about me, and finally the two becoming one, while each of us remained wholly apart, my hand hardly ever touching the hand of Myra. We went to dinner together at French and Italian restaurants in the North Beach. We went to symphonies and operas, and sometimes even to movies, and slowly this strange longing in each of us, together, for some mysterious magnificence of life took shape and became real, so that finally, after four months of it, we were sorrowful together and could not speak, and it seemed to me that I knew Myra more fully than any man had ever before known a woman. At first I was garrulous, talking my head off about what I had done and thought and dreamed, and what I hoped to do, and every now and then Myra herself would speak and laugh this same way, but all these things dwindled away beneath the growth of this longing in us, and finally we could not speak, and did not even *want* to speak, did not even *need* to.

I would see Myra and she would see me, and that would be the end of it. I mean, it was enough for each of us to know that the other lived, and it was somehow such a vast significance to us that even after all these years I still have to laugh, remembering her and myself as we were then.

I suppose the whole thing had something to do with the fact that we almost always saw one another toward evening, toward the end of day, when quietness would come over the earth, and light would change sadly to darkness, and the sky, over the ocean, just before the disappearance of the sun, would cry out with the passionate color of the ending of warmth, cry against

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night, the coming of cold, the coming of death and secrecy, and these things probably combined to make us sullen with the desire to possess, in possessing one another, the whole universe, all of life, all of grace and beauty, once, and somehow forever.

And we were afraid.

One evening in September, after we had known one another seven months, we took a street car, on Geary Street, and rode to the ocean. I do not know why we did this, unless it was that we needed desperately to get to some place that might seem far away from the earth, far from the city, but I am sure we did not stop to wonder why. I remember that we stood together on the front platform of the car, looking toward the sea, and now and then at one another, saying nothing, each of us being a little more frightened than ever before.

The Geary line car rises upward to the top of a hill, and from this point, while the car rolls downward, one can see the ocean, and toward the end of day when this strange sadness comes over the earth, and when the sun is low upon the far endlessness of water, this picture is both beautiful and frightening, seeming to be a moment of another place, and causing one to feel that one is of this other place, and has been always. And being on a street car, with this sense of belonging to a place without beginning or end, is like being, incredibly, of two places, two earths, two worlds, the world of the street car, and this other world, the one of essences, of those deep and everlasting feelings in the heart of man which persist, almost pathetically, in spite of all the accumulation of mortal places and ideas: huts, villages, cities, governments, civilizations. And one feels a homesickness for this other place which is all the more tragic in that one knows such a place does not exist; at least not this time.

I walked with Myra to the shore of the sea, and walking by the moving water all things were suddenly perfect, as the moment was perfect, but behind this perfection were night and death, change and decay and desolation, upon the earth, and within the heart of life, and we knew there could be no permanence of glory, no timelessness of love and adoration of life, and because we knew this, we were sad with the tragic sadness of the moment. All things would pass with the passing of this moment: Myra, and myself, and all life.

In the wind, she removed her coat, revealing her arms, so miraculously perfect and beautiful that I laughed and wept at once, and the wind loosened her hair, and suddenly within myself, apart from emotion and language, I began to weep and swear, knowing it would be death, inevitably, and if it was to be death anyway, why could not I, with Myra, die with the dying of the day? Why could not we be of its perfection forever? Why should we have to wait for the other death, our bodies rotten and old and ugly? Dying in the other place?

One moment, when she looked into my eyes, and saw there this wish, Myra sobbed, and then laughed, turning from me and running to the water. Only my heart had language with which to reply to this sob, and it cried out: Myra, let us be dead now, let us be dead together, now and forever. But my body ran to her, as the body of a boy running to the body of a girl, and the lips of my body touched the lips of the body of Myra, and the arms of it embraced her, and then it was the same again: as with all others. We wanted life. Here, in this place.

Day sank beneath night, and darkness increased. We stood by the water, shivering, and not knowing which way to go. Slowly, we returned to the street, to life on earth, to the city, and we entered one of the beach restaurants. Sitting across the table from Myra, seeing in her eyes the death of this longing, and in it the death of my own longing, I knew that it was ended, and that in a year or two Myra would marry some young fellow with a good job and be his wife, like any other girl, and swallowing hot coffee, I knew also that the first thing in the morning I would buy myself a new suit and a new hat, and forget the whole thing, and stay alive as long as possible, puny and weak and mortal.

THE VAGRANT GENERATION

By Ruth Douglas Keener

They will forever wear upon their brows
This touch of death, this pallor of defeat;
Though the new years grow prodigal and sweet
Nothing that ever happens can arouse
The bloom of living they were once denied.
Always they will distrust the hand of chance,
Viewing good fortune with the sceptic glance
Of convalescents sternly mortified.
So they will never feel secure content
In sunny days, in laughter, in their work,
In daily bread. This fatal fear will lurk
Within their thoughts until their time is spent.
Even gay pigeons fluttering in a park
Will but remind them of the homeless dark.

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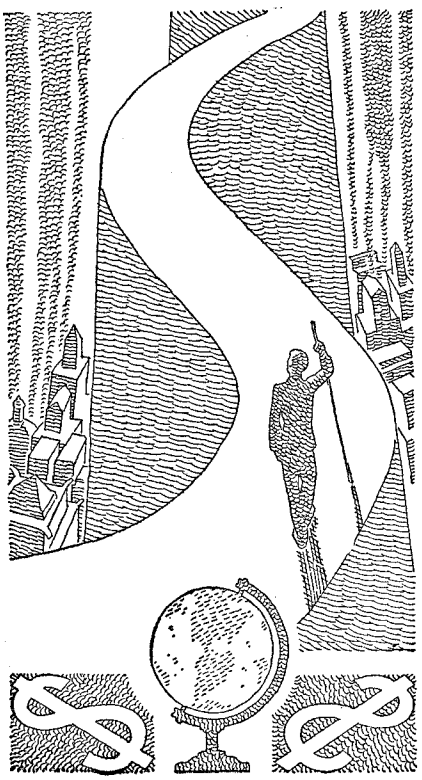
Youth Moves Toward New Standards

By Christian Gauss

Sex and alcohol are no longer the chief interests of college undergraduates, says the Dean of the College at Princeton. A re-orientation is taking place which is developing a socially minded college student who is seeking new standards of political and social thought

After the World War, the late Ambassador Cambon, one of the ablest French scholars and diplomats, one day told Winston Churchill that during the twenty years he had known England a revolution had taken place. Old social strata had been disintegrated, power had been transferred to men previously unrepresented, wealth had been redistributed, and customs which had enjoyed the sanction of centuries had been broken down and discarded. The net results were as momentous as those accomplished by the French Revolution, and yet this had gone forward without violence or bloodshed, and so quietly that most Britons still fondly imagined they were living in the England of Disraeli and Gladstone.

In the past few years, changes of much the same sort have taken place in our own country with far greater rapidity. It is difficult to measure the significance of those bloodless revolutions which take place without violence. The same people live on and the old do not greatly change; they grumblingly accept the inevitable. To them the new world emerging is not so much a result of changes in social or political organizations as it is a consequence of moral degeneration. The new crowd in power, the young men pushing forward have lost all scruples and are not the men their fathers were. This explanation satisfies their pride in their own generation's achievements, cushions necessary readjustments, and masks the significance of what to them would otherwise be merely distressing.



II

If some quite objective celestial emissary had been dispatched on a tour of inspection of American campuses five or six years ago, and were sent back today, he could make an interesting report. He would preface it all by saying that the "zipper age" has ended, the "kick-hunting" generation has gone. It has fretted and strutted its hour upon the stage and now is heard no more. The "conspicuous waste and honorific display" which Veblen believed were everywhere the necessary and inevitable concomitants of our older economic order are so very rare as to be virtually negligible. The spiffy runabout prominently parked in front of the fraternity house to give its sophomore owner and his crowd a rating, is nowhere in view. The expensive coonskin coat, badge of family affluence, has disappeared even in those rare cases where the affluence still persists. Nowhere does the sophomore bring his new-found freshman acquaintance into a be-bannered collegiate room, unlock and proudly swing open the closet door to exhibit that brace of gin bottles on the shelf. Yet only five years ago this still proved to many a gaping freshman that his sophomore friend was the very devil of an interesting fellow with vital and expensive contacts in that fascinating underworld of the rum-runner and the bootlegger.

In the twenties, to a majority of undergraduates, as to their fathers, the most satisfying and the most telling type of success was success in business. It could be measured in dollars and cents. Colleges never tired of telling us how much more their graduates earned than those lesser men who had not enjoyed their rich advantages. That was what so many undergraduates meant when they voted "contacts" and not training, not even friendships, the most valuable thing they got out of college. Let us dot our i's and cross our t's. Contact is really a business term. What was the best type of contact? Brutally, it was something like this. If you made the acquaintance of the son of the president of a railroad, or of the chairman of the board of some great corporation, he could, after graduation,

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get you a job in the central offices. The powers that be would have their eyes directly upon you and you would not have to start out in the fringes and, by years of drudgery, slave your way up through an army of underlings.

So long as the desire for this type of success constituted the ruling passion of the majority, it was the most natural thing in the world, if the undergraduate's family had achieved financial success, even if it had only achieved it recently, for that undergraduate to "tell the world," and pin the appropriate roses upon himself. If the old dispensation were continuing, now that financial success is rarer, it should be an even more coveted distinction. This, however, is the exact opposite of the truth. The change lies precisely in the fact that through wide reaches of undergraduate life, what had previously been an overmastering desire, has lost its force. It has lost its force, not because it is too difficult of achievement, but because as the result of a change in psychology this type of distinction is no longer sufficiently appealing to shape the undergraduate's course of action. He has gone through a process of re-orientation and in so many cases has come out of it with such profoundly altered convictions that, even if prosperity again showed her poor shame-faced head, the temper of these young men would still remain different and the world of thirty years hence which they are even now shaping, will, from its spiritual impulsion, be a world moving in a different direction.

III

It is of course natural that this alteration of attitude should be evident also among the still youthful alumni of recent years. Any professor who is in a position to know what has happened, since graduation, to the young men who sat in his classes six or eight years ago, can give you a number of cases of such rather startling re-orientation.

Not long ago, for instance, I had an earnest talk with a young man with whom I had always feared I should never be able to hold a serious conversation. Let me call him Smith for purposes of reference. His father had been an old friend of mine with a distinguished record for public service in his profession. He had died some years ago, in the summer before his son entered one of the smaller Eastern colleges as a freshman. Though all tests indicated that Smith possessed high-class ability along mathematical and scientific lines, his college record had been, to put it mildly, mediocre and he was finally graduated near the bottom of his class. During his undergraduate years it was as useless to urge him to high-class performance as to whistle jigs to a mile-stone. He was thoroughly set in his way, convinced that it was a waste of labor to do more than make contacts and "get by." I had had a disappointing talk with him in the spring of his graduation in 1928. He knew exactly what he wanted. He cited as his ideal an alumnus of his college who had made his pile selling Florida real estate, had, at the age of thirty-six, shrewdly "cashed in" before the bubble burst, and had salted down his earnings and could now live where he liked and, in the words of the college song, "do as he damned pleased." Smith had one ambition. He wanted to beat this record and retire if possible before he reached thirty-six. He formulated his aim bluntly. "I'll promote anything for ten or twelve years that will land me where I want to go and I want to put myself in a position where I can tell the world to go to hell before I'm too old to enjoy it."

Now the particular line that Smith chose to promote has not suffered as seriously as most. Except for this, the rest of his story reads suspiciously like an old-fashioned Sunday-school book. He is now planning, if in the face of his poor college record he can still get in, to enter a graduate school and see what he can do with a year's hard work at physics. If he can prove to himself that he is good enough, he'd like to teach youngsters in some school or other. "I'd like to have the feeling," he added, "that what I do from nine to five every day is getting me and somebody else somewhere." My young friend is too sophisticated not to be conscious of the irony of his change of plan, and he added by way of rationalization, "I suppose you could say, if you wanted to, that I'm becoming socially minded."

In its larger aspects, his case is not peculiar. In the middle twenties and later, there was in every college a fairly numerous contingent who had been attracted by recreational or athletic opportunities, who wanted "contacts," or just a little of that vague commodity, culture, and whose aim was exactly like Smith's. In that age of easy money their sole desire was to live up to it. In their own language, they intended in life "to have themselves a good time." They started to practise the art in college. This meant early and complete release from every form of constraint, including that of social responsibility, and it of course also implied the possession of a large income for which the recipient was no longer compelled to work. In the last few years so many young men, not forced by economic necessity but changed conviction, have surrendered this get-rich-quick ideal, that I am willing to hazard the prediction that even should the daily sales on the Stock Exchange again touch the figures reached in boom years, the pick of the young men in the colleges will not again, as they did in '27 and '28, rush to Wall Street to find sudden fortune. The ideal of great wealth as the central aim in life has lost much of its pull.

IV

Not long ago I met a recent college graduate who, in spite of all we are passing through, was a perfectly happy man. So far as his spirit was concerned, he was at ease in this world of ours, though he had bought his new freedom at a price in terms of physical labor which no young man of his prospects would have been willing to pay upon leaving college in the late twenties. He had a wife and child. They, too, were pictures of health and happiness. As an undergraduate, he had written for his college magazine; not the sort of thing that would ever make a hit, but he had enjoyed doing it. He was then simply trying to express himself, telling what he honestly believed. But he too had worshipped the silk hat, the boiled shirt, and all the things which only money can buy. He had felt himself part of that world; for that reason, after graduation, he had followed the crowd and made for New York. He went into advertising and publicity work, he told me, and was not doing badly; he had had several raises, and was running his legs off on other people's business. It occurred to him one day that there was something wrong

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with his way of life. He discovered, as he put it, that he was "lying for a living," and that there could be "no soap" and no salvation in the process; and then and there he made up his mind that he would call his soul his own.

With the little he had saved, he bought a New England farm which the previous occupant had abandoned because he could not make it go. It was unpainted, lacked modern conveniences, but he lives there now with two cows, a pig, thirty chickens, and a large garden, has a roof over his head, and raises most of the food his family needs; he writes mornings and does the hardest kind of physical labor on his farm in the afternoons and feels that he has solved, so far as he is concerned, the riddle of life. Of his classmates, he assures me that four more have done much the same thing.

It would be idle to expect that our armies of college graduates are all going to become like my friend, "submarginal farmers," but there is an ever increasing group who, like him and his classmates, have been permanently cured of money madness and are now willing to live under conditions which would never have attracted men of their type in the twenties—if at this price they can find play room for their spirits.

Such individualists are of course merely a minor phase in our problem, yet they represent precisely the same tendency which took place after the French Revolution when the Senancours, Wordsworths, and Chateaubriands, followed by a host of less distinguished men, withdrew to solve their problem "far from the madding crowd." They too, in their own way, are harbingers of a new age.

V

A much larger group, and one that is causing much more concern, is the far more socially minded group which insists that we must alter fundamentally the old frame of things, shatter the old world to bits, and then remold it nearer to the heart's desire. Let me hasten to add that there are very few out and out communists in our colleges. However, though they will tell you that they want an American solution, if the advanced guard of this group has its way, they will certainly insist upon giving us a different America from the one we know today.

In times past, the rare undergraduate whose deeply held religious convictions made it impossible for him to wear a uniform or to take part in any military exercises, was quietly excused. In some of the colleges where recently men have had to be expelled for refusal to perform their military obligations to the college or to the state, they have frankly maintained, when brought before university committees, that "their convictions would not allow them to fight for the existing economic order." It is of course probable that a considerable number of those who now assert that under no circumstances would they participate in war, will, in the stress of a great crisis, do so. Yet this really amazing increase in their numbers indicates the spreading of a critical attitude toward much which their predecessors accepted without question.

It is of course not surprising that political and economic institutions should be eagerly discussed in the colleges. It would be surprising if they were not. Where the loss of the father's savings or of the older brother's job is traced back to some imperfection in the existing system, it is natural that problems of social justice should be pushed into the foreground of consciousness. That this thinking should occasionally be wild is also natural, for youth is more ardent in its enthusiasms and its conclusions are less frequently tempered by the bitter lessons of experience. But this critical and revolutionary attitude in many of the colleges has been heightened by some of the actions of our government and of the colleges themselves. In order to avoid losing ourselves in endless political discussions, it must be understood that when actions of our government are mentioned we are not here concerned with their political necessity or even their expediency, but only with their effect upon the undergraduate's attitude toward the future.

Flaubert has said somewhere that ideals are like those gilded images of the saints which are kept on mantels. They must not be fingered too much, the gilt wears off. Political ideals are not exempt from the working of this principle. When, therefore, the government reduces the gold content of the dollar from 100 to 60 cents, a whole series of problems concerning traditionally recognized obligations and mediums of exchange becomes fluid and is thrown open to discussion. When the government begins to take care of the unemployed, the question of the right to dis-employ, of government control of industry, planned economy, state socialism, are brought upon the carpet. Our institutions have therefore been thrown into a state of flux, have lost the rigidity and stability they had for the undergraduate of the twenties. One action of the colleges themselves has made the college campus a center for debate. Many of the states, three or four years ago, cut their appropriations for higher education. The cuts were largely absorbed by reductions in professors' salaries. When, in 1930 and 1931, enrolments began to decline, the state made further cuts. Since drops in enrolment meant further financial difficulties, professors and loyal alumni went through their states urging all high-school graduates to come to college, even in those cases where there was little possibility of the student's being able to support himself. Enrolment had to be kept up to the old figures at all costs. The cost was usually heaviest on the poor freshman who left his home and migrated to the campus, and who, though willing to work, in spite of all his efforts, could scarcely keep body and soul together.

VI

In few colleges was it possible to find sufficient employment for this army of indigent recruits. To meet the situation, many of them established "depression camps" by converting abandoned or unused buildings into barracks where a student who could prove that he was totally without resources was granted sleeping quarters for a nominal charge. The ingenuity and resourcefulness exhibited both by university authorities and by undergraduates in the founding of some of these camps was highly commendable and the results, under the circumstances, all that could have been expected. Such was not the case everywhere. Highly sensitive and intelligent young men were forced to live hugger-mugger, without privacy, and deprived of nearly all the comforts of civilized life, in an atmosphere heavily charged with political

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discussion. In some of these camps there has developed a new phenomenon. There has always, alas, been some snobbery in the colleges. There were young hopefuls who felt that the wealth or social position of their parents set them apart. They gave their poorer classmates the cold shoulder. This was snobbery from above. In certain of the depression camps we occasionally have snobbery, or if you like, class consciousness from below. Until a few years ago, and as long as the old traditions still held, inequalities of wealth aroused no bitterness whatever. A., a harum-scarum, fur-coated hoodlum, without any personal qualifications, spent money like a drunken sailor. B., a much finer sort, on bitterly cold mornings went out through the blizzard and stoked furnaces for the townspeople to help pay his expenses. Even so, in those days, both A. and B. had a good time in their two different ways. They themselves and the rest of the college felt that this was in the nature of things. Tradition had always sanctioned it. A.'s family had money, B.'s had none. This was sufficient justification for their widely differing scales of comfort. In many of these over-crowded depression camps, where the college poor are herded together in barracks, at the barest subsistence level, physical conditions of life have been too severe for many sensitive youngsters who realize that across the campus their classmates live in comfort, often in luxury, in well warmed and well lighted fraternity houses. In the last few years when the phrase "social justice" has become almost a watchword, such contrasts have naturally aroused not only debate but bitterness. These depression camps call for much cleaning and policing merely to keep them sanitary; and all such cleaning is divided up among the occupants who take turns at discharging what are often disagreeable tasks. They are, therefore, usually self-governing communities, with presidents and officers, like the fraternities. Whether we like it or not, we must admit that in some of them at least there is considerable *esprit de corps* and that it is of a definitely "class conscious" type. A single instance must serve.

Not long ago one of these camps expelled one of their members. A kindly aunt of the ex-member, whose husband had probably grown too stout, had intended to do the handsome thing by her under-privileged nephew in college and had sent him a silk-lined dinner jacket which, in stupid pride, he had paraded before his fellows. He had been expelled from this self-conscious poverty club by a unanimous vote. An officer of the club who explained the incident, found nothing whatever surprising in this action. "That sort of fellow," he said with conviction, "doesn't belong here with us, we can't stand for that, he belongs on the other side of the campus." We are not here interested in the desirability of this situation; for us it is enough to recall that on all campuses, social and economic problems are no longer treated as academic problems, merely as food for interminable bicker sessions; they are being debated with a totally new sense of their immediate reality, something that must be settled in the very near future. And in some quarters these questions are being discussed with so grim a sense of their importance that they may portend changes not only in our once easy-going campus life, but in the larger world outside.

VII

When, therefore, any one asks today what is the attitude of our "young barbarians" on those college campuses which only a few years ago, in the early and middle twenties, were still regarded as the nation's playgrounds, the answer is a simple one. They are far less young barbarians than at any time in our history. In far greater numbers they are earnest prospective citizens of the commonwealth of the future. One could go no further wrong than to assume, as many did a few years ago, that their main interests are very much like those of the privileged young men and women in Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*. There, their only problem was, which form of sensuous or sensual excitement would give them the most kick. Life revolved around alcohol and sex. Perhaps the most striking thing about Hemingway's picture is that none of the characters in those years thought it worth while or necessary ever to discuss political or economic problems. Let us admit that the fundamental assumptions were not altogether unlike those of many of their elders. Even captains of industry and political leaders assumed that we had settled these social and economic questions for good and all.

From the standpoint of the authority enjoyed by university professors over undergraduates today, one fact is particularly unfortunate. There was no group of professors of economics of any consequence, which sounded any serious note of warning before the collapse of 1929. The enthusiasm of the industrialists, politicians, and physical scientists was re-echoed by too many of our university professors of the social sciences. Professors not in the social sciences will tell you that over and over again the intelligent student today will ask you what Professor So-and-So taught in 1928 and his comment will run something like this: "Well, if he couldn't see it coming then, we can't expect him to see what's coming now." He feels that the major problems of his future, he must solve for himself. These major problems have, of course, nothing to do with alcohol and sex; he will still drink, though in the majority of cases more sensibly than he did in the time when we foolishly tried to prevent him from doing so. He will still discuss, even in mixed company, problems of sex and with a freedom that will distress many of his elders. But sex and stomach are no longer to him the most significant realities, as they were to so many of that generation who had been lured into the complacent belief that easy money was the birthright of every good college-bred American. The age when these problems were given so unhealthy a prominence has definitely ended. Nearly all intelligent undergraduates now realize fully that to solve these questions of personal conduct, just as to solve questions of social and economic organization, control, discipline, and self-restraint is necessary. When he thinks of these matters, he thinks of them too in terms of social welfare; for he realizes, to a degree that his predecessors did not, that his own moral health and welfare are inextricably bound up with the health and welfare of the society of which he is a part.

VIII

A good case could be made out for Wilde's epigram that life imitates literature. This is particularly true for the

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generation approaching maturity and for the first time attempting to formulate its ideals. So, it is perfectly safe to say that there would have been fewer college flappers in the first years of their emergence if, in *This Side of Paradise,* Scott Fitzgerald had not shown them how to do it and how smart it really was. College undergraduates like to pride themselves on being up to date in their reading, and even where they know nothing about literary history, flock to courses that deal with the contemporary and the modern. They take their cue from their reading. It is, of course, necessary to add that the novelist does not invent his characters out of whole cloth. In so far as he is an artist he is more sensitive than his fellows to changes in moral temperature; and if his picture is a true one, if it elicits approval, it is because the tendencies he presents are already by way of asserting themselves. It is also necessary to add that the more independently minded young men and women and those whose home life has been sufficiently satisfying to convince them of the validity of social traditions, are relatively little influenced by changing fashions in alcohol and sexual indulgence. The young lady with the unquenchable thirst who was ever liberal of her favors, was perhaps never so frequent on college campuses as the public assumed and never was she really a leader.

This should not blind us, however, to the fact that the way of life presented by our literature of disillusionment of the post-war period found many devotees. In virtually every college there could be found some bright young instructor of English who saw in D. H. Lawrence the prophet of a new dispensation; and to Lawrence of course the realities of life all found their center in sensual experience. Much of our contemporary literature was, and still is, written in this key. Many of our forms of public entertainment, especially those provided by what a foreign critic called our Sexodrome of Hollywood, catered to this new fashion and this new attitude. Most deans of women, in co-educational colleges particularly, could if they would, tell you of cases where young women, often daughters of parents eminently respectable and traditionalistic, believed with conviction that they had the right to dispense their favors where they would, and that the necessity for the presence of romantic love as previously understood, was no longer a serious restraining factor. But it is not necessary that we learn these stories from distressed and unhappy college officers. The tragic situation revealed in cases that have reached the courts following death from criminal operations, is sufficient to throw a lurid light into dark corners of campus life.

To many young men and women this problem was the most important in life and was all the more serious because it had become so at a time when influences which had previously acted with restraining force, had lost their efficacy.

The religious sanctions that had once done so much to uphold the ideals of virginity and chastity, had in many quarters broken down. Social custom and the ever increasing frequency of divorce was more and more making of marriage a mere matter of convenience. In too many cases, sex, like smoking and drinking, had been thoroughly secularized; indulgence was to be governed merely by individual taste. The degree to which this attitude spread through the world of the young may be roughly measured by the spread of divorce in the world of their elders. The two are commensurable. It would be foolish to imply that we have done with the problem. But the marked change of attitude which has taken place on the campus in the past two years, and the earnest desire for some sort of aim and standard in every field, has undoubtedly had its effect. This seems to be true in the country generally. Statistics of the frequency of divorce which had been steadily mounting, have in the last few years shown a decline. The expense of divorce makes it possible that some, and indeed all of this may be explained not as the result of a new attitude, but of increasing poverty. One thing, however, has happened on the campus that has had a salutary effect; there is no doubt that in the first stages of the "zipper age," undergraduates felt that previously forbidden indulgence was "smart" and indicated "emancipation." They felt that what they were doing was just a little bit wicked, Don Juanish; it attracted attention and made you and your crowd important. In an age when all other phases of life were so weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable, it was worth while getting at least this kick out of life. It is fair to say that nearly all of this has disappeared. Though much of the literature which they read is still heavily charged with sex, an immensely larger portion of it centers upon social reconstruction. The Laurentian injunction, in all matters of life let your sex impulse be your guide, begins to sound thin and silly.

Youth, like the rest of the country, is ceasing to be sex frantic, and the earnest inquiries of young men and women on this score, are taking on a new tone. For most of them, though it will remain a highly important personal problem, it is no longer *the* problem, and there is a very general recognition that somehow there must be controls which can find sanction only in that social welfare which in civilized communities must govern the conduct of men.

In general, undergraduates today are desperately in earnest about our political and economic problems; they are trying to solve them, for the most part without drums or trumpets, and not because they wish to demolish, but because in the interest of self-preservation, they feel they must formulate new ideals for themselves. In this vastly altered perspective, it is no longer worth while to shock anybody's grandmother. But if the problems of economics and politics are to him of the most immediate and primary significance, in the matter of regulating his own personal life, just as in the matter of providing sound foundations for his country, he is earnestly hunting, not for liberty and license, but for new standards. Upon what he finds, far more than upon what we are teaching him today, depends the future of our country as well as his own.

In a coming number: "Youth Challenges the Church" by Josephine Newton.

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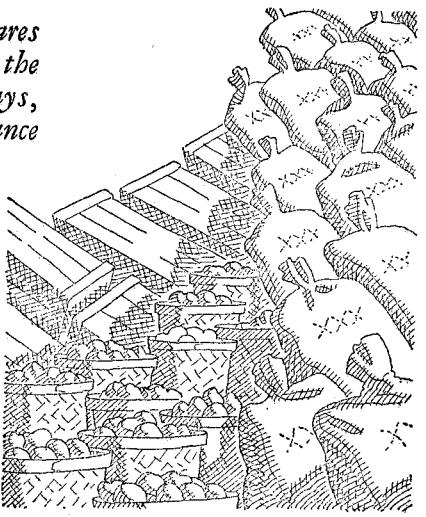
A Few Facts on the Theory of Abundance

By Samuel O. Dunn

The theory of abundance actually perpetuates scarcity, declares the chairman of the Simmons-Boardman Company. Both the New Era and the New Deal ignored economic facts, he says, in indicating his belief in the theory of economic balance



NEVER did any people pay so dearly for their economic mistakes as the American people during the last five years. A New Era of economic ignorance caused the depression. New Deal policies of government, business, and labor, based upon economic ignorance, have protracted and threaten to perpetuate it.

Exponents of both the New Era and the New Deal have told us that the "orthodox" economics derived from all previous experience was an "economics of scarcity," and must be abandoned. We now, they claim, have the means to provide abundance—in fact, during the twenties provided it too abundantly. Hence we could not or did not consume what we produced. Hence the depression and millions of unemployed. We must proceed in the future in accordance with a new "economy of abundance" which will restrict what we produce to what we can or will consume. Otherwise we shall have chronic recurrence of depression and unemployment.

That this economic philosophy has been widely accepted not only by labor-union leaders and the literary protagonists of social-labor policies, but also by business men, is shown by the way both business men and labor rushed into NRA. The truth is that "orthodox" economics never were more signally vindicated than in the United States under both the New Era and the New Deal. Under both, important policies of government and business have violated almost every principle of orthodox economics. This is the real cause of the collapse and of the entirely unnecessary prolongation and deepening of the depression. Recovery awaits a return to economic sanity by government, business, and labor—to policies derived by the now despised orthodox economists from the experience of mankind, especially under industrialism and capitalism.

First let us glance backward at the New Era. The Great War transformed the United States from the greatest debtor into the greatest creditor nation. The teachings of orthodox economics, regarding the changes this necessitated in our national policies, were plain and easily understandable because based upon simple arithmetic. A large debtor nation must export more goods than it imports. Its excess of exports is required to pay the principal and interest of its debts, which must be paid in goods. Hence it was easy before the war for the United States to maintain a "favorable balance of trade," with or without protective tariffs. A large creditor nation, to get paid the principal and interest of the debts owing to it, must import more goods than it exports. It is merely doing a sum in simple addition to demonstrate that if it restricts its imports by protective tariffs it will thereby either prevent the payment of the principal and interest owing to it, or restrict its exports.

Disregarding every principle of economics, and even simple arithmetic, the United States, during the New Era, tried both to collect its debts and to restrict its imports. Even in 1930, after the depression began, we raised our protective tariffs to reduce our imports while continuing to insist upon large payments by our foreign debtors that could be made only in goods. The inevitable effect of restricting our imports was to restrict our exports, which consisted largely of farm products. Hence the increase of certain farm surpluses. Hence the continued and increasing inadequacy of agricultural purchasing power as compared with industrial purchasing power.

Industry and its employees could not prosper indefinitely by taking in one another's washing. American agriculture was their largest and best market. By their government-aided policies of high industrial prices and wages and low farm prices and incomes they steadily undermined and finally ruined their largest market, and thereby helped to destroy their own business and employment.

The New Era was a period of economic racketeering. The great stock market speculation, accompanied by the high pressure selling of billions of securities at grotesquely fictitious prices, and participated in by millions of persons in efforts to exploit one another, was the most gigantic racket of all time. The government and business policies of regulating the railways and not their competitors, and of not subsidizing the railways while subsidizing their competitors, were a New Era racket owing to which transportation is now our most over-expanded industry and the railways are faced with ruin and perhaps

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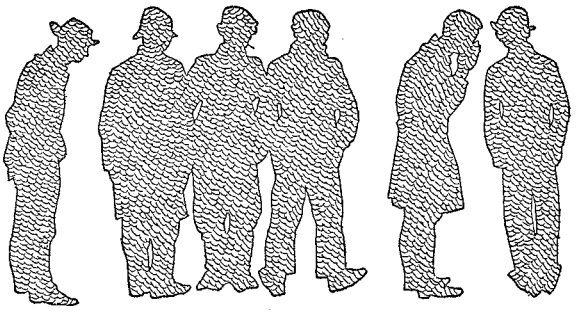

government ownership. But of all the many New Era rackets probably the principal contributor to the depression was the one in which government, industry, and labor joined to ruin agriculture.

With so many huge New Era rackets, violative of heretofore accepted principles of economics, available to explain the depression, no new system of economics seemed needed to explain it, or to pull us out of it. Nevertheless, we are offered the "economy of abundance." Some of the principal New Deal policies of government, business, and labor are based upon it. Therefore, its premises, reasoning, and conclusions are important. I frankly disagree with practically all of it. I believe the policies based upon it have turned the upward trend of business that prevailed during the year from July, 1932, to July, 1933, into the downward trend that prevailed throughout the subsequent sixteen months to November, 1934, when this article is being written. I believe that continuance of these policies will tend to perpetuate the scarcity from which the economy of abundance assumes we have escaped or easily can escape.

I formerly thought that the economists of abundance agreed in assuming as their major premise that in the United States we already had produced, or had become able to produce, a plethora of necessities, comforts, and luxuries, and that failure of anybody to enjoy abundance was due entirely to failure of our economic system to produce the right kind of goods or to pass them along fast enough to the mass of consumers. But the economists of abundance appear to have divided into a potential-abundance school and an actual-abundance school.

In his book, *The Economy of Abundance,* Mr. Stuart Chase undertakes to show, not that we have had abundance or could provide it with our present system and equipment, but that it could be provided, while working hours were greatly reduced, if an "industrial general staff" were empowered to take control and revolutionize all production and distribution, substituting "serviceability" for "vendibility" as their objective. With Mr. Chase's potential-abundance assumption I agree. With his program for providing actual abundance by a government planned and managed economy I entirely disagree. It is based upon the doctrine now accepted not only by socialists, but also by communists and fascists, that all production, distribution, and exchange should be conducted by government or under a government dictatorship for "service" and not by a free private enterprise under private ownership energized by the profit motive. To discuss his program would be to discuss, not whether we have had abundance, or now have the means of providing it, but the issue long ago raised by socialism and more recently by fascism—that of government versus private conduct of business.

I will not discuss in this article a "planned economy," either communist or fascist. I am concerned in it only with the doctrine of actual abundance —the assumption that we already have the means of providing abundance—and with the important government and business policies now actually based, or proposed to be based, upon it in this country.

This doctrine takes two forms. One is that, having the means of producing abundance, we caused the present depression by increasing too much during the recent period of prosperity the portion of the national income invested in "capital goods" and curtailing too much the portion of it passed along to consumers, especially wage earners, with the result that consumers became unable to buy enough of what they produced. Investment in "capital goods" is made directly or indirectly from profits. This form of the doctrine, therefore, argues for lower profits and higher wages.

The other form of the doctrine is that we had a general over-production—that we produced more than our people could or desired to consume. Total supply exceeded total demand. Inadequate demand shut down industries and threw millions out of employment. Resume capacity production and we shall have the same results again. This form of the doctrine argues for reduction of working hours, accompanied by advances in hourly wages, however, to prevent curtailment of consumer purchasing power.

Fortunately, facts have been made available by recent investigations which clearly indicate that the assumptions made for some years by the economists of abundance are not correct and the conclusions drawn by them regarding needed government and business policies are unsound.

First, then, is it true that a relatively increasing part of the national income was invested in "capital goods" during the twenties? In other words, was a relatively increasing part of the national income devoted to increasing means of production and a relatively declining part of it devoted to producing and making it possible to buy necessities, comforts, and luxuries for consumption? A study made by the National Industrial Conference Board shows that in the seven years 1923–1929, between recovery from the depression of 1921–1922 and the beginning of the present depression, the production of goods for immediate consumption fluctuated only between 59.2 per cent and 59.7 per cent of total production. These figures do not include expenditures for the construction of homes, which are used by the entire consuming public, not for production, but to live in. Add the production of homes to the production of other consumers' goods, and it is

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found that the total production of consumers' goods was 67.5 per cent of total production in 1914; 67.1 per cent in 1919; 68.3 per cent in 1921; 64.4 per cent in 1923; 65.6 per cent in 1925; 65 per cent in 1927; 63.7 per cent in 1929; 66.2 per cent in 1931; and 71.9 per cent in 1933.

The years 1914, 1919, 1921, 1931 and 1933 were all years of mild or severe depression. In such years investment in means of production always declines more than production for consumption. This is why relatively the production of consumers' goods was larger in these years than in the intervening years of prosperity. The figures demonstrate that during the years of prosperity there was relatively no substantial increase in the production of means of production as compared with the production of consumers' goods. Furthermore, the production of consumers' goods increased from $14,200,000,000 in 1914 to $26,000,000,000 in 1921, to $33,000,000,000 in 1923 and to $39,000,000,000 in 1929. These figures demonstrate that the demand, and purchasing power and purchases of consumers enormously increased.

As a whole the statistics of the National Industrial Conference Board certainly do not support the assumption that the depression was or could have been due in large measure to a relatively excessive increase in the investment of the national income for productive purposes, resulting in harmful curtailment of consumer buying power. And, in fact, no data supporting this assumption ever have been presented by any of those who have based upon it an argument for revolutionary changes in government and business policies.

What, then, is the largest abundance that the resources, equipment, and labor of the United States ever have produced, or could produce now? The Brookings Institution has recently made comprehensive and detailed studies of the data available and published them in two books entitled *America's Capacity to Produce* and *America's Capacity to Consume*. Total production, and consequently total national income, were the largest in 1929. In that year 27,474,000 families averaging slightly more than four persons had an income from all sources—wages, profits, rents, etc.—averaging $2800 per family. In addition, 8,988,000 individuals had an average income of $1760. This accounts for the entire national income. It was $62.30 per month per capita.

Does $62.30 a month represent an income per person so in excess of the necessities, comforts, and luxuries that the average person wants, as to support the assumption that the people as a whole refrained intentionally from buying as much as was produced, and does it further follow that a general reduction of working hours is necessary to prevent chronic overproduction and unemployment?

Another assumption upon which the demand for a general reduction of work to 30 hours a week is based is that the nation has resources, equipment and labor capable of producing much more than actually was produced even in 1929. To determine the validity of this assumption the Brookings Institution made a survey of the capacity of the equipment and man power of every important industry. Its final general conclusion was that, allowing for "bottleneck" or limiting factors, our economic plant could have produced in 1929 only 19 per cent more than it did. This would have been $74 per capita a month. Would this have represented an abundance of products so great that, even if the people could have bought them, they would not have done so, and that production would have exceeded the demand for goods even more than it is claimed it did?

The studies of the Brookings Institution throw light upon the matter. It divides families into six classes according to their incomes in 1929. It estimates that there were 11,653,000 families in a "subsistence and poverty" group with annual incomes under $1500. Next there was a "minimum comfort" group of 9,893,000 families with incomes from $1500 to $3000. The "minimum comfort" group, although smaller, spent an aggregate 70 per cent larger than the "subsistence and poverty" group for food, housing, attire, and other consumers' goods and services. There were 3,672,000 families in a "moderate circumstances" group with annual incomes from $3000 to $5000. This group, although only one-third as large, spent a larger aggregate amount for food, housing, attire, and other things than the "subsistence and poverty" group. In other words, families with annual incomes from $3000 to $5000 spent three times as much per family as did families with incomes less than $1500.

It is unnecessary to pursue the matter further statistically. The facts simply demonstrate what every observing person knows—namely, that every normal individual or family buys more with a larger income than with a smaller one. It may be said in passing that the other three groups consisted of 1,625,000 families who were "comfortable" with incomes from $5000 to $10,000; 471,000 "well-to-do" families with incomes from $10,000 to $25,000; and 160,000 "wealthy" families with incomes of $25,000 or more.

The Brookings Institution estimates that in 1929 over 19,000,000, or about 70 per cent, of the families of the country had incomes of $2500 or less. If all their incomes were raised to $2500, their total annual expenditures would be about $16,000,000,000 more than in 1929. They would spend about $4,000,000,000 more for food; $4,000,000,000 more for housing; $2,000,000,000 more for attire and adornment; and $5,000,000,000 more for other consumers' goods and services. This would cause an increase in the demand for consumers' goods exceeding the maximum capacity of our industrial plant in 1929. An increase averaging $1000 a year in the consumptive expenditures of all families with incomes less than $10,000 in 1929 would amount to $27,000,000,000, and create a demand greatly exceeding our present productive capacity.

If all the 5,928,000 families having incomes of $3000 or more in 1929 had had all but $3000 of their income taken from them and transferred to the 21,546,000 families having incomes less than $3000, this would have increased the average income of these 21,546,000 families only from $1433 to $2183.

Would this redistribution of income, if it were practicable, provide abundance for all? What is considered abundance depends upon the point of view, and this mainly upon the experience of the family or individual. Many families that previously had incomes exceeding, and even largely exceeding, $3000 have had them reduced to that amount or less by the depression, and certainly none of them regard a family income from $2200 to $3000 as abundance. The Bureau of Home Economics of the Department of Agriculture

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made a study of the cost of food during the period from July, 1931, through June, 1932, which leads to the conclusion that a liberal diet for an average family at the prices of 1929 would have required an expenditure for food alone of $950. In order to make proportionate expenditures for housing, raiment and other necessities and comforts an average family would require, on the basis of 1929 costs, an income of at least $3000. This might provide comfort. It would fall far short of providing abundance according to the standards of any family that ever actually had abundance. A less unequal distribution of the national income undoubtedly is desirable, but no redistribution of the largest total national income that could possibly be produced with our present equipment would increase the incomes and purchasing power of three-fourths of our people enough to enable them to have anything remotely approaching abundance.

The facts plainly demonstrate that abundance has never been produced in the United States. They demonstrate that we have never had, and have not available now, enough resources and equipment with which to produce abundance. They demonstrate that our people would buy and consume much more if it were produced and if they had incomes with which to buy it. They demonstrate that in order to produce an abundance of necessities, comforts, and luxuries for all it will be necessary largely to increase the capacity of our industries as a whole and invest vast additional amounts of capital and employ millions of workers for that purpose.

But it may be said that we should further reduce working hours because present unemployment shows that our lack of productive capacity is not a lack of labor but of adequate equipment and efficient management. The conclusion reached by the Brookings Institution is that in 1929 we had just about enough unemployed and employable labor to have manned the unutilized capacity of the plant of industry. The average working week was 51 hours. Assuming that since then the technic and methods of industry have improved enough to increase production per man-hour 25 per cent—a very extreme assumption—we could now, with the same amount of employment as in 1929 working on a 40-hour week basis, produce approximately the same amount as in 1929. On the same assumption, a reduction of the working week to 30 hours would render impossible a total production and consumption of goods more than 90 per cent of that of 1929. In other words, the working hours already established under NRA will restrict total production and national income to about the levels of 1929 until increased investment in the plants of industry and improvement in technic and methods have further increased productivity per man-hour of labor; and a general reduction of work to 30 hours a week would, other things being equal, curtail production and the national income to 10 per cent less than in 1929.

But other things would not be equal. The reductions of hours under NRA have been accompanied by advances in average hourly wages. The demand of organized labor is not merely for a further general reduction to 30 hours a week, but also for the same weekly wage as for present working hours. In industries now having the 40-hour week this would cause an increase in the average hourly wage of 33-1/3 per cent. It is argued that this is necessary to maintain the purchasing power of wage-earners. But how about the purchasing power of others—farmers, for example, small business men, professional men?

And how about the purchasing power of industry? This is perhaps the most important and most disregarded question of all. The "capital goods" industries are, excepting perhaps agriculture and residential construction, the most important key to the present economic situation, because they are so vast, are among the most depressed and have so much of the total unemployment in them. A "capital goods" industry is so called because it produces equipment or machinery that is bought by other industries as an investment to be used by them in increasing their production or reducing their costs of production. For example, locomotive building is a "capital goods" industry, because railways invest capital in locomotives to use them for producing transportation. All "capital goods" are bought by railways and other industries either with their profits or with capital raised by the issuance of securities the sale of which is made possible only by current or prospective profits. The railroads, being the largest single customer of the "capital goods" industries, afford a striking but typical illustration of the dependence of these industries upon the profits of other industries.

In the five years 1925–1929, inclusive, the annual purchases of the railways from manufacturers averaged about $1,300,000,000. Their average annual net operating income in the four years 1930–1933, inclusive, was 52 per cent less than in 1925–1929; their average annual purchases from manufacturers, 55 per cent less. The reduction of their purchases was due, and in almost exact proportion, to the reduction of their net earnings. Advance hourly wages generally at the wrong time, or unduly, and you reduce the power of the railways and other industries to buy "capital goods" both by increasing the cost and prices of such goods and by reducing the profits with which, directly or indirectly, other industries buy them. Reduce buying from the "capital goods" industries and you reduce employment in both them and the "service industries," which are largely dependent upon them for business. About three-fourths of all unemployment is in the "capital goods" and "service" industries. Recovery and re-employment are impossible without revival of the business of these great industries. Therefore, untimely or undue general advances in hourly wages are directly inimical to recovery and re-employment.

Under NRA, already reductions of working hours have been accompanied by advances in hourly wages. No doubt this was justifiable in some industries. But its general effect has been to arrest recovery. In this country recovery began in the last one-third of 1932 when, owing to expansion of production and commerce, the increase in railroad car loadings was twice as great as normal. After the banking crisis in the first quarter of 1933 recovery was immediately resumed, resulting in car loadings in May being 2 per cent, in June 18 per cent and in July 28 per cent greater than in 1932. The indiscriminate advances made in hourly wages, causing increases in production costs and prices, and curtailing profits and buying from the "capital goods" industries, have been the principal influence that has arrested re-

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covery. The railways, for example, the largest single customer of the "capital goods" industries, aided by government loans and a large increase for some months prior to May, 1934, in their net operating income, bought three times as much from the "capital goods" industries in the first half of 1934 as in the first half of 1933. Owing to subsequent reduction of their net operating income due to advances in prices and wages and decline of traffic their buying power has been reduced relatively one-half, and their buying has declined accordingly. The total volume of production and commerce was less in July, August, September and October, 1934, than in 1933. Consequently, in spite of reductions of working hours, total employment was less in the fall of 1934 than in 1933.

The so-called "economy of abundance" is a tissue of assumption easily refutable because unsupported and unsupportable by facts. The economic system of the United States has come nearer to producing abundance than any other, and it can be made to produce abundance if readjusted and conducted in accordance with sound principles. But the vital requisite to an adequate increase of production is the establishment and maintenance of balance between the various factors of production.

The most important factors are agriculture and industry. We allowed them during the twenties to become and remain seriously unbalanced. The average income of farm families in 1929 is estimated at $1240 and of town and urban families at $3226. Small wonder that, with the purchasing power of their largest market relatively so curtailed, industry and its employees became unable to sell all they could produce. The establishment of a sound balance between agriculture and industry is probably the most important of our economic problems. It cannot be established by government and business policies that so limit the market of agriculture as to necessitate restriction of its production in order to avoid surpluses. It must be established by policies that enable agriculture to sell, at remunerative prices, in both domestic and foreign markets all it can produce.

Many business men have criticized and ridiculed as economically unsound AAA policies designed to reduce farm production and thereby increase farm prices. These policies would be unsound if there were not other policies that unbalance agriculture and industry by both restricting the market for farm products and restricting industrial production. The foreign market for American farm products is restricted by policies already mentioned in this article which tend to make and keep farm prices low even when general business is good. The production of industry is swiftly curtailed whenever the demand for its products declines. Why should men in industries that have greatly reduced their production during the depression criticize as economically unsound a reduction of farm production? It may be answered that artificial government aid, including subsidies, has been given to reduce farm production. But has not government aid been given through NRA to industries desiring to curtail production? Do not many codes written by business men themselves contain provisions for curtailing production the express purpose of which is to make practicable increase and maintenance of prices?

The fact is, that until the great drouth government co-operation enabled industry and its employees to advance their wages and prices too much in proportion to the advances in farm prices, with the result of increasing the disparity between agricultural and industrial purchasing power and putting the brakes on recovery. The policy of artificially curtailing production is absolutely unsound economically, excepting in a few natural-resources industries; but those who already have unbalanced the economic system by this and other selfish policies are not in the best position to criticize it.

In any industry and in industry as a whole the factors of production are management, capital, and labor. In order that industry may maintain or increase its production there must be established and maintained a sound economic balance between the compensation of management, the profits of capital, and the wages of labor.

Increased production per worker and per capita requires increase in the facilities of production. This requires increased investment. Increases of investment are made only in the confident expectation that profits will be earned upon existing and additional investment. Therefore, the profits made in every industry, where increase in production is desirable, must be sufficient to induce additional investment in it.

Increased production is useless, however, and cannot be maintained unless the national income is so distributed among farmers, wage earners, and all other classes as to increase their purchasing power. To contend that wages should not be unduly advanced in a period of depression, when the immediate result will be curtailment of the already inadequate profits and purchasing power of industries, is far from being the same thing as to contend that wages should never be advanced at all. The problem of prosperity is constantly so to readjust the relations between the various factors in production and distribution as to maintain a balance between them that will increase production and prosperity. This was not done in the twenties, when the income of agriculture did not increase with the income of industry and its employees, and wages in most industries did not increase as much in proportion as profits. The problem of depression is to establish relations that will balance the various factors and thereby restore production and prosperity.

The so-called "economy of abundance," as usually expounded, is actually an economy of scarcity because by advocating, especially in a period of depression, undue reductions of working hours accompanied by advances in hourly wages to increase the leisure and purchasing power of wage earners, it disregards the fact that the purchasing power of industry itself is of vital importance. Wage earners buy only consumers' goods. Many industries buy "capital goods." They must have increased profits to increase their buying enough to revive business and employment in the capital-goods industries. There must be a very large increase of investment in capital goods to make possible the large increase of production essential to the future provision of actual abundance. Any policy ostensibly in the interest of labor which will restrict profits and thereby restrict production in a period of depression will protract the unemployment of labor and indefinitely postpone the provision of the real abundance for labor and all other classes of the people.

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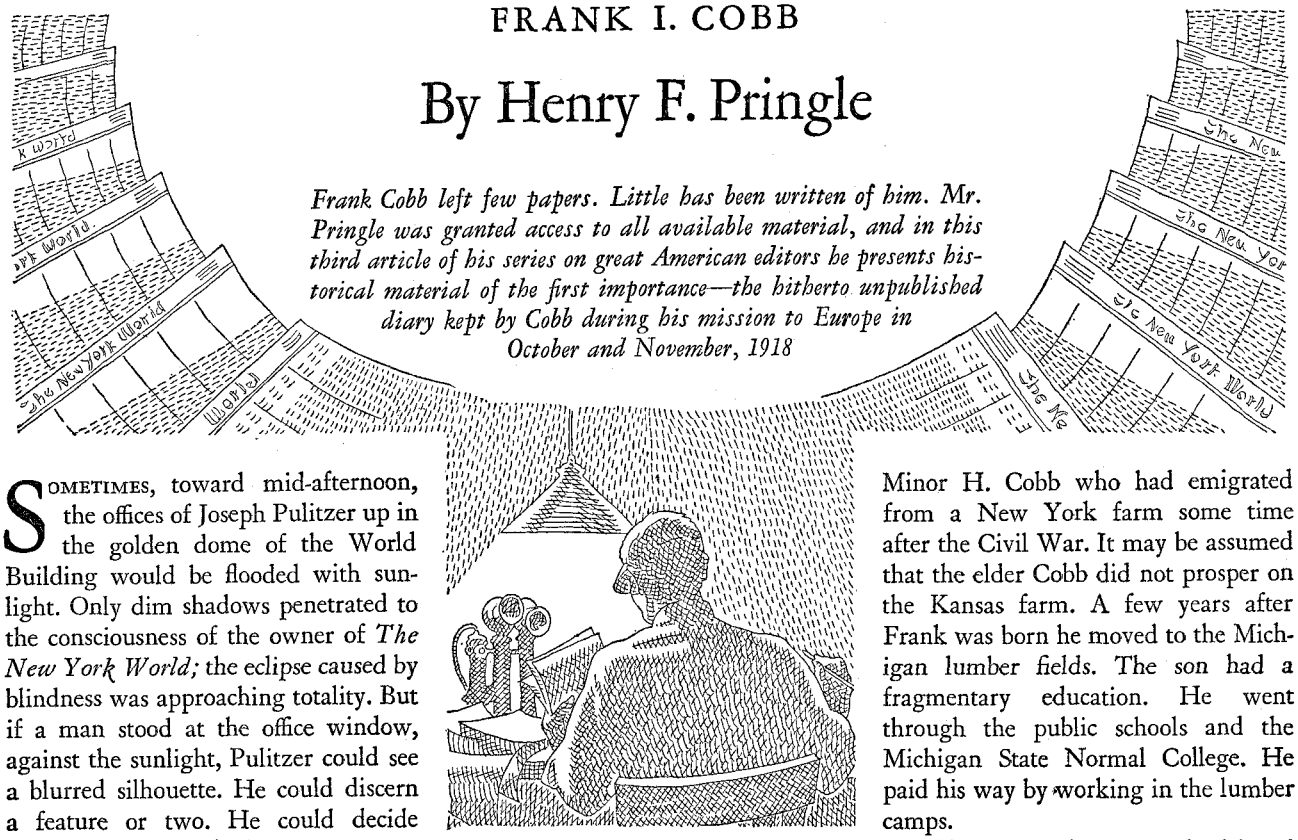
The Newspaper Man as an Artist

FRANK I. COBB

By Henry F. Pringle

Frank Cobb left few papers. Little has been written of him. Mr. Pringle was granted access to all available material, and in this third article of his series on great American editors he presents historical material of the first importance—the hitherto unpublished diary kept by Cobb during his mission to Europe in October and November, 1918



SOMETIMES, toward mid-afternoon, the offices of Joseph Pulitzer up in the golden dome of the World Building would be flooded with sunlight. Only dim shadows penetrated to the consciousness of the owner of *The New York World;* the eclipse caused by blindness was approaching totality. But if a man stood at the office window, against the sunlight, Pulitzer could see a blurred silhouette. He could discern a feature or two. He could decide whether the man had a strong or a weak profile.

In the summer of 1904 a new man had come to work for *The New York World*. He was an editorial writer, and Joseph Pulitzer viewed the breed with misgivings. "Every reporter is a hope; every editor a disappointment," he would say. Even Pulitzer, though, had hope that Frank Irving Cobb would be the man to carry on the Augean labors of the fighting newspaper which he owned. So he would lead Cobb over to the window and peer eagerly into his face. Then he would run his fluttering blind man's hands over Cobb's features. He would admit that the man had good bones. He liked Cobb's square jaw and mobile mouth.

Frank Cobb was thirty-four years old in the summer of 1904. By 1911, when Pulitzer died, he was supreme commander of the editorial page, which was certainly the most quarrelsome and forceful, possibly the most brilliant, in the history of American journalism. Cobb was rarely constructive. He was a prosecutor, from whose pen poured indictments. A Cobb editorial was a scorching bill of particulars against the corrupt banker or industrialist, the jingo, the high tariff zealot or, merely, the Republican Party and its wicked works. They were effective indictments, which often brought convictions at the bar of public opinion. Before Cobb's premature death in 1923 he had become, in professional circles, the most distinguished editor in the country. His name, however, rarely appeared in print. He seldom made speeches. He wrote only one or two magazine articles and no books. Although a potent member of the Fourth Estate, he was otherwise quite unknown. And of this he approved without qualification. For Frank Cobb, among all editors and reporters, typified the newspaper man as an artist.

Cobb left no letters. He declined to write more than a few lines for any edition of *Who's Who in America*. He talked steadily and well when he was with friends, but the rush of his conversation rarely touched on birth, parents, home, or education. So the biographical facts are sparse. He was born on August 6, 1869, on a farm in Shannon County, Kansas. His father was Minor H. Cobb who had emigrated from a New York farm some time after the Civil War. It may be assumed that the elder Cobb did not prosper on the Kansas farm. A few years after Frank was born he moved to the Michigan lumber fields. The son had a fragmentary education. He went through the public schools and the Michigan State Normal College. He paid his way by working in the lumber camps.

Cobb seems to have vaguely debated a legal career; no doubt some teacher told him that he had a keen mind and would prosper in the law. At twenty-one he was superintendent of a high school at Martin, Mich., and was reading law at the same time. Soon afterwards he was offered a larger school and went to the town to begin work.

"You're qualified, I guess," said the head of the Board of Education. "But I thought from your letter you were at least thirty years old."

"If I were thirty," Cobb answered, "I wouldn't work for you for $1800 a year."

He decided that he did not want to work, in any event, for people who confused ability with age. Instead he went to Grand Rapids and became a reporter for *The Herald* at eight dollars a week. Three years later he shifted his talents to *The Eagle* and remained there for one year. Detroit was the biggest city in Michigan and therefore the best newspaper center in the state. Cobb went to Detroit, wrote politics for *The Evening News* and editorials for *The Free Press*. It was while he was doing the latter, early in 1904, that

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Samuel M. Williams of the Pulitzer secretariat set forth on a quest for the perfect editorial writer.

In the spring of 1904 Joseph Pulitzer was more cantankerous than usual. He was worried over a matter which was closer to his heart than anything else on earth: the editorial page of *The World*. He felt that it was beginning to lack force. William H. Merrill, who had been in charge for almost two decades, was leaning too heavily on Pulitzer himself. *The World's* owner had been nagging his associates for months on the problem of finding a new editor. One morning, having gone with his retinue of secretaries to his Bar Harbor home, Chatwold, Pulitzer turned to Sam Williams. They were at the breakfast table.

"Have you found that editor yet?" he demanded. "How often have I told you to find me an editor?"

Pulitzer brought the subject up again at luncheon that day and Williams, who had been doing some rapid thinking, said that he was starting on his Arthurian quest at 4 o'clock that afternoon. Pulitzer began to hurl questions. Where was Williams going? What would be his method? Which men was he going to consider? On what absurd basis did he think, anyway, that he would be successful?

"I don't know," said Williams blandly.

He really didn't know. In his mind was a belief that the perfect editor was best found through his work. So he went to Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, and Chicago. He visited no newspaper offices and saw no journalists. Instead, he stayed in his hotel room and read the newspapers of the city he chanced to be in. Williams reached Chicago without running across any editorials of unusual distinction. He remained in that city for a week or so and examined journals from Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Detroit, Kansas City, and other middle western cities. He noticed, or thought he did, editorials of great power in *The Detroit Free Press*. He thereupon took a train for Detroit.

Arriving, he again went to a hotel, obtained back files of *The Free Press* and continued his reading. Williams clipped a number of the best leaders and made some discreet inquiries. Who was the author? Frank Cobb, in charge of *The Free Press* editorial page, was the answer. So Williams arranged to meet Cobb and was immediately impressed by the young editor's personality, ability, and background. That night he sent a long telegram to Pulitzer.

"I have found your editor," this began. "Here are who he is and what he has done."

"Come back to Bar Harbor at once," Pulitzer answered. "Bring editorials and all other data with you."

Firm in his belief that every editor was a disappointment, Pulitzer moved cautiously. "Crude and verbose," he said when the editorials were read to him. "He's lost in a maze of words. Cobb needs training. But he knows his history and politics."

In the end Cobb was hired and reported for work in May, 1904. He was not told that he might one day be editor of *The World*. No shining vistas were pointed out. He proceeded to suffer as only a man under the lash of Joseph Pulitzer could suffer. Nothing would satisfy this tyrannical newspaper owner as he sailed for Europe in June and bombarded Merrill, still in charge of the page, with complaints. Two of Cobb's early editorials had been sent him; Pulitzer said that he would not have printed either had he been in Merrill's place. One was merely trivial and the other was worse. It concerned the elevation of George B. Cortelyou as chairman of the Republican National Committee for the election of Theodore Roosevelt in the approaching 1904 campaign.

Cobb had criticized the selection on the ground that Cortelyou would bow to the wishes of Republican capitalists. The truth is that the piece, captioned "Adaptability," was less than completely brilliant. Pulitzer called it completely bad.

"Flippancy . . . triviality, frivolity are not irony," he wrote Merrill. "Please underscore these few words and put them into Cobb's brain."*

Cobb's ordeal became even worse when his master returned. He was told to learn German and French. He must have the whole of American history at his finger tips. Pulitzer berated him for continuing to be too heavy, too lengthy. "Terseness, terseness!" he demanded, in scoldings which were quite the reverse. Toward winter Cobb grew discouraged. Besides, Pulitzer had one habit which was unendurable. He would invite Cobb to his town house for a conference on a zero day; the assumption being that they would remain indoors. Instead Pulitzer would suddenly decide to go for a drive. He wrapped himself in furs while Cobb, dressed for the street only, nearly froze to death. The young editor served notice that he was through; he would not go on such drives again.

This brought the first friendly gesture, a magnificent fur coat for Cobb. But the criticism continued and in the spring of 1905 Cobb decided that the prospect was hopeless. He had received a generous offer from *The Detroit Free Press*. He asked that his contract with *The World* be dissolved.

"I liked that young man," mourned Pulitzer to an adviser. "I liked the way he swore. I will *not* let him resign."

So he modified his chastisings, which were, as a matter of fact, precisely the kind administered in the woodshed by a fond but too severe parent. That same year Cobb was summoned to Jekyl Island off Georgia for a conference. He returned breathing wrath and defiance. Pulitzer's language had been harsh, crude, and unfair, he said. The man was quite crazy. This time, when Cobb's resignation was submitted, Pulitzer apologized almost abjectly. That is, he grudgingly admitted that he might have been fractionally in the wrong.

Perhaps it was all for the best. Cobb did learn a good deal about writing. The indictments which he was to thunder were at least as vigorous as those of Pulitzer. The owner's health was failing and great responsibilities lay ahead.

II

In the twenty years of his service on *The World* Frank Cobb scarcely changed at all, even in appearance. In build he was rather stocky, but he never grew fat. His hair bristled just as energetically toward the end, and was just as thick. He was one of those men whose personality transcends his appearance. I do not mean, merely, that he dressed badly, although this was true of him to an unusual degree. The vitality which Cobb exuded obscured his

* Seitz, Don C., *Joseph Pulitzer, His Life and Letters.*

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dress and even his features. But he had very high cheek-bones and steady gray eyes. He was restless to the point of acute nervousness. He sat still with the greatest difficulty.

Eternally denouncing and attacking in newsprint, Cobb had no personal enmities and few animosities. He was not particularly sociable; that is, he disliked large functions. He had acquaintances rather than close friends. His favorite haunt in New York was the Manhattan Club and his table companions there were the Tammany leaders whom he excoriated in the columns of *The World*. His closest personal friend was Alexander Konta, the financier.

Cobb's personal life was simple. He read a great deal, particularly history and constitutional law. His surplus of energy led him, at one time, to study Hebrew for the sheer intellectual fun of it. His first marriage, in 1897 to Delia S. Bailey, ended in divorce and in 1913 he was married to Margaret Hubbard Ayer, who had been a reporter and feature writer on *The World*. This was a completely happy union and there were two children. Soon after this marriage Cobb acquired a farm near Weston, Conn. It became his main hobby. He would get out there every Friday night and rest his tired mind by exhausting his body with physical toil. He returned to town on Sunday night.

As editor of *The World,* Frank Cobb was a practical, working newspaper man. He never became an aloof, cloistered editorial writer. The distinction is vital. Facts were always more important to him than theories. Syllogistic reasoning—solemn progressions from Cause A to Result B—made him impatient and even confused him. But facts were facts. Thus many a hard-boiled *World* reporter, returning to the city room from the police courts or some other assignment, found a note asking him to see Cobb.

"Sure," Cobb would say, "I know we can't print everything you know about the situation. But give me the low-down. I don't want to make a fool out of the paper and myself."

The editors of *The World* did not continue to be so careful. Some years after Cobb's death an editorial was published which criticized the utterances of an eminent New York churchman. He wrote in, hot with indignation, to say that he had never made the remarks for which he had been taken to task.

"That version of my address appeared in *The New York Times* and was incorrect," he wrote. "If you had based your editorial on a true account, such as the one in *The New York World,* you could not have made the mistake that you did."

It was natural for Cobb to know *The World's* reporters intimately; he had been a reporter himself. It was impossible for him to feel, as did E. L. Godkin of *The New York Evening Post,* that news gatherers were far beneath him in culture and importance. Cobb had covered such routine beats as police, fires, and hotels. He had written politics. He had been a copy editor and city editor. He had even been a sports writer. One day, when he was twenty-two or three and on the staff of *The Grand Rapids* (Mich.) *Eagle,* he was assigned to the ball park. The only telephone was in a nearby store and a rival writer preempted this for his paper by paying the clerk fifty cents. The game over, both reporters raced for the store. Cobb was the faster runner and got there first. He was telephoning the result of the game when his breathless competitor arrived and a scuffle ensued. Cobb was winning when the clerk, seeing justice about to be trampled, told of the fifty-cent bribe. The future editor of *The World* apologized and awaited his turn.

III

A less modest man than Cobb would have realized from the start that he had been brought to New York to take charge of *The World's* editorials. Possibly Cobb knew it all along. But he endeared himself to his associates by refraining from pushing himself. He gave the impression that he was a country boy, trying to make good in the city. Pulitzer's inner doubts—although he did not permit Cobb to know it—seem to have vanished by June, 1905. Cobb was showing more initiative than any of the other younger men. Don C. Seitz, biographer of Pulitzer, describes the barrage of cables and letters which followed another trip abroad; in June, 1905. John L. Heaton was on vacation and Cobb was placed in charge. Let him be lighter and more amusing, Pulitzer begged:

> I . . . insist that he will personally not write one word about socialism, Bryanism, Dingleyism, the tariff, protection, questions of railroad rates, political economy or any abstract subject, interesting only to a few. . . . I especially beg him to cultivate vein of irony, diminish very long editorials . . . avoid superlatives like: monstrous, traitor, anarchist, etc., as rather juvenile.

In his will, Pulitzer was to leave funds for a School of Journalism at Columbia University and in due time an excellent school was in operation. But no course in its curriculum can be compared, in harshness and thoroughness, to those of the original school at which Joseph Pulitzer was Dean and Faculty combined. Frank Cobb was its most famous alumnus. Gradually, over the years, Cobb achieved an objective view of his tormenter and educator; a blend of great respect, affection, and amusement. On April 17, 1907 the owner of *The World* celebrated his sixtieth birthday and his editor got even for the occasion two years before when his own resignation had been rejected. Pulitzer sent a cable, to be published in *The World,* announcing that he had retired from active control. Cobb killed the announcement, to Pulitzer's extreme annoyance, on the ground that he could not be spared. The two men grew closer. By late 1907 Pulitzer was actually sending Cobb messages of congratulation on his work:

> By acclamation! Your article clever—very clever! Thanks! Thanks particularly for brevity. Brevity is really beauty. I presume if you had written it before it would have been three times as long. Take a drink!

The title of editor of *The World* was not conferred on Cobb until after Pulitzer's death in 1911. He had actually been editor for at least two years. Cobb, himself, in an analysis of Joseph Pulitzer which has been found among his papers, unconsciously gave the true explanation of why he was chosen to lead *The World.*

"A good editorial, to him, ranked with a great news beat," he wrote in describing Pulitzer as a publisher. "A great editorial was beyond price."

Cobb wrote great editorials when the occasion made it possible. There were other reasons for his elevation. Cobb was an independent and a free man. Pulitzer once asked him to support

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some issue in which he did not believe. Cobb declined to write the leader. Would one of the other editors do so? Cobb inquired and found that none of the staff cared to undertake it.

"Please drop that unfortunate editorial of mine," Pulitzer cabled. "I bow to the superior wisdom of the gentlemen of the editorial page, but I know damned well that I am right and some day I will prove it."

He never offered proof. *The World,* like Godkin's *Post,* was a free newspaper written by free men who believed what they wrote. Pulitzer knew that Cobb would never let it be otherwise. In 1907, during the money panic, Pulitzer told Cobb that some of his investments were in danger. The situation might grow worse. It was conceivable that selfish interest might dominate, that he would order Cobb to adopt some policy which would bolster the market.

"Swear!" he said. "Swear that if I ever do you will ignore my order."

None was given, of course. But there is no reasonable chance that Cobb would have forgotten his oath.

IV

It is entertaining, although probably futile, to ponder how Frank Cobb would have reacted to Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal. It is important to recall that Cobb, in addition to being partisan and rarely judicial, was a Democrat. Woodrow Wilson was to play havoc with Cobb's earlier convictions. On August 21, 1907, however, he wrote an editorial:

> Always more law, more law, like the daughters of the horse-leech crying "Give! Give!" When will the President's clamor for new legislation end? When will he give the legitimate business interests of the country a breathing spell? . . . The grave defect of Mr. Roosevelt's corporation policy is that he has no policy. . . . More legislation has been passed in a single year than the courts can dispose of in the next three years. . . . It is folly to invent new schemes of regulation and excite new unrest when acts already passed are yet to be worked out in the courts. . . .
>
> Nothing is settled. Nothing is certain. The demand for new experimental legislation goes on before the older experimental legislation has been tried and tested. Confidence is shaken, and confidence is the mother of credit. Credit is weakened, and without credit the business of the nation cannot be carried on. This is a simple fact which is worth a pound of all the theories that even so versatile a genius as President Roosevelt can invent. . . . It is time to call a halt. It is time to give legitimate business a breathing spell and permit the restoration of confidence and credit.
>
> The country needs a rest from agitation.

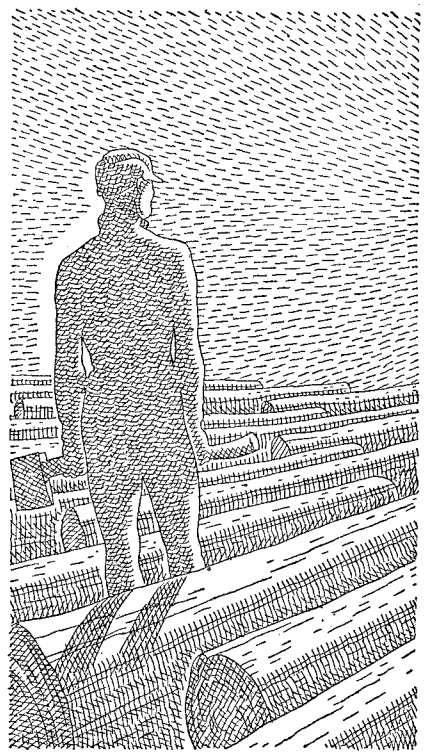
Save that it is too harsh and too conservative, this sounds for all the world like a diatribe from a June, 1933, issue of *The New York Herald Tribune.* Would Cobb, if alive, now be writing editorials for Colonel McCormick of *The Chicago Tribune?* The conclusion is hasty. Cobb was writing about an earlier Roosevelt, who was a Republican.

Theoretically—until the advent of Woodrow Wilson at least—Frank Cobb was a Jeffersonian Democrat. He believed in Jefferson's idea that an occasional revolution was a good tonic for a nation. He believed in state rights and opposed centralization, militarism, and jingoism. Half-facetiously, he sometimes went further. He referred to himself as an advocate of "pure anarchy" because it meant a minimum of government. This never appeared in the columns of *The World,* obviously; it was reserved for arguments among intimates. And Cobb always added that this was a Utopian dream. Self-control had to precede anarchy.

The world was a relatively simple place when Cobb voiced these first views on the menace of Rooseveltian centralization. He watched it grow far more complicated. He saw the neat theories of individualism blasted into atoms by the thunder of guns on a western front which was seldom quiet. He did not see the final collapse of government as he had known and praised it. But he watched the growing domination of financiers and industrialists and doubt crept into his mind. He was less confident about the evil of government regulation. The railroads, he wrote in 1916, must be supervised even if it was necessary "to sweep away the whole fabric of State control." A government of checks and balances had grave defects. In 1921, as Wilson left the White House, Cobb wrote:

> Mr. Wilson without any formality established himself as the leader of his party in Congress, Premier as well as President, and the originator of the party's program of legislation. . . . Mr. Wilson established something that more nearly resembled responsible government than anything that had gone before. . . .

So by 1918, if not before, Cobb knew that the Jeffersonian conception had



vanished forever. He voiced no violent protest. It was difficult "to quarrel with events." He added:

> A great revolution has suddenly come about in the Government of the United States. Strangely enough, it has come about during the Presidency of one of the greatest Democrats in all history . . . under that leadership the institutions of the United States have been permanently changed. . . .

Cobb criticized Wilson for not fighting with greater energy against prohibition. He disagreed with the President's advocacy of the suffrage amendment. But he had no real quarrel with the abandonment of de Toqueville's separation of the executive, judicial, and legislative.

"Personal inconsistency," Cobb wrote apropos of Theodore Roosevelt, "is a characteristic of all successful politicians." But Cobb was not disturbed by his own inconsistencies, either; in other words he was not afraid to change his mind as the years marched past. It is not difficult to believe that he would have supported most of the policies of Franklin D. Roosevelt. He would, I suspect, have balked at the tendency of the National Industrial Recovery Act to restore monopolistic privileges to Big Business. He would surely have protested that minority rights had suffered under the New Deal. But where else could Frank Cobb have turned? To the Fascists? To the Communists?

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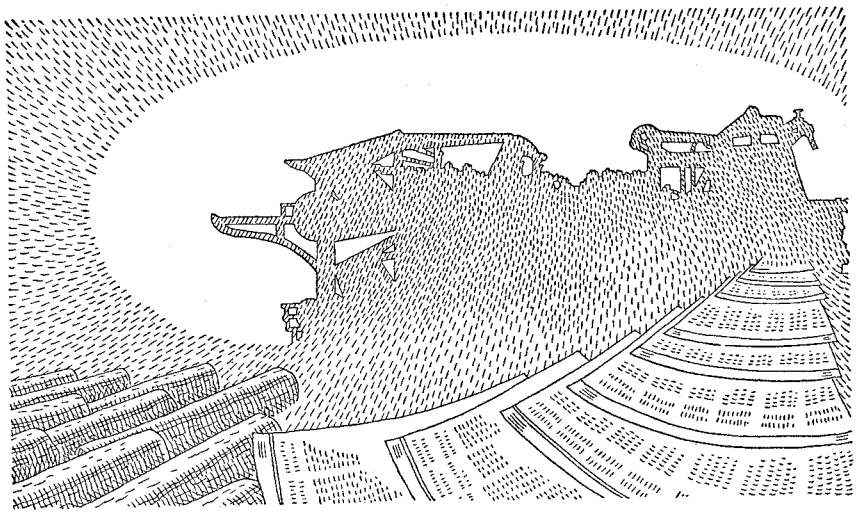

To the weary elders, such as Ogden Mills, of the G. O. P.?

While Cobb was still in Detroit he looked upon Theodore Roosevelt with no small approval. The President had settled the coal strike, to the great annoyance of the hard-shelled operators. He had instigated a suit to dissolve the Northern Securities Company which, under the ægis of J. P. Morgan, sought a railroad monopoly in the Northwest. Joseph Pulitzer was also friendly toward Roosevelt at that time. Ever apprehensive that his young men would be dazzled by the Rough Rider, he was dazzled himself. As late as March, 1907, he directed "no hypercriticism of his minor faults" and support for Roosevelt's onslaughts upon the wicked and wealthy, the railroads and Wall Street.

The New York World was responsible for the insurance investigation which brought fame to a young lawyer named Charles Evans Hughes. It was the energetic foe of the Money Trust. Some of Cobb's most vivid editorials were on these themes. He saw clearly the alliance which existed between business and politics. Concerning Mark Hanna and J. P. Morgan he wrote:

> Mr. Hanna knew how to turn money into government. Mr. Morgan knew how to turn government into money. The partnership was perfect for its purpose. Only one thing was forgotten—the American people.

Cobb sometimes failed as a prophet. He thought, when Morgan died in April, 1913, that this ended financial domination of the nation by any small group. He analyzed the "scaly history" of the New Haven Railroad scandal and the "cold, calculated villainy by which the New Haven has been bled white and its helpless stockholders cheated of the dividends which represented the only means of support that thousands of them have." He drew the conclusion that "the J. P. Morgan theory of finance is as dead as the Mark Hanna theory of government" and that neither would be resurrected.

Alas for Cobb's optimism; even then Samuel Insull was building the foundations of the mad utility structure which finally was to crash. The holding company was to be expanded to gigantic proportions. The New Economics, born of the war, would bring profits to a few beside which the profits of Morgan the First were small. A decade during which industrialists and financiers poured millions into party campaign chests, and were paid back in full through privileges received, was to follow the retirement of Woodrow Wilson from public life.

Cobb, like Pulitzer, was always a good Democrat as an election approached. Cobb's distrust of Roosevelt, as we have noted, grew vocal in the summer of 1907. He questioned the President's methods rather than what he did. Roosevelt was "right" on the main issues; on inheritance and income taxes. But he lacked judgment. He had a passion for new schemes and a "disposition to play politics at all times."

Roosevelt forever alienated *The World* by his ill-considered Panama Canal libel action. The story has often been told. During the Taft campaign in 1908 *The World* questioned the propriety of the $40,000,000 payment by the United States to the syndicate which owned the ancient French rights to the canal. Roosevelt replied in a statement filled with inaccuracies. Then, for the issue of December 8, 1908, Cobb wrote one of his most remarkable editorials. It accused the President of deliberate untruth. It demanded a Congressional investigation.

This time Roosevelt answered by directing the indictment of Pulitzer and certain of his editors (strangely enough, he did not include Cobb) for criminal libel against the United States. This was under an old law passed in 1898 to "Protect the Harbor Defenses and Fortifications Constructed or Used by the United States from Malicious Injury and for Other Purposes." Roosevelt had strained this mouldy statute beyond all reason. It was alleged that the government's property in the District of Columbia and at West Point had been damaged by the circulation of issues of *The New York World*. The fastidious Mr. Pulitzer became fearfully alarmed at the thought of being incarcerated in a common jail. Cobb wrote a number of editorials breathing defiance and declaring the action a political persecution, which it was. The libel suit was even more; an attack on a free press. And *The World,* very properly, fought the case on the law. It insisted that the Federal Government had no jurisdiction over libel. A unanimous decision of the Supreme Court of the United States upheld this view.

Years of great confusion lay ahead. Taft found the Presidency impossible and intolerable; any Republican who followed Roosevelt would have found it so. *The World* and Frank Cobb declared for Woodrow Wilson, fought for his nomination, and were influential in bringing about his election. These were the years of the Bitter Allies. Issues were forgotten and progress almost ceased because of the bitterness between LaFollette and Roosevelt, between Roosevelt and Taft, between Roosevelt and Wilson. Yet they really were allies in many ways. LaFollette had been a pioneer for Roosevelt's New Nationalism. Wilson, although he changed the name to New Freedom, carried it on. Even Taft, until harassed by the Presidency, had been an ally. He might have become one again.

Frank Cobb might have been an in-

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fluence toward bringing the Bitter Allies back to reason. But his talents did not include conciliation. He became pro-Wilson and, therefore, anti-Roosevelt; anti-LaFollette; anti-Taft.

V

The relationship between Cobb of *The World* and Woodrow Wilson grew singularly close. Cobb marched in step with Wilson far longer than he marched with any other man in public life. He even walked down that road which led to the mirage of the League of Nations.

It was, in certain respects, a curious friendship. "Old W. W." was the way in which Cobb referred to the President. He appeared to view Wilson as a young man might regard an elderly aunt; perhaps as a rather ungodly man looks upon his pastor. The key to their friendship probably lies in the degree to which Wilson and Cobb complemented each other. Cobb developed theories, insofar as he developed them at all, from the facts he had accumulated. Woodrow Wilson often bent facts to theories stubbornly held. But each knew history. Each was a profound student of the American Constitution. Each, in the best sense, was a liberal. And, it must be added, each was a partisan Democrat.

At about 1 o'clock on the morning of April 2, 1917, Frank Cobb arrived at the White House in response to a summons from the President. He found Mr. Wilson in his study. Next day, said the President, he intended to go before Congress and ask for a declaration of war.

"I'd never seen him so worn down," Cobb recalled, long afterwards. "He looked as if he hadn't slept and he said he hadn't. For nights . . . he'd been lying awake going over the whole situation. . . ."

Cobb listened while the President talked. Was there any faint hope that war could be avoided? The editor of *The World* said that he did not think so, that the hand of the United States had been forced by Germany. Mr. Wilson nodded. But war, he said, would overturn the world that Americans knew. It would mean the end of tolerance.

"To fight," he said, "you must be brutal and ruthless and the spirit of ruthless brutality will enter into the very fiber of our national life, infecting Congress, the courts, the policeman on the beat, the man in the streets."*

Cobb agreed that this was so. He was to see, in due time, how precisely right the President had been. When he died in 1923 the world was completely throttled by post-war intolerance.

The New York World had not always looked with favor upon Wilson, nor had Cobb. Prior to the historic election of 1912 he felt that Wilson, like Roosevelt, was inclined to ignore the rights of minorities. Early that year Wilson was seeking the Democratic nomination. His supporters were hoping, of course, for the support of the country's leading Democratic newspaper. It was not possible that President Taft, so high-intentioned and so inept in the White House, would be endorsed by the low-tariff *World*. But William Jennings Bryan might seek the prize again. After all, *The World* had called for Bryan's election in 1908; would it do so again?

The endorsement in 1908 was contrary to Cobb's first convictions. Some days after the nomination he was summoned to Bar Harbor by Pulitzer. They went out for a sail and Cobb set forth his reasons for believing that Bryan would make a bad President. Pulitzer listened for a time and then started to recite planks from the Democratic platform.

"What's wrong with this one?" he demanded. "You agree with it, don't you?"

Cobb said that he did. Then Pulitzer quoted the anti-imperialism plank. Had not *The World* been anti-imperialist too? Cobb nodded. After several hours he surrendered. He admitted that Pulitzer had convinced him that Bryan should be supported.

There was really no danger, in 1912, that *The World* would repeat itself. At the end of May, while preparations were being made for the Baltimore Convention, it urged the selection of Wilson. "We regarded with grave misgivings," stated Cobb's editorial, "his sudden conversion to the initiative and referendum. We regretted his long campaign tours, his too eager chase after the nomination, and certain symptoms of instability which threatened to weaken his public usefulness." But Wilson's virtues far outweighed his faults:

> He has proved his political courage and his fearlessness. He has proved himself sound on tariff reform. He has proved himself sound on the Sherman law. He has proved himself sound on corporation control. He has proved himself sound against government by Wall Street plutocracy. He has proved himself sound on the independence of the judiciary. He has proved himself sound on the fundamental principles of constitutional government. He has proved that he is instinctively and temperamentally a Democrat. He has proved himself a free man who cannot be bull-dozed by bosses or influenced against his convictions even by his personal friends. That is the sort of man who ought to be President.

Cobb delighted in repetitious phrases which pounded home, by mere reiteration, the point he sought to make. On July 1, 1912, he wrote an editorial demanding the nomination of Wilson. The convention was deadlocked between Champ Clark and Wilson. Cobb saw the issue as one between the combined power of Tammany Hall and Wall Street, united for Clark, and a free Democracy behind Woodrow Wilson.

Cobb demanded that Bryan stand firm in his support of Wilson. If they did not reject Champ Clark, he warned the delegates, the Democratic Party would lose. On this occasion Frank Cobb made history instead of merely commenting upon it. The editorial profoundly impressed the delegates and undermined the Clark forces. Wilson was nominated. Cobb fought valiantly for his election. During the eight years which followed, his support of the President was almost slavish.

VI

Immediately after the conflagration started in 1914—too promptly, perhaps, in the light of subsequent historical judgments—Cobb decided that right lay on the side of the Allies and that Germany was responsible for the war. Ralph Pulitzer, nominally in charge of the paper under the terms of his father's will, had been abroad that summer. He had been in Berlin and knew that the issue was less clear.

But Cobb was determined that *The World* should declare for the Allies. He became even more emphatic when Pulitzer demurred. Unless given his way, he said, he would immediately resign. He would take the entire editorial staff with him. Then he lost his temper, a rare indulgence for Cobb.

* Heaton, John L., *Cobb of the World.*

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"No!" he said. "I won't resign. I'll stay here and get my own way."

Ralph Pulitzer gave in. *The World* played a definite part in swinging American opinion toward the Allied cause. To Cobb the struggle was one between democracy and autocracy with Germany and Austria (he seems to have ignored Czarist Russia) fighting to crush England and France. Cobb did not understand the causes of the war very clearly. Who did? The archives were still under seal. Germany was stupid to the point of insanity in presenting her case. England was intelligent to the point of genius in presenting her own.

On the other hand, Cobb saw very clearly what the results of the conflict would be. "What is begun hastily as a war of autocracy," he wrote in August, 1914, "is not unlikely to end as a war of revolution, with thrones crumbling and dynasties in exile." Cobb became a Wilsonian because he realized that nothing whatever would be solved or gained unless, in the end, a peace was written in a spirit of fairness and vision. What, asked Cobb in January, 1917, is "peace without victory?" He answered that it was a peace such as the North had permitted the South after the Civil War:

> Wars are usually the product of previous wars. . . . President Wilson is warning Europe against a repetition of the ghastly blunders of the past. . . . A peace without victory means simply that no permanent peace can be imposed by the sword. . . . A peace without victory does not imply a war without victory; but it most certainly implies that a durable peace must be a peace of justice and humanity. . . .

Cobb in the dome of the World Building and Woodrow Wilson in the White House were dreaming identical dreams; of a war which would end without the bitterness which supplants reason. It might have been possible had the United States been able to remain aloof from the struggle. Cobb knew by late in 1916 that this could not be.

"Old W. W. knew his history" said Cobb one day, recalling the visit to the White House on the morning of April 2, 1917. "He knew what wars were fought for, and what they do to nations that wage them. It would mean that we would lose our heads with the rest and stop weighing right and wrong. It would mean that a majority of people would go war mad, quit thinking, and devote their energies to destruction."

But the dream persisted, in Cobb's heart no less than in Wilson's. Its consummation was denied because Wilson did not know that dreams are fragile things which can be wrecked by stubbornness. Perhaps vanity helped to wreck this one. Cobb was seldom stubborn. He had no vanity whatever. In the fall of 1918 he went abroad, at the request of the President, to ascertain the facts about the victors and the vanquished. Mr. Wilson had already decided to attend the Peace Conference. Cobb had agreed to this course. But his spirits sank sickeningly when he reached the other side. Militarism, vengeance, and intolerance were riding high. This was a fact, all too obvious to his trained reporter's mind. What good was theorizing now? What good was idealism?

VII

Cobb sailed from New York on October 17, 1918, in the party of Colonel House. Among the few papers left by *The World's* editor is a diary, hitherto unpublished, of this hurried trip to London and Paris. The Central Powers had sued for peace and House was to be the President's representative on the Supreme War Council of the Allies. But no one really knew how badly the Germans had been defeated; whether, indeed, they had been defeated at all or would start the attack again after the breathing spell of an armistice. No one knew whether Wilson's Fourteen Points would survive the first preliminary conferences. "Fog," noted Cobb in the diary as he boarded the S.S. *Northern Pacific,* "hung heavy over New York harbor." They could not sail until 4:30 in the morning. Hostilities still raged on all the troubled war fronts. Submarines still sought their prey. The fog grew much thicker before Cobb, utterly discouraged, returned to the United States.

He scribbled in his diary on October 21 that the ship's wireless had picked up the German note of the previous day in which the Central Powers accepted Wilson's basic terms for an armistice. On October 22 he wrote:

> Discussed note in detail with H. and B. [Colonel House and Admiral Benson]. General opinion that the issue was really centered in paragraph relating to armistice, and that if response had come from honest, reputable government it would have been accepted as a surrender. No means of communicating with Washington because of accuracy of German radio direction. Admiral believes it unsafe.

Two days later the ship drew near the French coast and six destroyers appeared as convoy. One of them had on board the text of the President's answer to the German note and this was signalled across the water. Cobb noted:

> Had hoped the President would not answer until Col. House arrived in Paris, but his reply was remarkably clear and adroit. Day devoted mainly to speculation as to reception of President's note and consequences.

The party landed at Brest on the morning of October 25 and boarded a special train for Paris. Cobb met General Tasker H. Bliss, who had been the American representative on the Supreme War Council and found him "a man of sound judgment, like Admiral Benson." Bliss was "strongly anti-militaristic and wants a democratic peace that will permit disarmament to the fullest possible extent." On October 26, his first full day in Paris, Cobb found "everything in confusion":

> Tone of French press somewhat disquieting. General comment seems to be that President Wilson had maneuvered Germany into such a position that the President could now be pushed aside and peace made regardless of his wishes.

This reference is a little obscure. Cobb meant, apparently, that Germany had been forced into the rôle of vanquished and that harsh terms would be imposed. On October 27 he wrote:

> All Paris gay again. Place de la Concorde en fête, filled with German guns and war trophies. Lunched with Col. House and discussed situation with him. It is plain that while the British and French have no program of their own, there is a certainty that the chauvinistic elements will try to wreck the President's program. George Barr Baker called in the afternoon and we dined at night with Mr. Stettinius [E. R. Stettinius, in charge of co-ordination and purchase of supplies], a man of extraordinary mental power. We all discussed the disquieting possibility that if Germany is pushed to extreme lengths, there may be a German Bolsheviki which would inflict more injury upon Europe than German militarism has been able to accomplish.

Most of Cobb's comments on the European situation were similarly gloomy. But he found momentary satisfaction, on October 28, in the German reply to Wilson's final note:

> Looks like complete surrender. In afternoon came reply of Austria-Hungary asking for a separate armistice and a separate peace. The Central Powers are broken and Mittel-

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europa is destroyed as a political institution.

Part of the British delegation to the conference arrived in the morning. Met Sir William Wiseman [then chief of the British Secret Service] at Col. House's. He feared the President's program was in danger of shipwreck as events had moved too rapidly for the White House. We shall see what we shall see, but it is certainly true that the British laid their cards on the table.

. . . . . .

October 29: General Bliss dined with me in the evening, and we spent two or three hours with Sir William Wiseman and Sir Eric Drummond [secretary to Arthur Balfour] in discussing the diplomatic situation. Appealed to them to use all their influence to effect a peace that would insure a permanent understanding between Great Britain and the United States.

. . . . . .

October 30: Conference at 5:00 with Col. House, Ambassador Sharp [American Ambassador to France], Admiral Benson and myself present. Col. House had won partial diplomatic victory at conference of Prime Ministers who had accepted President's fourteen points with two specific qualifications in respect to meaning of freedom of the seas and reparation for property wantonly destroyed. An amazing and incomprehensible report from Pershing. Is he a candidate for President? Doubt it. Just temporary bad judgment.

The report from Pershing which so astonished Cobb was the American Commander-in-Chief's opposition to an armistice. In his own diary, at about this same time, Pershing wrote that his terms were harsher than those of either Marshal Pétain or Marshal Haig. In a message to the War Council he disapproved "any cessation of hostilities short of capitulation." But President Wilson, of course, paid no attention to this hotspur military man.

The American mission ran into immediate difficulties in the British attitude on freedom of the seas. They were "still obstinate," Cobb commented on November 1, "and refuse to recognize terms or that there is anything to discuss":

Lloyd George is obviously playing politics with the issue. General understanding that British elections will be held in interval between signing of the armistice and opening of peace conference. Discussed issue with Col. House and Sir William Wiseman for two hours. Afterwards Wiseman and I framed a memorandum but Lloyd George rejected it.

. . . . . .

November 2: British seem to have adopted the German theory that United States has no rights on the seas that anybody is bound to respect. Very heavy losses on American front. Quite unnecessary if Lloyd George were not playing politics with the armistice. Evident disposition to see how Tuesday's elections turn out in the United States. Roosevelt's conduct shameful.

Frank Cobb was to be very active in the troublesome question of freedom of the seas; it is logical to glance now at subsequent diary entries. He went to London from Paris. On November 10 he had breakfast with Sir Frederick Guest, who was Lloyd George's campaign manager and "told him that freedom of seas opposition on part of British was flat nonsense." Five days later Cobb had luncheon at 10 Downing Street:

Lord Reading and [Geoffrey] Dawson of *The Times* present. Lloyd George opened at once on freedom of the seas. I told him that inasmuch as we had gone to war with Germany over freedom of the seas, it was safe to assume that we were not exactly pro-German on the subject.

Meanwhile it had become apparent to Colonel House that an interpretation of the Fourteen Points as a whole—freedom of the seas being the second point—was essential. Cobb and Walter Lippmann aided him in this task. One night Cobb and Sir William Wiseman closeted themselves in a room at the Crillon. Cobb started to pace up and down in his habitually nervous fashion. Sir William pulled a sheaf of hotel stationery from the desk and began to write as Cobb dictated. Their memorandum concerned the rights of neutral vessels in war time, the powers of the League of Nations with respect to closing the seas against an offending nation. This Cobb-Wiseman draft was adopted almost word for word in the official analysis of the Fourteen Points. But when it was published some weeks later *The New York World* criticized it caustically. The gentlemen of the golden dome did not know that their own Frank Cobb was the author.

The diary reveals that Cobb's forebodings regarding the Congressional elections were justified. President Wilson had blundered by asking for a Democratic victory. On November 4, Cobb wrote:

Final news of President's defeat in Congressional elections, which is what I feared. It is almost sure to make trouble at peace conference for him. He should never have raised the personal issue. His note to George transmitting the terms of the armistice received here, however, with many signs of unmistakable approval.

. . . . . .

November 11: London drunk with enthusiasm . . . one of the really great days in all human history. . . .

Luncheon with Lord Milner [of the British War Cabinet] at Geoffrey Dawson's. Milner very apprehensive as to condition of Europe. Being a man of brain (sic) and judgment sees clearly danger of general Bolshevik revolution, and is willing to give German people all reasonable support in the way of food etc. to help them maintain order. He wants President to come over at once for a general discussion of European conditions. Said peace conference could wait indefinitely, the thing to do now being to guarantee the foundations of stable government in Europe. Otherwise everything would be lost.

Declared frankly that he cared nothing for any differences in policy between Great Britain and the United States—all trivial in the light of the great issues, and he would unhesitatingly wipe them all off the slate. In fact he did not regard them as anything worth arguing about. Told me at Cabinet conference this morning Lloyd George said they must take the biggest possible view of the situation and do what they could to help the German people on their feet. . . . [I] sent Col. House a synopsis of Milner's argument about the desirability of the President's coming at once.

Dined at Moore's with Lord Haldane, a remarkable person with the most extraordinary subtle mind that I ever knew in an Englishman and with a dry humor as well. Haldane told me the dramatic story of his famous visit to Berlin when the Kaiser turned the War Office over to him and he learned how to reorganize the British Army. But for that the British Expeditionary Force could not have been out in the field at the beginning of the war.

. . . . . .

November 13: Find the opinion here general that Congressional elections greatly weakened the President's prestige. Tories much pleased and liberals correspondingly depressed. Have sent House a strong protest against President's coming to Europe at this time. That would be another colossal blunder. Reading and Wiseman agree with me.

But President Wilson, Cobb soon learned, had no intention of missing the Peace Conference. He had declared early that summer that he would attend. Cobb learned from Sir William Wiseman and Colonel House that the President's first hope, when it appeared that Germany was at the end of her resources, had been that the conference might be in Washington. This was obviously impossible. London was then considered. Wilson felt, as did those close to him, that Paris was the worst of all places. It would be filled with the poisons of war hatred. A just peace would be far more difficult to negotiate at Paris.

By mid-November the British Prime Minister was also dubious about Wilson in Europe. At the luncheon on November 15 he discussed many subjects with Cobb. Would the United States administer the German colonies in Africa? What about Armenia? A lengthy note in the diary continues:

. . . Prime Minister was very frank on the subject of German influence in Russia. Said he had no objection as long as Germany was a Republic, that Germans had a superior civilization and might rehabilitate Russia. As to Australia's taking New Guinea, he said the

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Australians bluntly asked, "Who will put us out?" and there could be no answer.

. . . Lloyd George knew a great deal about American newspapers and was buoyant throughout the luncheon which lasted an hour and a half. . . . On the way out of the dining room Lloyd George very ostentatiously called my attention to the portrait of George Washington on the wall.

Prime Minister wanted President here for preliminary conference, but opposed his taking part in formal peace conference. Said Clemenceau also opposed. Lloyd George's argument was that the President was not a Prime Minister, but was a King and Prime Minister combined. His presence would therefore create great complications. "Clemenceau and I can quarrel as equals and say anything we like, but we cannot talk that way to the President, and it is sometimes necessary to talk that way to achieve results."

General impression of Lloyd George as a man of great energy and extraordinary quickness of mind, essentially radical but greedy of power and ready to compromise any political principle to gain or retain power. He thinks only in terms of parliamentary majorities when he is dealing with issues. More brains than Roosevelt and equal energy. Also more humor but less vindictiveness. Wholly different type from Wilson, but most evidently a man who thoroughly understands workings of the popular mind in Great Britain.

November 19: *Times* says Roosevelt is on his way to France. My God! What mischief that man will make. . . . Leaving for Paris at 2:30. . . . Most downhearted and depressed.

The report about Theodore Roosevelt was, of course, erroneous. Cobb's pessimism deepened nevertheless. He caught a cold and kept to his hotel room. On November 25 he wrote in the diary that his spirits were low, that he was "bored to death." Clearly, Cobb did not feel that he had accomplished much on this mission. On November 26 he saw Pershing and a "general discussion of anti-American propaganda took place":

Saw Hoover at dinner. He had just arrived from London. Much perturbed over general anti-American propaganda circulated by the British government. Attempt being made to blame high price of food on American "profiteering." . . . Both Pershing and Hoover agreed it was a mistake for President to come. . . . Just learned that Tardieu and other mandarins of French Foreign Office have prepared a program for the peace conference based on the Congress of Vienna! It is to laugh.

. . . . . .

November 29: Saw Col. House for a few minutes in afternoon. . . . He seemed to have little official information as to the President's plans. What a mess! I wonder if the President has the slightest idea of what he is running into?

. . . . . .

November 30: Peace Commission announced. President Wilson, Lansing, House, White, and Bliss. A purely personal commission of excellent gentlemen, who apart from the President have no political standing and hence can carry no weight with the American people. President has increased his troubles at home and abroad by his selection. Root by all means should have been a member, also Knox or Borah. House seems disappointed and ought to be. Clemenceau called while I was there. Beaming and smiling, assured the Colonel nothing would happen at the London conference. A great little humorist is G. C.

. . . . . .

December 2: Hoover tells me French are trying to make him pay duty on food for the reclaimed French populations of the evacuated districts.

With this entry, an eloquent footnote on the true attitude of the idealistic French toward their late Allies, the diary ends. To the historian one sentence from Cobb's diary will be of the greatest interest: the note on November 29, "What a mess! I wonder if the President has the slightest idea of what he is running into?" Cobb became convinced that Colonel House might have done more than he did to keep Wilson at home.

The editor of *The World,* aware that the President's journey would end in frustration, drafted a memorandum on November 4 and sent it to House. The President, this stated, would have the ear of the world if he stayed in Washington; in Europe he would be hopelessly handicapped. Doctor Seymour, who edited the House papers, makes it clear that House presented this viewpoint to the President. But Cobb felt that the Colonel did not do so vigorously enough. One day, driving with House, he gave voice to his apprehension.

"You're not telling the President of the true situation," he said.

House did not answer. He knew, better than Cobb, how futile were efforts to keep the President from sailing. Cobb never believed that anything was impossible. Toward the close of November one desperate chance remained. Cobb might sail for the United States and confront Wilson. He might yet tell him, face to face, of the conspiracies of "Tardieu and the other mandarins of the French Foreign Office," that the Fourteen Points were as dead as the dead men of the Western Front, that this peace was to be written in bitter vengeance. But Cobb was too late. The President had already boarded the S.S. *George Washington* while Cobb crossed on the S.S. *Leviathan.* They passed each other at sea.

VIII

A brief span of life, less than five years, remained when Frank Cobb returned to the United States in December, 1918. None of his associates was aware of the tragedy which approached. He gave no sign of it. He was disillusioned about world peace, but he did not despair. He plunged into an attempt to save the League of Nations. He raised an eloquent voice against the spirit of revenge which was sweeping the world:

. . . The dead are hardly buried, the wounded still languish, the scourged peoples still hunger, and the guns have not yet cooled, and yet Toryism and jingoism are at work for bigger armaments, trade restrictions, and territorial acquisitions, just as though the war had been fought solely for vengeance and conquest.

. . . . . .

Whether Europe is to be republican or Bolshevik is almost certain to be determined by the events of the next six months, and in particular by the deliberations of the Peace Conference. . . . For good or evil the year 1919 is bound to mark the beginning of a new era.

The trend was toward evil and away from good; Cobb saw this clearly. He watched the League of Nations being smothered by an avalanche of words and politics. On November 11, 1920—the second anniversary of the armistice—he reviewed the successful onslaught of the Senate battalion of death, the gigantic growth in armaments throughout the world:

The dead and the living alike have been defrauded in the two years that have passed. . . . The war that was fought to end war turns out to have been a war in which one kind of imperialism has been triumphant over another kind of imperialism. The peace of the world is still precarious because government has failed in its supreme obligation, and the record of no other government is so shameful as that of the United States, represented in a Senate drunk with the raw alcohol of a poisonous partisanship.

He was hardly less pessimistic about domestic affairs. Cobb said that the post-war years were becoming the Golden Age of the Press Agent. In one of his few public addresses, before the Women's City Club in December, 1919, he described the regimentation of public opinion during the war. It marked the rise of the press agent to importance and influence, and now that the war was over his methods were being used by industrialists, financiers, and politicians. Part of the propaganda was reactionary and part was radical. Each side wanted to suppress the other's influence and this, Cobb knew, was fatal.

"Two thousand years of history bear witness to its folly," he said. "Nobody

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ever succeeded in bettering the weather by putting the thermometer in jail, and nobody will ever remove the causes of unrest and discontent by trying to suppress their manifestations."

In September, 1922, Cobb resurrected the "forgotten man" of William A. Sumner. "He works," Sumner had written, "he votes, generally he prays —but above all he always pays—yes, above all, he pays." To this Cobb added:

> . . . The Forgotten Man was never more completely forgotten than he is now. Congress does not know that he exists. The President [Warren G. Harding] suspects that there is such a person, who may turn up at the polls in November, but he is not quite sure.
>
> In the meantime, the Forgotten Man has been given over to be plundered. Congress is helping the sugar crowd rob him, the woolen crowd rob him, the cotton manufacturers rob him, the steel crowd rob him, and has left him at the mercy of the profiteers in every line of trade.

IX

And yet all this pessimism never touched the relationship between Cobb and his associates of *The New York World*. His zest for living was enormous. He would rush into his office at about 10 o'clock each morning and would begin a series of conferences with his staff. It was a brilliant one. Walter Lippmann, who had come from *The New Republic,* was the member upon whom Cobb leaned the most heavily. Among the others were John L. Heaton, the veteran, L. R. E. Paulin, who had an encyclopedic mind and who usually wrote on government, and two brilliant youngsters, Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings. Cobb was an excellent judge of men and their work. He loved Lippmann as a son. He believed that he had one of the best minds in the country.

"But Lippmann is not a great newspaper editor," he would sometimes say. "He's a great analyzer. He can clarify things better than any man I have ever known. But he's too judicial, too fair, to be a great editor."

Anderson, Cobb said, was "a poet and playwright rather than an editor." Stallings, burning with zeal and ideas, presumably defied classification. This ex-Marine was the radical of the staff, whose idea of the perfect editorial was a verbal kick in the pants. On the day before one Fourth of July Stallings came in for his assignment.

"Well, unh," said Cobb, grunting as he always did, "what do you—unh—want to write about this great and glorious nation?"

Stallings was soon to give birth, in collaboration with Anderson, to *What Price Glory?* He boiled over. It was a foul country, he said, and launched into an attack on Congress, the Republican and Democratic parties, the leaders of industry. Cobb grunted again and told him to write it. This "Fourth of July" editorial, a column and a half long, was duly published on the following day.

It was rare, although Cobb was the soul of generosity and always permitted them to try, that the younger men achieved the distinction of writing the leader. Most subjects were preempted by the more experienced writers. Anderson, in particular, sometimes grew discouraged. He knew little about politics or economics.

"I guess," he said meekly to Cobb one day, "I'd better just do pieces about the birds and the flowers."

It was in the dome of the World Building that Cobb functioned best in his rôle of newspaper man as an artist. He was an exacting chief, to whom stupidity was the only deadly sin, to whom a bore was the only utterly depraved character. Yet he was patient. He rarely lost his temper. He was always available. Vast numbers of visitors came to Cobb's office; business men, financiers, editors, educators, and politicians. His influence was not limited to the power of *The World's* editorials. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., came in one day. He was greatly disturbed, he said, by the bloodshed at the Rockefeller coal mines in Colorado.

"You don't know what's going on out there," Cobb said. "We do. Those people are living in peonage and being shot down. My advice to you is to get on a train and go out there."

Rockefeller did so and promptly reversed the oppressive labor policies of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company.

X

The main elevators in the World Building stopped at the twelfth floor. A shuttle elevator carried people to the editorial offices in the dome, and there was also a circular staircase. Rumors had been current that Cobb was unwell; it had even been whispered that his ailment was cancer. No one really believed this. The man seemed so cheerful and so vigorous. But one day early in 1923 he rode to his office in the elevator; always before he had been in too great a hurry to wait for it and had scrambled up the stairs. So the rumors were true! The elevator operator, an old and faithful *World* employee, wept when he had deposited Cobb safely and had brought back his car. By summer Cobb was too ill to come to the office at all. His mind and his power to dominate were, however, unchanged and there is reason to believe that he had no knowledge of the nature of his ailment. He continued to run the page from his sick-bed.

Down at the World Building the staff would wait each day until instructions had come from Cobb. Throughout all the last weeks Laurence Stallings had a standing assignment; it was to drop in to see Cobb and discuss the news of the day. Then he hurried downtown and tomorrow's editorial page began to take shape. On the morning of August 3 there was big news. President Harding had died and Calvin Coolidge was President of the United States. When Stallings arrived he found Cobb looking at a morning tabloid. On the first page was a drawing of Coolidge taking the oath of office in his father's tiny house at Plymouth, Vt. An "unknown man," said a line of text under the picture, had become Chief Magistrate. Cobb looked up as Stallings came in and grunted.

"An unknown man in the White House, eh?" he asked. "This is the first time, unh, that an unknown man has been President? It never happened before?"

Stallings said something to the effect that such was the case. Cobb resumed his grunting monologue:

"It says this little man never did anything, never even really stopped that police strike, unh? You're crazy, boy. Coolidge is one of the best-known Americans. He *is* New England. He is New England conscience, New England meanness, New England integrity. Unh, he's the backbone of this country. You go down to the office and tell 'em to write that. You say, unh, that Coolidge will be a President who will never do anything or let anything be done. And the country will be all right!"

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Piles of newspapers, magazines, and books were on a table near Cobb's bed when Stallings came in. These were discussed in detail. Occasionally Cobb had received a letter from Woodrow Wilson. Wilson was dying and Cobb knew it. But Cobb never mentioned the fearful parallel. "Old W. W. keeps insisting that I ought to take up golf," Cobb would say with glee. "He thinks it will cure me." But golf did not save Wilson, and Cobb never had a chance to try it. He grew worse as fall came on, so ill that all activity in connection with *The World* stopped. He died on December 21, 1923. On the final day he felt unusually well. A few hours before his death he asked whether an old sweater, often worn on trips into the North Woods, had been kept.

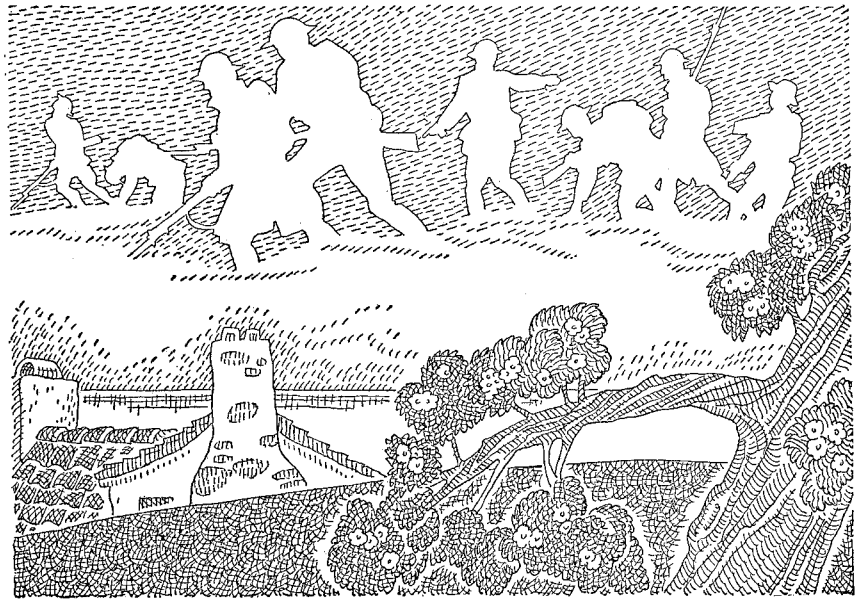
"I'm going fishing again," were his last words.

Frank Cobb dominated *The New York World* as completely as though the paper had been his own. Ambitious men in the organization learned, when they tried it, that Cobb would tolerate no interference. No hireling from the counting room would have dared to make a suggestion on any subject. Herbert Bayard Swope, who became executive editor of the paper in 1921, would not have objected, to phrase it mildly, to a voice in the editorial policies. Cobb was fond of the red-headed, dynamic, talkative executive editor. But when Swope tried to interfere he found himself neatly rebuffed and Cobb, back among his friends of the page, would chuckle over the latest raid of the "Red-Headed Terror."

The World had been a very prosperous newspaper property in December, 1923. Yet it survived Frank Cobb by less than eight years. Cobb would have been appalled to know that it would vanish from the journalistic firmament, where it had shone so brilliantly, before a decade had passed. It is not appropriate, here, to discuss the reasons for that debacle. But all of *The World* men who knew or worked with Frank Cobb have one profound conviction.

"Had Frank Cobb lived," they will tell you, "*The New York World* could not have died."

This may not be wholly true. Whether true or not, it is a fitting epitaph for Cobb. For it is the very essence of truth in the hearts of those who admired and loved him.



"When Spring Brings Back ..."

A STORY

By Edward Shenton

"This is a mistake," Lawrence Baker thought. For the past hour the conviction had stirred uneasily beneath the confusion of the afternoon. Now that he was away from the voices, the laughter, the glancing eyes reflected in the mirror behind the bar, the idea emerged clearly and he recognized its truth.

The car ran smoothly along roads that should have been familiar, but missed being, in a tantalizing fashion. It was like meeting some one, after a considerable time, and remembering merely a part of his name. Only the rows of poplars were unchanged, and the piles of gray stones for mending the road. A mistake!

Yet, when the car reached the crest of the long rise and Lawrence saw the valley of the Marne in the twilight, the river slow-moving and quietly silver under the shadowed hillside and the white houses of Jaulgonne, his heart seemed to stop, and recollection, like a curious pain, shook his erect body. He stared straight ahead until his mouth ceased twitching, holding one hand above his eyes as though the sun were still bright. From the tonneau, he heard his wife's voice, crisp and disappointed, "Is *that* the Marne?" and Marty Lambert's husky drawl. "Where are the gondolas?"

A mistake, like everything else he had done; but it could not be stopped, it had to go on to the miserable conclusion.

The road curved, flattening toward the valley.

"Turn left," Lawrence said to the chauffeur. "*A gauche!*"

The driver swung the heavy car from the main highway into a narrow pass, scarcely more than a lane. He was a little, elderly Frenchman with brown pouches under his faded eyes. Without slackening speed, he follow-

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ed deftly between the hedges of blackberry bushes.

"Slower," Lawrence said. His voice sounded harsh and he made an effort to modulate it.

"Arretez!" he said. *"Ici!"*

The driver shut off the motor.

"Are we here, darling?" Cara Baker asked.

"Yes," said Lawrence.

He got down from his seat beside the driver, opened the door of the tonneau and held out his hand. His wife touched it lightly with the tips of her gloved fingers. Marty stood up stretching her round young arms and yawning.

"My boy-friend's passed out," she said.

Lawrence smiled politely, glancing into the shadowy car where Doug Amory, blond, youthful, huge, slept peacefully in a corner of the rear seat.

"Too bad," he said.

"Side cars always do that to him," said Marty.

"I'll remember."

Marty laughed, watching Lawrence side-wise with her clear, depthless green eyes.

"They make me weep," she said. "You might make a note of that, too."

"Attendez!" Lawrence told the driver.

"Well," Cara said impatiently, "here we are."

"It looks . . . different," Lawrence murmured.

There should have been . . . something, just here. He missed it without knowing what it was. Presently he would remember. The sensation was a little like that which comes after a particularly vivid dream. The dream had taken place in this countryside, now strange to him, and he was baffled by his inability to identify any of the elements once so clear. He turned toward the slope of hill covered with tall, matted grass and occasional clumps of thin trees.

"Must we go up there?" Cara asked plaintively.

"Why, no," said Lawrence. "Not unless you want to."

"Can't you show us from here?"

"Not very well." He kept his voice carefully modulated, expressionless.

"Oh, come along," said Marty. "If I ruin my shoes, Laurrie will have to buy me the snake-skin pair at Duraines."

Lawrence helped them over the dry ditch. They walked up the rise, their high heels sinking into the soft earth. Cara's little crimson mouth was petulant and she continuously pushed back the fair hair that fell over her face. At the top of the hill they could see the river again. It seemed very near and wider. Jaulgonne had moved away from them, blurring in the dusk. Cara lit a cigarette and said:

"Is this where you won the war, darling?"

Lawrence did not answer.

"It looks more like a Massachusetts farm than a battle-field," Marty remarked in her bored drawl.

"Do you suppose we could find any German helmets?" Cara asked.

"No," Lawrence said.

He stood very stiff, his face turned away from the two girls. The brim of his soft hat shadowed his eyes. There weren't any helmets, German or French or American, to find; there was nothing to find except the river and the hills and even they seemed no longer the same. The trees were whole and covered with young leaves, fluttering in the faint wind; the earth wore an unscarred carpet of grass with nothing to indicate it had ever been otherwise. The few houses had roofs, and glass in the windows. The walls about the gardens were intact.

Yet here . . . yet here . . .

"I wish I could have seen you in shiny boots and spurs, darling," Cara said.

"I was a corporal," Lawrence answered.

"Don't they wear spurs?"

Behind them, a deep voice called:

"What the hell? A fine way to run out on a fellow."

"The boy-friend," Marty said. "Back to life."

They watched Doug striding up the hill. Under each arm he carried a bottle, between his fingers he held the thin stems of four wine glasses. Marty clapped her hands.

"Champagne," she cried.

"A little warm," Doug said. His eyes were bright and naïve and his blond hair was tousled. He smiled at them cheerfully and sat down with a bottle between his knees, loosened the cork, and patted the bottle gently. Lawrence walked slowly away, toward a line of fruit trees.

"What's wrong with Laurrie?" Doug asked.

"He's fighting the war over again," Cara said.

"Is that why we're here?"

"Didn't you know?"

"I thought we came out in the country so he could kiss Marty."

"Isn't he cute?" Marty said. "Just a nasty little boy's mind. Do you scribble dirty words on fences, Doug?"

"Only where you can read them, darling," Doug answered.

The cork came loose with a suckling "pop!"

"It's the Huns, Laurrie," Marty called.

They all laughed.

"Imagine being married to a veteran of the Great War," Doug said to Cara. "What a fine time you'll have, sweetheart, when you're eighty, watching your hero parading with all the rest of the Grand Army of the Republic."

"That's the wrong war," Marty said.

"Oh, well, you know what I mean. What's another war among friends? Hold your glass."

Lawrence returned. They watched his tall figure approaching out of the gathering darkness. Doug handed him a glass of champagne. He took it without speaking, and remained standing, gazing over their heads, his thin face taut and pale.

"Prosit!" said Doug.

"I looks in your eyes an' I smiles," said Marty.

Cara leaned over and whispered to Doug; their fair heads seemed to touch lightly. Marty glanced at them, arose suddenly and went to stand beside Lawrence. She drank the wine slowly, gazing up at him across the thin edge of shining glass. Doug filled their glasses again. He tilted the bottle with an elaborate gesture, talking cheerfully. They all sat down, suddenly silent. The warm champagne was not unpleasant. In the darkness it tasted a little like cider and seemed suitable to the warm night and the country. They emptied the first bottle and opened the second.

The river was merely a pale glimmering between the black banks. The far hillside became dark and flat, without depth. Only the crest was sharp, outlined on the luminous sky. Law-

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rence sat staring at the hill. Something was happening. The darkness was engulfing the years, enfolding and destroying. He found himself rigid, listening. The angle of his head seemed, in some way, desperate, as though he were, in desperation . . . waiting. He trembled and put the glass down. Unaware of the movement he stretched out flat, his left arm thrust forward, his body tense, pressing into the grass . . . On such a night . . . on such a night. Only later; darker. A night crawling with anticipation, swelling with horror. Little Benny Fry lay in the shallow trench beside him, muttering, "I wisht somethin' would start." Something was starting . . . The darkness was swallowing all the intervening years with their mistakes, their unutterable foolish mistakes. Doug and Cara were vanished . . . vanquished. Marty was gone . . .

At midnight it began. The earth trembled and death fell out of the stars. It was as though the stars were ripping away from the shrouded vast spaces. They made a rending sound, tearing loose, falling, roaring, flaming, bursting, bringing death. One fell on little Benny Fry. He fought with it, screaming. They had to hold him while he died. Just over there, under the apple trees; not the trees standing now, other trees that had died the night Benny died . . . The night they grovelled in the earth while the green apples were shaken from the boughs and fell upon them . . . They lay shuddering with the stars and the apples and the shells falling and bursting among them . . . All the time they are waiting. Some of them die, waiting, and some of them pray they may die. The rest are waiting and trying not to see those who have died, or to hear the terrible prayers of those who long to die . . . Out on the field sloping to the river the pale wheat grows taller; in a curious fashion it sprouts in darker clumps. Lawrence feels his breath exhale in a fading sigh. Ah-h-h! This, for which they are waiting, has arrived. The dark forms above the wheat vanish instantly; they emerge again, closer, disappear and reappear. It is like a tide rising and swelling, each wave advancing; a tide of shadows, bearing a strange sound. A wave sweeps up and over the hill to the right; another runs through the valley on the left. The sound comes toward them from three directions . . . In a moment the in-flowing shadowy tide will meet behind them; then the waves in front will curl, breaking down over them, obliterating . . . Here is where it happened; here it came to him, here the very substance of body and brain altered . . . It was returning. He felt it possessing him again. Lawrence trembled, breathing quickly; giving himself to the return of that purging emotion . . . Clear, passionless, detached, complete in himself, without home or country or friend or God . . . Himself, cuddling the hot rifle to his cheek, alone, opposed to the rushing tide of shadows that were not men, never became men. He confronted the eternal onslaught of mystery, seeking his destruction; he was participating in the enduring battle of life with death . . . Marty's husky voice drawled in his ear.

"Cara is kissing Doug."

Lawrence lay still. His shoulders trembled. Marty placed a hand, compassionate and ironical, upon his head. He sat up, laughing quietly, secure in the moment of passionless clarity.

"Don't you want to kiss me?" Marty asked.

"No," said Lawrence.

"Tired of me?"

He did not answer. Rising, he stretched his arms like a man refreshed by a deep, a profoundly satisfying sleep. Marty sat motionless, leaning forward, her thin back arched like a bow drawn taut to speed an invisible arrow.

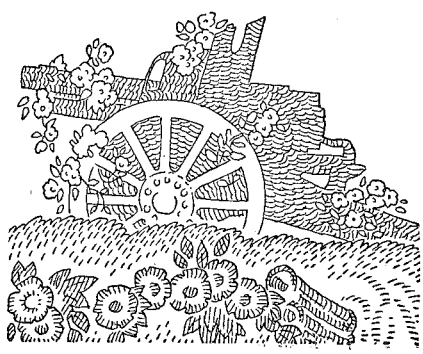
"I hate you," she said.

"Hush," Lawrence answered.

"Why don't you stop her?" Marty asked fiercely. "Why do you let her go around taking anything . . . anybody she wants?"

"It doesn't matter," Lawrence said.

He turned away from her, walking down the hill into the darkness. An ember of flame marked the driver's cigarette where he sat on the running board. He stood up as Lawrence approached.



"Tranquille, la nuit," he said.

"Oui," Lawrence answered. *"Tout est tranquil."*

The driver took another cigarette from the yellow packet and lit it from the stub in his fingers.

"Avez-vous une cigarette?" Lawrence asked.

"Excusez, certainement."

The cheap, strong tobacco was like . . . was right, Lawrence thought suddenly. It was a taste, a luxury men had once shared, men of different nations, of different heritage and belief, caught together in the same rising shadowy tides of life. He drew a silver case from his pocket and offered it to the driver. The little man took one of the pale brown cigars, lifting it gently between nicotined thumb and forefinger. He removed his flap cap, placed the cigar carefully inside and put the cap back on his head.

"Merci, m'sieu."

In the moment when he had been bareheaded, Lawrence saw a reddish furrow of scar along the edge of his hair. On an impulse, he said:

"Wounded? . . . *Blessé?"*

"Oui, m'sieu," answered the driver. He gestured toward the hillside behind them. *"Là haut,"* he said.

"Here?" cried Lawrence. *"Ici?"*

"Oui."

"I fought here."

"Pardon?"

"Moi, j'ai faits la guerre ici."

"Ah," said the Frenchman.

"It's very strange," Lawrence said. He went on in his labored, elliptical French. "Doesn't it mean . . . anything . . . Coming back to the place where you were wounded?"

"It is all France," said the little man.

"Yes," said Lawrence. "That's right, of course."

All France, all war, all men bound together; no one who had not struggled in that vast tide could ever be part of them; not Cara or Marty or Doug. They had never been washed in the blood . . . in the blood . . .

"La guerre," said Lawrence. *"C'est bon!"*

"La guerre," said the driver, *"c'est . . . la guerre."*

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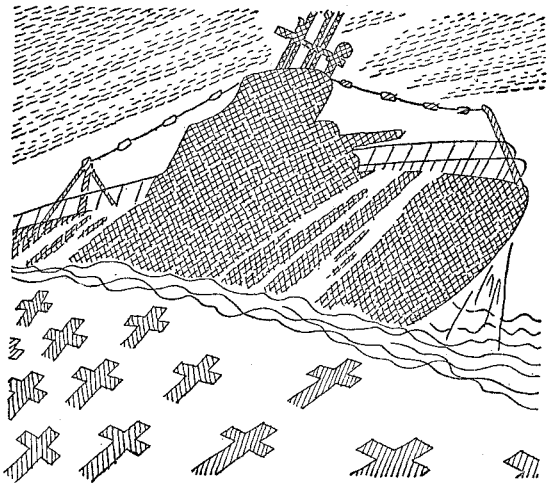
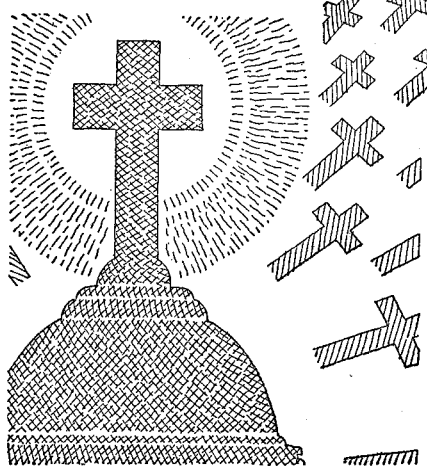
The Church Builds Battleships

By David Carl Colony



A priest of the Episcopal Church states his position concerning American mission activities in medicine and education in foreign countries



KIRBY PAGE, apostle of peace, asked a hundred thousand clergymen:

"Are you personally prepared to state that it is your present purpose not to sanction any future war or participate as an armed combatant?"

Some twenty thousand ministers made reply. And of these, sixty-two per cent answered in the affirmative.

The Reverend Alvin J. Forry of Lancaster, Pa., wrote:

"Yes, this is my present purpose. However, I am not sure whether I should have the courage or the plain 'guts' to maintain this position in war time. But I should have to count myself 'yellow' if I should fail."

This answer is typical of many others. Yet these same gentlemen are, for the most part, intensely loyal to the program of foreign missions and thereby, unwittingly, promote the very cause which they nominally detest. Much of the money which is contributed by the faithful for the conversion of the heathen actually goes into the making of warfare. And in the light of the current feverish armament race it is pertinent to charge that American missionary dollars are, in deed and in truth, building battleships for Japan, cruisers for Great Britain, and guns wherewith Chinese warlords serially abolish each other. Before sincere ecclesiastical efforts toward peace can bear any fruit, therefore, the entire foreign missions program needs microscopic examination and ultimate revision.

It is highly significant that the United States leads all the world in contributions to the cause of missions. It is equally arresting to note that nations which are capable of supporting the world's most impressive armament structures, great and proud nations, evidently believe that there is much in a name. Uncle Samuel is to them indeed an uncle who allows the dictates of his heart to sway him more than the sensible promptings of his Yankee mind. British India is an interesting example. The Englishman who loves to "bear the white man's burden" is content to let American dollars perform the work which should be the bounden duty of the British government. The same thing is true in Japan and, to a considerable extent, in China.

The actual figures bear mute witness of misguided Yankee generosity. In the biennium 1929–31 the following countries gave to missions these amounts:

North America (very largely the United States)	$28,171,146
Great Britain (including Australia and New Zealand)	12,871,150
France	197,838
Germany	1,525,494

In other words, Canada and the United States gave almost twice as much as the other three countries combined. It will be noted that China and Japan contributed nothing beyond their own borders and that Italy, being primarily Roman Catholic and therefore not a member of the International Missionary Council, is not considered in the group. In fairness to France, too, it should be remembered that only about two per cent of her population is Protestant.

Probably the greatest amount of missionary energy is expended in India, Japan, and China. Hence, Great Britain, the government of the Mikado, and whoever currently claims to rule the unhappy land of Confucius, are the chief beneficiaries of American missionary giving. It is difficult to estimate what the military strength of China is. Yet it was sufficiently great to give the Japanese some uneasy moments in the recent Shanghai episode. England and Japan, however, present no problem in analysis and, since the next war will probably be a clash of naval forces, the

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comparative strength of the two nations is of interest. Japan, for example, had in 1932 ninety-five destroyers and sixty-seven submarines while Great Britain had one hundred sixty destroyers and fifty-nine submarines. Either type of craft can be constructed at a cost of about four million dollars. That is, for every four million dollars given by Americans for missions, and expended in Japan, an equivalent amount is released wherewith the Mikado can build one more destroyer in his race to overhaul the strength of England; and, likewise, Great Britain can build one more submarine for every four million dollars spent by altruistic Americans in India missions. And if it be true that aircraft will play a prominent part in future wars, then every ten-thousand dollar missionary unit which gullible Americans spend in Japan or in the possessions of France and Italy, Germany and England, releases an equal amount with which the warring nations can, in time, blacken the sky with murderous airplanes flying relentlessly and hungrily, like buzzards, over a civilization about to die.

II

The modern missionary program is a most elaborate thing embracing the threefold purpose of healing, teaching, and preaching. Yet the missionary command of Jesus was very simply stated. It was to *preach* the Gospel to all nations. And the preaching had for its primary aim the rite of Holy Baptism. In the early days of Christianity it wasn't difficult to carry out the missionary commission, literally and without any frills. Even as late as the coming of Augustine to England, missionary endeavor was confined to preaching the Gospel. True, there was a change of emphasis. Converts were sought in the seats of the mighty so that, by decree from authority, Christianity could be imposed from above upon the lowly. Nevertheless, there was yet no straying from the single purpose of missions.

When, however, Christianity began reaching out for converts over the face of the whole earth, preaching wasn't enough. It was necessary, first, to win the confidence of people who knew nothing of Jesus, and who were well content with the faith of their fathers. That was the reason for the introduction of medical and educational activities into the missionary program. A father whose son was possessed by devils and was cured by missionary physicians was likely to be most kindly disposed towards preaching concerning the Great Physician. And the farmer who was shown the best agricultural methods so that he could eat "often and hearty" couldn't in the nature of things be hostile to the God of his benefactors. It was sound psychology and it produced desired results. Barriers which would otherwise have been impassable to the bearers of the Cross were let down, and Christ became a familiar name in the hidden recesses of the world.

Stripped of all high-sounding phrases, medical and educational missions were a most skilfully conducted advertising campaign to sell Jesus to the "heathen." There is nothing reprehensible about such advertising. If we believe that Christianity is the highest good, we fail the spirit of Jesus if we fail to share it with others.

However, this Christian quest for infidel good-will has become a fearfully expensive business. Missions today carry a tremendous part of the medical and educational expense which should normally be borne by government taxation. The money thus saved by a kind-hearted Christianity is expended by the not-so-benighted heathen for armaments and warfare. Every Japanese bullet, for example, is a sneer in the direction of misguided Christians who cry, "Peace, peace," when there is no peace.

Two examples will suffice to illustrate. The Episcopal Church has a very fine hospital in Tokio, Saint Luke's, of which the famous Doctor Teussler is the head. When a disastrous earthquake destroyed impartially Christian and infidel structures, Teussler hastened to return to the United States to raise funds for a bigger Saint Luke's. His appeal fell on receptive ears. The Imperial government was grateful for American missionary kindness. It said so. And Teussler didn't fail to publicize the Japanese approval. It was worth a great deal to his hospital, in good American cash, because Americans frequently make democracy blush with shame. Americans would rather have praise from a princeling, however worthless, than have their names written in the Book of Life. But while America was helping to carry the burden of Japanese ignorance and illness, the grateful government of the Mikado was even then laying plans for Asiatic domination, for Shanghai and the travesty of Manchukuo. Insofar as American missionary gifts released equivalent amounts in the Japanese treasury, American churches were guilty of forging murderous bullets, and the blood of many a Chinese is upon our heads. And when, and if, Japan seeks to enforce her Monroe doctrine for Asia, and America by chance is drawn into international conflict, American boys will be slaughtered by guns manufactured with the money spent by American church people to broadcast "salvation full and free."

In Allahabad, India, there is a splendid agricultural college supported by American Protestants. The head of the institution is that very fine gentleman, Doctor Higginbottom. He and his associates have done much valuable work in teaching the natives that cows aren't sacred, that crops can be rotated and that to labor with one's hands is no disgrace. All these things, however, should be done by the British government and should be paid for entirely by British taxes. Instead, while America is supporting Allahabad, the British proudly sing of Britannia on the waves, and with the money so kindly saved by Americans they build more and better ships.

III

While the essential purpose of educational and medical missions was to secure a friendly hearing for the Christian Gospel, three beneficial results were indirectly effected.

Where once disease was looked upon as inevitable, as the work of evil spirits, as retribution for evil deeds, the missionary physician has demonstrated the operation of cause and effect in human illness. In innumerable cases people have been cured from serious ailments. Insofar as every individual passes on to those who come after him much of his physical endowment, the outlook for future generations is for a better race. Medical missions have thoroughly implanted the idea of sanitation in a sufficient number of "heathen" minds to insure a healthier outlook on life.

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Because of medical influences, too, many unhealthy customs have been abolished. The binding of women's feet in China is a pertinent example.

Educational missions also have left their indelible mark. The native farmer who has been shown how to till his soil to the best advantage will never forget his lesson. In lands where tradition is strong, such knowledge will be passed on from generation to generation until the end of time. And having known the benefits of literacy people are not likely to give up without a struggle the keys to the gates of knowledge.

Because of education, too, subject peoples are becoming increasingly conscious of their human values. They are no longer content to be exploited. They long to be free. That there is in this attitude danger for Western civilization no one can reasonably deny. There may even come a time when East and West will meet in a death struggle, and the West because of its ruthlessness in the days of its power may be cruelly and forever destroyed. If so, Christian missions can at least comfort themselves with the thought that once, through their agency, Christianity was powerful enough to inspire slaves to reach for the sky. And that is no mean feat.

Scattered over the face of the earth are schools and colleges without number, hospitals and homes of refuge. These were built by American missions, with American money. Many of these places have been baptized both with water and with blood. They have been purged by sacrificial fires. They stand mute witnesses of the fact that Americans have done their part. They have cheerfuly paid the price of winning a hearing for Jesus.

There were other, less fortunate, results of all this missionary activity. With the possible exception of Roman Catholics, missionaries have never learned to lose their national and racial identity among those whom they come to serve. They rarely lost that feeling of superiority to their new surroundings, as if they were beings of a higher order temporarily transplanted to a lower plane. This naturally aroused a quiet resentment among the more intelligent of the "heathen," a resentment which is making successful missionary work increasingly difficult. This attitude sometimes flares into violence and would perhaps destroy all missions entirely but for the heathen sense of humor. Religion is to them a thing of the spirit, something beyond mere earthiness, beyond nationality and race. And it amuses them no little to find Americans attempting to dress Christ in Yankee garb, in the likeness of George Washington; the British seeking to make Him like unto Disraeli which is more logical in view of Jesus' Hebrew origin; and the Germans presenting a Christ very like to Bismarck, forgetting that the militaristic Jehovah passed away with the coming of the Nazarene.

Then, too, the lack of agreement among Christian sects as to what really constitutes Christianity has caused a good deal of amusement to the infidel host. And the result has been that too many newly converted Christians have a vague idea that conversion is some kind of a game, too mysterious for their simple understanding. It is something like barter. So many good Christian meals, so many medical treatments and hours of useful instruction for every Christian convert. The rate of exchange is fixed by the not-so-benighted heathen who holds himself in high esteem. He must be given much in exchange for the faith of his fathers.

Of course, he is far too polite to laugh openly into our Christian faces, and far too circumspect. He knows that governments must have battleships and cruisers, armies and many guns. As long as the amusing missionaries are willing to pay the teacher and the doctor, the government will levy taxes chiefly for its armed forces. But if the State be compelled to take over the unimportant duties of medicine and education, taxes most certainly would be higher. That must not be. Allowing the missionaries to stay is a small price to pay for lower taxes, especially when it includes no little entertainment.

Nevertheless, educational and medical missions have achieved their aim. They have won for the Gospel of Jesus a humorously tolerant, if not a friendly, hearing.

IV

But having attained our primary objective, we must not close our eyes to facts. It is the duty of government, not of outside religious influences, to care for the physical and mental well-being of its citizens. Because Christianity was seeking favor in unfriendly atmospheres, the Church has been willing to pay the price of such favor. The present international picture, however, testifies that Christian kindliness is being abused, that Christian objectives are being subordinated to selfish ambitions. Thus, Japan, one of the most potent threats to world peace, is absorbing millions of missionary funds without contributing anything to mankind except militaristic fidgets, and China walks about with the Communistic specter.

And among the European nations Germany, a veritable storehouse of international danger, contributes five missionary cents for every American missionary dollar. The other ninety-five cents are utilized for the purchase of a place in the military and naval sun. France gives about eight mills, employing the rest of the missionary dollar for the increase of her mighty army. While even England, exclusive of her dominions, gives only forty cents for every hundred American missionary pennies. The inference is obvious. These nations are so intent upon warlike preparations that they have comparatively little time or money for the works of the Prince of Peace.

American missionary leaders, if they be sincere in their quest for a peaceful world, are faced with the necessity of making a difficult choice. On the one hand, they may abandon all the fine foundations they have laid for a better life among non-Christian people. They may surrender their excellent medical and educational equipment to the local authorities for government operation, and they may withdraw with honor, conscious of a work well begun. Or, they may continue their present program with the realization that by relieving governments of vital national obligations they are placing a premium upon international warfare, and that the blood of many a victim of militarism will eventually come trickling to the doors of the Church, will leave a permanent blot upon the altar, will continue to justify the charge that the "Church builds battleships."

Should foreign missions be abolished, then? By no means. The command of Jesus was far too explicit to permit disobedience or even any question. The keynote of the missionary command, however, was to preach the

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Gospel. Well, then, let's go a-preaching.

And what of the vast amount Americans are wont to give to foreign missions? Twenty-eight million dollars will build only seven destroyers or submarines. But the same amount will buy millions upon millions of loaves of bread for America's hungry, veritable oceans of milk for America's undernourished children. They will purchase unemployment insurance for innumerable workmen whose employers are still too selfish to have caught the vision of a new day. They will take our army of wandering boys and girls off the unfriendly roads and establish them at home where they belong. This vast amount will buy hospital beds for our own neglected Negroes whose misfortune it is that they must sicken and die in Georgia and Carolina instead of India's coral strand.

If it be objected that in China and Japan, in India and the islands of the sea, as well as here at home, there is also hunger and misery, sickness and death, we may well paraphrase in reply the words of Jesus:

"If we love not our brother whom we do see, how can we love the heathen whom we do not see?"

Victorians Had a Word for It

By Helen Van Pelt Wilson

Despite all the feminist agitation, this is still a man's world and likely to remain so. So this writer is going to train her daughter to meet it on man's terms

THE VICTORIANS had a word for it. They called it—charm. Every thoughtful mother of the 1890's recognized its importance and religiously cultivated it in her daughter from the time she tied her baby's satin cap strings at their most alluring angle until she proudly pressed a wreath of orange blossoms upon her lovely brow.

The Victorians may have beaten about the bush on some subjects but a girl's destiny was not one of them. Marriage and children were her frankly accepted career. Old maids were old maids, not bachelor girls, and they bore like a brand the stigma of failure in the competition for a man. In its early stages, feminism, with its unpleasant concomitant of high collars and mannish hats, found little favor with the majority of women—particularly if they were pretty. We who were graduated a decade ago, however, knew it at its grim and impressive height—impressive even to our parents. So they sent us all to college, fit and unfit alike, to pluck the flower of higher learning and when we emerged they grieved as silently as possible over our peculiarities.

For four years we were oddly misinformed. No one thought to point out the obvious and important fact that even the most ardent feminist was going to have to make her way in a world geared to man's advantage. No

one told us it was his oyster, not ours! At my alma mater a maiden president exhorted us almost daily in chapel to become "great female leaders." She cast no aspersions on marriage but we came to see it as a very minor career, good enough in its way for girls unequal to a more spectacular dash through life. So the college was kept free from the "disturbing" taint of men—professors and reluctant brothers the rare leaven in our campus dough.

Brains had their big inning then. Charm was an unconsidered by-product, beneath the serious consideration of women who strove to be the acknowledged equals of men. Today the militant feminist is as out of date as knee-length skirts. Femininity is the keynote of women's education. The Mae West figure, flower-decked hat, and sweeping train are but signs of the times. The biological function is highly respected. Women who have denied it freely confess to their intimates a sense of incompleteness. No matter what the rewards of medicine, art, or letters, they regret the lack of husband and children. Statistical surveys among college girls reveal that almost eighty-five per cent set marriage as their goal, desiring only those careers compatible with marriage.

As a mother of today this trend is illuminating—a valuable guide to me in the education of my daughter. It plainly indicates that I must not only train her to be a good wife but see to it that she has a chance to become one. After all, she won't thank me for having her taught the Elizabethan dramatists or the circulatory system of an earthworm if I let her grow up un-

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attractive to men. And she will be the first to lament that though I may have made her adequate—if she can cook, sew, manage children, and live within her income—I have not made her charming and so desirable.

How now shall I go about this task? Charm is easy to recognize, hard to analyze, but still possible to teach to those who seem to lack it because, like a mosaic, it is made up of many small things. Girls who are really hopeless cases are rare, and those the world puts down as impossible are usually far from it.

As I try to analyze this quality called charm, I find at least two definite aspects—attractive appearance and pleasing personality, but especially the latter. When Sir James Barrie wrote, "If you have it, you don't need to have anything else—and if you haven't it, it doesn't much matter what else you have," he did not add that almost all children have natural charm until it is buried or distorted by education. As a mother I consider it my business to bring the spark to a blaze and relight it if it goes out.

In developing its outer aspect, good looks, I know I can almost proceed by rule as did my friend Marguerite Harris. She emerged from college, brainy, awkward, homely, and panicky in the presence of men. She literally achieved charm by intelligently studying herself. She recognized irregular features, heavy eyebrows, and a certain angularity as defects with milk-white skin, lustrous dark hair and eyes, beautiful hands, and the possibilities of a good figure, if she could put on weight, as assets.

Three years after commencement she had transformed herself into a woman of Italian distinction. Her ugliness had style. Women noticed her and men passed by more obviously pretty girls to converse with her. "I knew what I wanted," she explained to me, "and I went after it. The result's coming this evening." He was a handsome young surgeon, undoubtedly a fair reward!

She had started with a thorough going over at a beauty salon. A good dancing teacher taught her grace and relaxation—how to sit, stand, and shake hands, things that all of us can learn from books and magazine articles if we really are serious about it. Her doctor prescribed diet and exercise to make her gain weight. She achieved style through study of an outstanding fashion magazine. Her improved appearance naturally brought self-assurance and poise. With her mind thus freed of her unattractiveness, she concerned herself with other ideas, gradually learning the tricks of revealing her charm. Yet there wasn't a thing Marguerite did for herself at twenty-five which her mother, or any mother if she had taken a frank view of her daughter's needs, could not have accomplished more easily for her in her early teens.

These are the points I know I must strive to develop in my daughter: first—good posture. A Worth model or Schiaparelli's grandest creation will look like a rack dress from the basement if her shoulders droop or her abdomen protrudes. And I cannot wait until she is eighteen to think about the way she carries herself! Bones are well set by that time and poor habits of posture hard to change.

I must see that she develops correct habits of eating. I have memories of Great-aunt Deborah, who weighed a good two hundred pounds and loved her pie for breakfast, and squat Cousin Angela tipping the scales at one hundred eighty but never forsaking her midnight snack of crullers and milk! If these tendencies appear in my daughter, life in the next ten years will be no halcyon path for me. I've seen my adolescent friends wreck their health on the pineapple régime one week and the chocolate éclair diet the next. They do not realize that a trained appetite, that is, liking what is proper for you, is the only sure basis for a good figure—unless, of course, some undiagnosed illness exists such as a lazy thyroid gland. A doctor's advice must be sought when stubborn overweight persists.

I shall certainly teach the art of make-up. Only a foolish mother forbids its use. I don't want my daughter to hide her youthful glow by witlessly rouging her mouth as the uninitiated do until it has just about as much allure as a recently painted red barn.

How I shall pause over eye-glasses! As Dorothy Parker has so succinctly put it:

> "Men seldom make passes
> At girls who wear glasses."

Yet for the sake of looks I cannot let the child go blind! But already I am teaching the light-over-the-left shoulder rule and providing an adjustable bed lamp. Before the finest oculist on earth puts glasses on her he will have to convince me that her type of defective sight cannot be cured by exercises. And then I shall be sure that glasses for close work alone will not suffice. A certain picture of my own owl-like girlhood will give me strength in the conflict.

And what an ally we mothers of today find in the hair-dresser! Once crimpers by night and curling-irons by day beset the path of the straight-haired. Now there are permanent waves, and, still more useful for the little girl, experts who know how to cut glossy, well-brushed straight hair into a more attractive frame for many a face than curls. I am impressing my little girl with that fact. I will not have her grow up thinking straight hair a curse.

I am stressing, too, the importance of exquisite personal daintiness and neatness—the essentials of that good grooming which make pleasing the appearance of even the plainest child. When she has done her best, however, I shall warningly add, "Forget it." Girls who make a cult of beauty lose that naturalness which is essential to charm. But no matter how she turns out, I want my child to feel she is attractive. The self-effacing dowdy girl never gets anywhere, while the one who may be homely but is not oppressed by the fact is taken by men at her own valuation. Humbleness in women is a worthless trait!

Besides, other attributes than beauty add to charm. I am striving to develop a low, well-modulated voice, as pleasing as it is rare. The shrieks which rend the air at women's bridge-luncheons indicate only too vividly this tremendous need for voice culture in America. Then there are the informal aspects of education which are a mother's province. I shall see that my daughter has some small talk but not so small no one wants to hear it. A knowledge of current events supplied by the reading of good magazines will give her something to say to people of all types and protect her from the necessity of gossip—the refuge of empty minds!

A fair game of tennis or golf, the ability to ride and swim—not brilliantly but well enough so that fear will not

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be gnawing at her vitals—and a mastery of dancing are likewise important. The last is especially vital, and financially possible for every one. There is nothing more damning to a girl's reputation at fifteen than a boy's simple comment, "She has lead feet." All these abilities add enormously to a girl's charm for they make it possible for her to fit gracefully into a wide variety of activities.

Lastly there is wisdom in inculcating a sane point of view which will develop poise. I expect to break the news to my daughter very early that this is a man's world, made for them and run by them. Women who early recognize this fact and gracefully accept it save themselves a lot of trouble and get places in the end.

Furthermore, my daughter must realize that marriage and children, her racial career, will limit any other special type of development, and yet without marriage and children she cannot expect happiness. It's tough but true and I want to protect my child from having to find this out for herself through painful and often embittering experiment. She may as well know at the outset of her study of writing or painting or business that if at twenty she and her husband start out with equal ability and equipment he will always be about a decade ahead because, even under the most efficient management, child-bearing and the care of the home are a strain. Yet this fact of man's superior opportunity won't be a bit bad, once she gets used to it. It is only when a girl has proceeded wide-eyed on the policy of equal advantage that she is brought up with a painful jerk and the check-rein hurts!

And while this is sinking in, I shall also have to make my daughter aware that the majority of men—certainly most young men who are looking for companions, not wives—prefer them beautiful but not obviously too bright. Many like them intelligent but not intellectual. A rare few will endure them brainy. Not one will bear superiority to himself and "high-hatting" is the death knell of allure.

Every woman knows that popularity is essential to happiness during adolescence. Now if a girl is really clever, she should be smart enough not to appear too much so once the advantages of this course are evident. The brilliant girl draws but few men, the attractive but unoppressively intelligent one brings along the pack. She has a good time doing it and when she is ready to select a husband, she has the advantage of having known many types of men and the kind she really wants is within reach.

So that she may choose with mind as well as heart, I hope I can reveal to my child some knowledge of herself and her tastes. I hope that through studying her I shall be able to prepare a fair opinion of what qualities in a husband will bring her the greatest happiness. If she travels largely with those who like them half-witted and is not so herself, I know she will be unhappy married to one of them. A husband just for the sake of a husband is not worth having. I want her to have an opportunity to select from the valuable minority who drift in when the majority come to get acquainted with her charming self.

Besides, men who are attracted to stupid women expect all kinds of intelligence once they are married to them and are often much aggrieved if they do not find it. The answer is that intelligence is a pearl of great price but our daughters must know when to wear it. Certainly we must not let them grow bitter and despise it as some thwarted females do.

I shall also impress my child with the fact that there is a time to curb a sense of humor. Man is undeniably vain. He quivers and retreats from a too witty tongue and can seldom bear the joke's being on him. One of the cleverest young women I know now threads her way alone. As one ex-suitor said to her, "Ellen, you just better look out or you'll laugh your way out of your last chance for a good provider." And she did.

This same vanity in man is useful to woman. Because of it more flies are caught with sugar than vinegar and the "A-1 incense burner" seldom wastes her sweetness on the desert air. That does not mean that man sits spellbound while woman hands out compliments in hunks with a shovel. I want my daughter both subtle and sincere, realizing that in almost every one there is something to be interested in and to admire, once her thoughts are slanted that way. For not a mother among us wants a hard-boiled daughter, a monument of smooth-tongued insincerity. Yet to meet the world except on worldly terms is impossible and the finer interpretation our wisdom can give to the facts of life the more valuable we become as parents.

It is obvious that the essence of charm is after all ability to attract because we are ourselves attracted. "Be interested in the other person" is as true as it is banal. I see Mrs. Cameron, for example, an unhappy egotist whose life has been dominated by a sense of her own inferiority. The only people she can comfortably admire are poor souls with some infirmity or lack of adjustment to the world more apparent than her own. If you were a hunchback or painfully shy, Mrs. Cameron would find a thousand virtues in you but if you were beautiful or amusing she would detect a shallowness which had been unapparent to your life-long friends.

Her sister, on the other hand, who is not at all a milk-and-water sort of person, sees good in every one and people know it. She is sweet-tempered and infinitely adaptable and no woman can get along with men who is not. As has been wisely said, "Be clever if you must, be beautiful if you can, but be agreeable if it kills you." Man's is a direct course through life, like a skater who makes a bee-line from end to end of the rink. Woman's course is laid with fancy figures. She must circle around man, fitting her life agreeably to his pattern. She must have the faculty of infinite adjustment to his gait and develop a superior balance dependable in crises. If she is clever, she will find that arabesques, while more fatiguing, are also more amusing than straight lines!

A daughter's adjustment to life and to man lies with her mother. We cannot from a plain product develop a Helen of Troy but with patience and intelligence we can make every girl reasonably charming and so able to cope happily with life in this man-directed world. Doubtless when we consider what we want our daughters to be our own deficiencies will appear only too clear. It is then, as we educate, that we can also learn, enhancing our own charm, by paraphrasing to ourselves Josh Billings's advice, "Train up a girl in the way she should go and walk there yourself once in a while."

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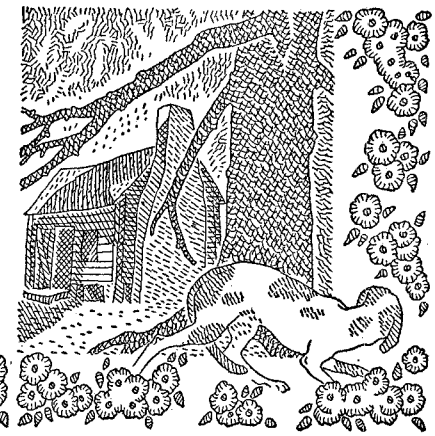
The Little Man

By Ruth Bass

From deep down in Mississippi comes this true story of the death of the last of the "tree-talkers," with its vivid account of the superstitious awe in which the Negroes still hold "The Little Man"



Hazlehurst, Mississippi.—A noted Copiah character died on March 28, with the passing of Howard Divinity, colored. Howard himself claimed to be 108 years of age, but there is reliable evidence to the effect that he was really 100 years of age, or very near it. Uncle Howard served as servant throughout the civil war in the army, and the lamented George Nelson used to say he stole more chickens for the boys in the army than any other one servant in the old army. He attended every Confederate re-union until he went blind some years ago, and he attended one American Legion session in California as the guest of Uncle Sam's younger soldier boys. The Charles E. Hooker Chapter and other patriotic organizations and citizens contributed to a fund to bury Uncle Howard.

CONJURE is strange and powerful. It devises a remedy for every ailment that visits the Bayou Pierre swamps. But there is a little man in the swamp before whom the most powerful conjurer is helpless and whom no gri-gri, no trick, no mojo can keep away from one's doorstep.

Who dat knockin' at de do',
In a long, black robe an' silver shoe?
Don' look at me, deat'—
Look on down de road!

I got word yesterday that the little man in a long, black robe had called on Old Divinity. Old, old Divinity, one hundred and eight he measured his years, grandson of a witch, wisest and strongest in the head among conjurers, and, most likely, the last tree-talker that the Bayou Pierre swamp will ever know, has "ceasted"!

I remembered how I had left him one day in spring, meditating under his old water-oak, gnarled and storm-tossed yet brightening with new leaves. It was evening and a breeze had come in from the west. The last white pigeon had circled over the cabin and settled with contented cooing into one of the boxes under the eaves. Suddenly a bull-bat swooped above the cabin, fell and rose with his long, thin cry. Swoop! Swoop! Spade!

"Hab mussy, Jedus! Ah ain' gwi' be wid yall long now, Honey. When a bull-bat go lak dat he diggin' a grabe. He diggin' Ol' 'Vinity's grabe now."

"But, Divinity, you're not sick. You feel as well as——"

"Nemmine dat. De Li'l Man he go from do' to do', dat what de ol' song say; and de Li'l Man he allus sen' he sign fust 'fo he come in—effen a body know how ter read hit. Me, Ah done see um slip in de house many time, in he long, black robe an' shinin' shoe but he allus lookin' de odder way. He lookin' twoge me now. De bull-bat's diggin' over ma haid. Ah's ol' an' frail. Ah done hindered deat'—but Ah ain' gwi hinder um no mo'." He rubbed his gnarled, old hands lovingly along the gnarled, old tree trunk. There was no touch of sadness in his speech, just the simple, quiet voice in which he had so often "done wo' down de sun wid tawkin'." Yet in his whole manner there was a profound foreknowledge, a calm acquiescence to the inevitable, without a trace of fear or hate or bravado. It was the calm expression of a simple yet powerful philosophy that had made perfect peace with its environment and out of which had grown an attitude which gave to life that constant flow that enabled him to meet death as he would meet any other little man, with the admiration of the weak for the strong but without cringing.

So I had left him, musing on the melancholy mystery of death; but not alone, for I had heard his philosophy voiced time and again by all of the swamp and its folk, voiced with sweetness and patience and the saving grace of humor. "Deat' ain' nothin' but a robber an' he come to de big house same as de cabin," Old Con had said years ago as she pointed out to the spindle-legged white baby tagging her about the place, a certain blue plush sofa upon which my grandmother had been laid out. "But don' never pint yo finger twoge 'im, Honey, ner twoge a grabe. Dat bad manners an' de Li'l Man don' lak hit. A body mock an' shame at deat', deat' gwi mock an' shame um back."

They know the meaning of omnipotence, these who have not yet denied the earth as their mother but submit daily to the mysterious power of nature, superhuman forces whose actions they can only partially control. They do not whine over evils but "tie de hankerchief ter fit de haid" and make a song of them, finding some jump-up words to set to a blue, or a reel, or a mourn tune as a defense against brooding and proof that what happens to them has happened to others and is a part of the way of the world. So long as they can't trick death they have accepted it and out of their sense of the fitness of things have formed

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a sort of friendship with the Little Man. They have met death in the big houses, in the cabins, in the cotton fields, and along the lonely swamp paths under those white mists that rise up from the bayou, and so dramatic is their impulse to weave together into a connected, coherent whole the fragments of knowledge and experience that life brings to them, that death has come to take form and personality. He is a visitor, a conjurer, a Little Man who comes to big house and cabin and whom it is wise to meet with proper manners and receive with proper style. And though the Little Man is so powerful and inexorable that no charm or gri-gri can touch, and though he may be a robber and a highwayman, he's never a sneak thief for he always sends word of his whereabouts and intentions. He never slips up on a body who keeps his ears and eyes open to the signs.

To Old Divinity he sent a sign by a bull-bat, to Con by an empty rocking-chair a-rocking. Old Easter bought and made her shroud just a week before she was killed by a team of runaway mules, because her picture had suddenly fallen off the wall of her daughter's cabin. Francellette knew that her apparently healthy baby boy would die before he could walk because she found a white measuring worm measuring him for his little shroud. Manuel, a strapping buck who stumbled into a stable on Christmas Eve night while the animals were kneeling, was buried on New Year's Day. Viola's little Abby told of hearing soft singing as she played under a pine tree. Two days later she took a chill and died. She had heard the angels sing. Matt swept out her house after sundown because she was expecting company. Her old mammy was found dead in her bed the very next morning. The Little Man has signs a plenty. There is the sign of the death watch and of the "deat' drap," the sound of dropping water, slow and regular and mournful along the creek bank or levee, the sign of a wild bird flying into the house, the sign of a wood-pecker tapping on one's roof, the sign of the last name a dying person calls, the sign of death bells ringing in the ears.

But, if it so happens that you are one of the unfortunates, weak in the head and unversed in the signs, all you have to do is watch the animals. The dog, especially, is the sacred animal of death. All dogs can smell the Little Man and a black bitch can see him.

"A body kin allus tell when a pusson low-sick," Cæsar assured me one night at a wake, "dey dawg'll leave um. Dawg lay rat on de bed while a pusson sick ontil he git low-sick, den hit leave. When a dawg see de Li'l Man alongside a body hit howls so's ter skeer off all de evil an' onfriendly sperrits. No'am, hit ain' nothin' kin 'duce a dawg ter stay 'round a pusson dat's fey."

"Fey?"

"Yessum, fey, marked wid deat'."

Long and loose-jointed Sam Daniels, who is an adept at "seein' thangs," told me: "Oncet Ah see de Li'l Man hisse'f in he long, black robe wid silver slippers wawkin' twoge de bayou an' a houn' dawg a followin' 'im, nothin' scusin' a houn' dawg." I have been assured more than once that that black bitch of mine is a "natchul deaf' smeller." Obediah, a professional hunter and hunting dog trainer, maintains that whoever, in his life, kicks a house dog or either a cattle dog or trained hunting dog, "He sperrit gwi' pass through mo' louder howlin' an' faster persuin' dan de sheeps do when de wood-runner take atter um. De ain' no friend gwi meet um on dey lonesome road ner neither call in de dawgs dat hang round de golden gates."

The spirits of animals can only be seen by their kind but they can be heard as the well-known song to that effect testifies:

> Old Joe's daid an' gone
> But his hant blows de hawn,
> An' his houn' howls still
> From de top er dat hill!

The dog aims to defend his master against the Little Man but cats, who can also sense death, act just the other way. The black robe and silver slippers seem to attract all manner of cats. When a person is dying this cat will slink in and try to be near. After death a body must never be left alone a minute for cats will gather from the whole community and try to get to a corpse. What they will do to the body is either unknown—or beyond description. Cows, horses, mules, goats, and chickens as well as owls and wolves can also sense death. If a horse neighs during a wake it's a sign that some other member of the family will go soon. A rooster crowing directly after sundown is a sign that some acquaintance of yours has just died or will die soon.

These are a few of the ways that the Little Man has of knocking at one's door. When he actually enters a cabin there are certain ways to receive him, certain manners that are more apt to please and propitiate the visitor. Immediately after the last breath passes from the dying, the clock is stopped and the hands left pointing to the hour and minute the soul left the body until after the funeral. All mirrors and glass-covered pictures are turned to the wall, for it is very bad to see one's reflection while a dead body lies in the room; almost as bad as seeing the reflection of the corpse itself. The shadow of the dead is apt to be seen lurking behind the shoulders of the living, or, worse still, the shadow may become enamored of its looks and continue to be held in the glass permanently. If the master of the house dies, some one, preferably a child of the house, must go out and tell the bees lest they leave the hive. "De bees is too busy ter watch fuh deat', de has ter be tol'." None of the kinfolks may assist in preparing the dead for burial. The women kin have to carry on the mourning which is a ritual and a form that is usually kept going all during the wake and the burial. It usually begins with:

"Thank Gawd, 'e didn' hafter die in a stawm! Ah don' wanter die in a stawm, Oh Lawd—" This low and solemn wail drifts into a jump-up mourn that recites the good qualities of the deceased who because of them did not have to die in a storm, for to die amid thunder and lightning signifies that the devil has come for the soul. On the other hand rain soon after burial is a good sign that the soul rests peacefully. The emotions are freely released in mourns, consequently the Negro's unrepressed flow of song is sometimes heard best at this time. A strong woman voice sings a couplet in praise of the dead; a chorus of women voices follows with "All dat Ah got done gone!" or "We'll all rise togedder, to face de risin' sun! Oh Lawdy! Lawd hab mussy, if you please!" Then from a corner another takes up the story and so on until a wreath of song is thus woven for their dead kin. Probably no one present has ever known,

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or can ever repeat a single line of the body of the song, but the endless rhythm restores their spirits until they rise in triumphant shouts often ending in tears, convulsions, a sort of snake dance, or a swound. The men sit dry-eyed and silent.

Meanwhile the friends and neighbors are preparing the body. If a person dies with his mouth and eyes open it is a bad sign, so immediately after death the mouth is tied up and the eyes are closed and weighted down with coins. These coins, usually nickels, brightly polished, should be buried with the body as it is very bad to spend money that has been used for this purpose. The water used to wash the corpse must never be carried out of the room before the body is removed, nor the bed clothes on which the person died, neither should the ashes be taken from the fireplace nor the floor swept. As soon as the body is arrayed in its grave clothes a dish of salt is placed on the chest and a plate full of salt mixed with ashes is set under the cooling board, "ter take up de disease." These ashes are taken to the grave and sprinkled on the coffin. The body must never be left alone for an instant until it is left in the grave. It must be "set up" with. Those attending the "settin'-up" or wake need have no fear for the spirit won't bother you until the body is buried. It seems that after death the spirit stays around home three days, around the grave three days, and then goes wandering.

That the spirits of the dead are free and able to come back to their former haunts is never doubted, hence the many signs and precautions to keep spirits from bothering the living. Homeless spirits gather in graveyards, deserted houses, beside streams of water, in the lofts of churches, and such lonely places, especially on dark and rainy nights. To mortals they may take the shapes of persons, cows, clouds, white mists, or wandering lights. They are most active on Friday nights, near the last quarter of the moon, and around midnight. At such times the air is full of spirits and if you cannot see them you must watch for signs of their presence. A warm current of air on your back is a sure sign. A rabbit or cat crossing one's path in the moonlight may be a spirit taking that form. A fresh smell like coffee sometimes indicates a lurking spirit. If you hear a sneeze at night always answer, "God bless you!" All animals and especially dogs and cats can see ghosts. Never turn away a stray dog or cat. Never force your horse on a path he does not want to take, at night. Many precautions are taken to prevent being bothered with spirits. Get some one to read a verse from the Bible, backwards, fold the page, place a knife and fork in it and put it under your pillow before going to bed and no spirit will disturb your rest that night. Pour sweet milk on the ground before your step and the spirits will stop to lick it up. If the milk is satisfying the spirit will leave without entering. Sprinkle collard seeds on the floor if you have been hearing soft footsteps at night. Newspapers pasted on the walls will cause any spirit to stop and read every word on the papers before bothering you. A horseshoe placed in the fire, or salt sprinkled on the fire, or matches worn in the hair are also good. To lay the spirit of any particular person take a lock of his hair, a piece of his garment, or some very personal possession of his, place this in a hole bored in a tree and plug up the hole tightly with the same wood and bark taken out. The spirit will then take up its abode in this tree and can sometimes be heard rustling the leaves on windless nights. Dogs will avoid such trees.

If you are forced to work the field of a man who has died before the crop he began is harvested, go to the graveyard and take some dirt from the grave and two splinters of wood from the head and foot boards. Turn your back and walk directly to the field. In the middle of the field plant the two pieces of wood in the form of a cross. Throw pinches of the grave dust toward all parts of the land, at the same time asking the dead owner's pardon for taking over his crop. If you don't do this the mules won't plow for you. The dead will pull on the lines and make them walk down the cotton or corn.

If your enemy dies, secretly slip a few white chicken feathers into his coffin, or, if you are unable to do this, bury some feathers in a bottle on his grave. So long as the feathers are safe you won't be bothered.

On the other hand, if you are very strong in the head and wish to see or talk to a spirit for any particular purpose, this can be accomplished by looking over the left shoulder or under the upraised left arm of a person who is possessed of double sight, or by looking back over your own left shoulder, or looking in the mirror over the shoulder of another person, or sometimes even by holding a rusty nail in your mouth. If these fail, there is an extreme measure that may be taken. Go into a graveyard at twelve o'clock noon or midnight, hold up a mirror before your eyes and drop a pair of scissors to the ground, call the name of the person you desire to see and ask him what you please. This is a risky business, so be sure to have your feet comfortable when you go into the graveyard.

On All Saints' Eve all the dead roam. It is then that suppers are cooked for the spirits. Two persons must cook the supper, without speaking and without using salt in any form. If one speaks the dogs will howl, chickens cackle, winds blow, and the fire burn blue! This food is served on the table with necessary plates and spoons and left all night. Some time during the night the essence or spirit of the food is eaten by the homesick and hungry spirits.

It is coming on to evening when I take the path through the swamp to Old Divinity's cabin for my last sight of the old tree-talker. Before the cabin the men have started a light wood fire on the clean-swept yard in preparation for the wake. They are sitting and squatting about the yard and door steps and gallery, Cæsar and Sam and Overlea and Joe Williams, Donis and Obe-

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diah, several strange young bucks, and the inevitable fringe of children. They take off their hats and give me hidy. I go into the lamplit, firelit room and the familiar smell of ancient Negro cabins comes to me through the newer, stronger odor of living, black bodies; the smells of tobacco and deer tongue and hickory smoke and sage and vinegar and coffee and cologne and hair vigor all mingled into one. The old, old man lies on the cooling board dressed in his grave clothes, black pants and the moth-eaten and faded gray coat of an officer in the Confederate army. This coat Divinity had worn on all other dress occasions ever since the surrender for he had been inordinately proud of the fact that he had been a servant in the army for which the State of Mississippi paid him a pension. The dish of salt is placed on his chest amid the numerous medals that he has collected during his lifetime and pinned there himself. I notice a celluloid campaign button bearing the picture of James K. Vardeman, a World War service star, a dime with a hole in it, the picture of some baseball hero, such as is given as a prize in candy, and a thin silver medal of Saint Anthony with the Infant Jesus. Saint Anthony, pray for the old, old grandson of a witch, so withered, so tiny, hardly bigger than the Little Man himself! His face is like a bit of withered fire ash. His gnarled old hands lie empty at his sides. His mouth that had uttered wisdom akin to fantasy and fantasy akin to wisdom is tied up with a white rag. He who had lived long like a tree, and gathered up peace and wisdom and strength like a tree—I turned back to the door through which the Little Man had led him.

The Negroes have gathered now from all the neighboring plantations for the wake. It is an occasion. All night long they will boil coffee and smoke and tell tales around the fires both inside and out of the cabin. Everyday life in the swamp is lonely, often somber and grave. There are few occasions for public gatherings and social intercourse. So among the lonesome and secluded plantations the people must make a pleasure of their necessities, court days, molasses makings, cotton loadings, ginnings, and funerals. They have an intense passion for funerals for here they are among their kind and their aching emotions may run free. They always get at least two days off for every death, first the burying and then some weeks or months later the funeral proper, "ter stir up de daid." They gather for miles and it makes no difference whether the deceased has been a friend or a stranger. As it is a very bad sign to meet a burial procession face to face the individual who chances to do so always turns and accompanies any procession to the grave. To pass up a procession is simply crossing one's grave! A body must never wear new clothes to a burying lest he excite the envy of the dead and cause the spirit to pull at his shirt or coat tail. At the burying all expressions in word and song are spontaneous, uttered by the friends of the dead about the virtues of his past life. It is here that the most truly poetic jump-ups are improvised to fit old tunes and mourns. At the funeral preachers are given a chance with their carefully composed sermons. It is then that the evergreen is planted on the grave. These trees are identified with the departed and if the tree flourishes all is well with the soul.

Tomorrow afternoon they will pallbear Old Divinity to his resting place under the cedars and cape jessamines and arbor vitæ and boxwood. They will take with him his cup and saucer and medicine bottles, his walking stick, and perhaps his pipe or some other very personal possessions. Some familiar and used articles belonging to the dead are always placed on graves so that the spirit may not find itself in an entirely strange world. The cups and saucers and bottles are always cracked or broken in some way to free the spirit of the thing, that it may serve the dead beyond. On the graves of little children are placed some playpretties, little doll heads, small cups, or toy animals. Frequently one finds a broken lamp brought to light the soul to glory. I have heard that in former times a pone of bread and a bottle of molasses were placed on the grave, "So's he kin sop his way ter de promised lan'." A cripple's crutch is always placed on his grave. Because Old Divinity was near kin to a witch, a double-sighter, born with a caul and a tree-talker, his carefully preserved caul and probably a bunch of powerful herbs will be thrown into his grave along with his drinking cup, to lay the spirit. Unless you bring the things a person liked with him, he'll come back after them. However, a clod of dirt brought from the grave directly after the burying and placed under the door step will discourage a returning spirit.

Ah kin see ma dear ol' Pappy, face to face!
Ah kin see ma dear ol' Pappy, face to face!
We'll all rise togedder, to face de risin' sun,
Oh, Lawdy! Lawd, hab mussy, if you please——

The wake proper has begun now. The women's voices rise and fall in a long, swinging rhythm, following me down the path where the moon hangs white above the swamp. The pale mists float like wraiths along the low ground, rise, and stoop like lowling clouds, like ghost women picking cotton. A heron croaks. An owl mocks. Why does the fog swallow all other sounds and make the world so still? But there is a sort of movement in the trees, a low whisper and a sigh. Trees! They are the oldest things in the swamp. The Little Man has passed them by! It is natural to think that they have gathered wisdom, since in their unchanging lives the past and the future are much the same. They have seen the time when Old Divinity was an unborn babe. They will see the time when his great-great-grandson will have counted his hundred years—but who will hear and understand their whispers? What are they trying to say to me tonight? No one will ever know—the Little Man has called the last tree-talker on the Bayou Pierre.

"Oh, Lawdy! Lawd, hab mussy, if you please!"

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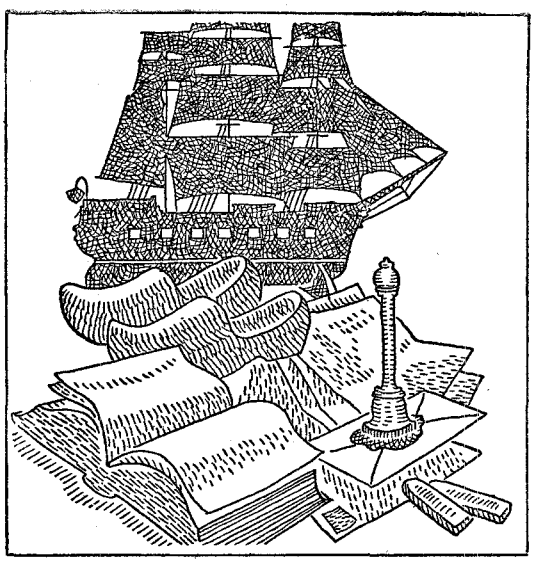
AS I LIKE IT

William Lyon Phelps



Slavery, Daniel Webster and the Union . . . Plato Debunked . . . Advice to Aspiring Writers—and Politicians . . . The Popularity of King George V . . . James Hilton's Novels

Mr. James Truslow Adams is performing a great service in his various books on American political history. The first one to attract universal attention was *The Epic of America;* and the latest one, *America's Tragedy,* should be read by young and old. The tragedy is the slavery question, which began, although no one knew it at the time, with the importation of the first slave. Like a malignant growth, it spread from its apparently innocuous origin to the Civil War costing thousands and thousands of lives, and leading to difficult problems that are by no means settled. Had there been no fanatical abolitionists in the North and no fiery secessionists in the South, that is, had the people of our country been able to discuss this terrific question calmly and rationally, that is, were human nature different, the conflict would not have been irrepressible or necessary.

Mr. Adams surveys the history of the first sixty years of the nineteenth century with judicial impartiality. If only actors in any political drama could have the vision of the subsequent historian! Well, there was one who did. Daniel Webster. In the famous reply to Hayne in 1830 he saw afar off the conflagration, and did his best to prevent and at last to postpone it. There is absolutely nothing inconsistent in his entire career so far as slavery and secession are concerned. Even as the business of a physician is to keep his patient alive as long as possible, so the business of a statesman is to keep his country alive as long as possible. Webster's speech on the seventh of March, 1850, so far from being inconsistent with his former attitude, was the wisest, most patriotic, and noblest utterance of his whole career. If one keeps in mind the word *union,* one will see that Webster put his oath to support the Constitution before everything else. He hated every foe of the Union; whether it were Southern Dis-unionist or Northern Abolitionist.

The only adverse criticism I have of this latest excellent work by Mr. Adams is his comparatively low estimate of the part played by Webster. For Webster was not only the greatest orator in our country's history; he was a profoundly wise and far-seeing statesman. After reading *America's Tragedy,* one should turn again to Claude Fuess's *Life of Webster.* Remember there was only one man whom Wendell Phillips attacked more violently than he did Webster; that was Abraham Lincoln.

It was a happy thought to collect all the Prefaces that Henry James contributed to the magnificent New York Edition of his novels and print them in one volume with the title, *The Art of the Novel.* For this I am grateful to Richard P. Blackmur who also supplies an excellent Introduction. There are two reasons for my gratitude: Henry James was one of the most brilliant and penetrating literary critics in American literature; and these essays, while having all of his insight, are also autobiographical. As for the New York Edition itself, which was printed in 1909, not only is it expensive, so that it is beyond the reach of most book-buyers but the revisions that James made were unfortunate. I like his original versions much better. One illustration will suffice, for it is characteristic. The famous passage describing the death of Daisy Miller appears in the 1878 edition as follows:

> But, as Winterbourne had said, it mattered very little. A week after this the poor girl died; it had been a terrible case of the fever. . . .

In the 1909 edition:

> But, as Winterbourne had originally judged, the truth on this question had small actual relevance. A week after this the poor girl died; it had been indeed a terrible case of the *perniciosa.* . . .

Henry James was a man of genius and is a permanent figure in the literature of the world. But I have not yet reached the point of the true disciple; for I really enjoy reading *The American, Roderick Hudson, Daisy Miller, The Princess Casamassima* more than I enjoy reading *The Golden Bowl, The Wings of the Dove, The Ambassadors.* I am quite willing to believe this is my own fault, and that, if I re-read these later novels four or five times, my opinion might change. The late Thomas Sergeant Perry, an admirable scholar and critic, who was one of the most intimate friends of James, preferred the later works; and so does Professor Pelham Edgar of the University of Toronto, author of a critical work on the great novelist. I have read *The American* three times with steadily increasing admiration.

Who is the next candidate for debunktion? To my horrified amazement, Warner Fite, Professor of Ethics

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at Princeton, has just published a book called *The Platonic Legend*. Of all men, Plato! Plato, the inspiration not only of hundreds of thousands of schoolboys and college students and general readers, but the Bible of a vast number of profound classical scholars! The only explanation I can think of for such an astounding divergence of view is that nearly all amateur readers of Plato get their inspiration from the *Apology*, the *Crito*, the *Phaedo*, and parts of the *Republic:* whereas Mr. Fite submits to an examination the long, detailed parts of the works of Plato that are seldom if ever read by the average man. Even so, I cannot imagine many Plato professional interpreters agreeing with Mr. Fite; yet his book is full of interest, as any fresh point of view on a monumental genius must be. And in one thing I agree with him. Noble and inspiring as Plato has always been to me, I have never regarded him as equal to or in any way a substitute for, the Four Gospels. They are as far ahead of him in ethics as they are ahead of Shakespeare in literature.

Most humbly I suggest that Plato's plan for the Guardians did not show he was blind to the welfare of the average man; why should there be Guardians, unless there are persons to guard? And if Mr. Fite attacks Plato because of his lack of democratic sentiment, which would he rather have in control of our own population? A group of the best, the ablest, the wisest men, or our present Congress, chosen by the people?

Mr. Fite's book is so plausible, so well written, so vigorous, that it might almost be convincing if one did not remember some passages in Plato:

> Wherefore, O judges, be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth—that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death. He and his are not neglected by the gods; nor has my own approaching end happened by mere chance. But I see clearly that to die and be released was better for me; and therefore the oracle gave no sign. For which reason, also, I am not angry with my accusers or my condemners; they have done me no harm, although neither of them meant to do me any good; and for this I may gently blame them.
>
> Still I have a favor to ask of them. When my sons are grown up, I would ask you, O my friends, to punish them; and I would have you trouble them, as I have troubled you, if they seem to care about riches, or anything, more than about virtue; or if they pretend to be something when they are really nothing—then reprove them, as I have reproved you, for not caring about that for which they ought to care, and thinking that they are something when they are really nothing. And if you do this, I and my sons will have received justice at your hands.
>
> The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways—I to die, and you to live. Which is better God only knows.

I recommend to all who have ambitions "to write on the side" a new book called *Editor's Choice,* by Alfred Dashiell. The Introduction, called "Notes on Reading, Writing, and Editing," contains a nugget of wisdom in almost every sentence. Seldom have I seen such a high percentage of pay gold. The essay is the fruit of some years of experience in editing one of the leading monthly magazines of America. And while it contains excellent advice to makers of short stories, it is also a first-rate essay in literary criticism; full of cerebration. It will help all interested in the changing fashions of literary composition, to understand the present as compared with the past. The essay combines shrewdness and subtlety with good temper. The sixteen selected short stories that follow—many of which I have never read—are accompanied with comment by Mr. Dashiell. I hope those I have not read are as well written as the introduction and commentary.

My own advice to young men and women who are without money and who wish to enter either the domain of literature or the domain of politics is this: Get another job of some kind and follow the desire of your heart in what extra time you can find. That has been done by many successful writers and politicians of today and by some great men in the past.

Sir James Barrie told me that every writer ought to do something besides writing.

The accomplished drama critic, John Mason Brown, who is also one of the best public lecturers in the United States, has written a charming book called *Letters From Greenroom Ghosts.* It opens with a letter from the author to Stark Young. Then follow letters from Sarah Siddons to Katharine Cornell, Peg Woffington to Ina Claire, Christopher Marlowe to Eugene O'Neill, Richard Brinsley Sheridan to Noel Coward, Inigo Jones to Robert Edmond Jones. And if this statement of the table of contents does not immediately allure the reader of it, it is probable that nothing I could say would increase the attraction. Whenever I think of Mr. Brown, I remember a line in *The Merchant of Venice* that accurately describes him.

Young in limbs, in judgment old.

Synchronously with the *Greenroom Ghosts* appears *The American Theater As Seen By Its Critics,* edited by John Mason Brown and Montrose J. Moses. This contains a well-selected list of drama criticisms of the past. The death of Mr. Moses last year removes one of the devoted students of the drama, one who published many important works on the subject, and one beloved by all who knew him.

Victoria, The Widow and Her Son by Hector Bolitho is an admirable biography both in its truthfulness and in its good manners. I believe such a book by an Englishman "who knows everybody" must have been difficult to write; and that is what I mean by saying it is truthful in contents and perfect in attitude. The King today is more firmly seated on his throne than any of his predecessors during the last eight hundred years; whether we compare him with Stephen, who began to reign exactly eight hundred years ago, or with any of his successors. The most popular person in the British Empire today is George V. This is what Carlyle would call an interesting fact in natural history; and readers of Mr. Bolitho's book will find some of the reasons for it.

I wish all publishers would write their autobiographies, though not all of them could write so divertingly as the excellent Grant Richards; his tall volume, copiously illustrated, is named *Author Hunting By An Old Literary Sportsman.* Men as different as A. E. Housman and Theodore Dreiser are intimately revealed. I don't remember any superfluous or dull page in this book. But

> I sometimes wonder what the printers buy
> One half so precious as the stuff they sell.

They, however, solve the problem by buying it first and selling it afterwards.

Judge Robert Grant's autobiography, *Fourscore,* is an entertaining book, and

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resembles Edith Wharton's *A Backward Glance* in its patrician dignity; though both are sufficiently informal in style. Mr. Grant began writing for publication while an undergraduate at Harvard; and I can remember the general discussion aroused later by his novels and by his directions for keeping house on a certain income. The modestly written account of his life and career is the unconscious revelation of a personality and character remarkable for integrity, idealism seasoned with practical wisdom, unassuming kindness and an unflinching courage not wholly concealed by grace of manner.

Edward Garnett, who has performed immense services to letters and men of letters, throws a flood of light on a famous novelist by the publication of *Letters of John Galsworthy* (1900–1932). At the beginning of his career, and indeed, for long after, Mr. Galsworthy was glad to have the advice of his friend (as Joseph Conrad was) not only on the framework and structure of contemplated novels, but on minute points of style and characterization. He did not always agree with Mr. Garnett and did not always follow his advice. Perhaps the most interesting part of their correspondence deals with the death of Bosinney in *A Man of Property,* that novel which, although the author had no suspicion of it at the time, was to be the most important of his works; not only for its intrinsic excellence, but because it led to the complete work on which his reputation chiefly rests. "It marshalled him the way that he was going."

Thomas W. Lamont tells me, that during a conversation with one of the most notable of living British writers, he asked "Where do you think Galsworthy will stand in the future?" Without hesitation came the reply, "Above Thackeray."

Along with the publication of these letters comes a reprint (in a beautiful volume) of Galsworthy's little masterpiece, *The Apple Tree,* which, in its exquisite art and in its heart-breaking desolation, is worthy to be placed on the same shelf with anything by Guy de Maupassant.

Mary Ellen Chase fully sustains her well-won reputation by the novel *Mary Peters,* which I call an amphibious novel, for it takes us out on the ocean and back to the farm. I like the sea chapters the best.

And here are two thrillers, which I confidently recommend: *The Line-Up,* by Helen Reilly, exciting and well-written; *A Girl Died Laughing,* by Viola Paradise, the only laugh in the tragedy.

It is interesting that the first overseas commemoration of the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of the French Academy was held at the Elizabethan Club of Yale University on the exact day. Here is the notice sent out:

> Mardi, 20 Novembre 1934, à 8 heures du soir, Monsieur Marcel Aubert, Conservateur au Musée du Louvre, Membre de l'Institut, parlera de l'Académie Française, à l'occasion du 300e anniversaire de la fondation de cette société savante.
>
> THOMAS RODD, *Secretaire.*

M. Aubert, who made a most interesting address, is a visiting professor at the Yale School of Art during the autumn term of every year; he was introduced on this occasion by the distinguished scholar, Professor Albert Feuillerat, formerly at the University of Rennes, now a resident member of the Yale Faculty.

All who are interested in contemporary literature should read everything that comes from the young English novelist, James Hilton, who suddenly became famous in America by his book *Good-bye, Mr. Chips,* which appeared last summer. The success of this story floated the previously printed five novels—*Rage in Heaven, Without Armour, And Now Good-bye, Ill Wind,* and *Lost Horizon.* All are worth reading and they are all important, except *Rage in Heaven,* which is merely ingenious melodramatic claptrap. Mr. Hilton was born in 1900, and seems therefore to be only at the beginning of what may prove to be a great career. In addition to these six novels, he is a regular columnist on a London newspaper. One of the earliest American critics to sound his praises is Mrs. Elizabeth Case of *The Hartford Courant,* who, six months ago, wrote in her regular column the following paragraph:

> Readers of this column may recall that a few weeks ago my joy was expressed in that Professor Phelps had seen fit to emphasize the fact that Mr. James Hilton, who lately leaped to popularity as the author of *Good-bye, Mr. Chips,* had written a number of other novels, all of them noteworthy. In that same column I declared my intention of sending a copy of it to Professor Phelps and of urging him to go on singing the praises of Mr. Hilton, as the author of a number of fine books very little known to the general American reading public. Keeping my word I did send a cutting of that particular "Literary Topics" to Professor Phelps and have received from him in response a characteristically enthusiastic letter, in which he tells me that heretofore he had not known the three Hilton novels, *Without Armour, Rage in Heaven,* and the exquisite *And Now Good-Bye,* all three of which he has sent for, also giving me the good news that William Morrow is just getting out a new edition of *Lost Horizon,* the Hilton novel that introduced the author to the knowledge of Professor Phelps and that I had the ill luck to miss. I hope that this new edition of *Lost Horizon* may shortly reach the *Courant* for review, and I also hope that when Professor Phelps opens his lecture course here in Hartford week after next, he may speak an emphatic word for Mr. Hilton. "Keep it up, Elizabeth!" are the closing words of Professor Phelps's letter to me, and, as his keeping it up will be something like a million times more practically effective than any efforts of mine can be, I pray that Professor Phelps himself may follow his own good counsel.

And now I find the Taylor Library of Milford, Conn., has still another *The Passionate Year* (1924).

The American Ambassador to Mexico, the Honorable Josephus Daniels, impressed by a remark of mine on famous American statesmen, was kind enough to send me the following letter:

> Reading your recollections of your father's "heart-rending grief" when Henry Clay was defeated by James Knox Polk, recalls an incident in a political campaign in North Carolina which is in a sense a companion to the reference to the disappointment of your father and countless others when their hypnotic Clay was denied the goal of his political ambition.
>
> As a young journalist in North Carolina I reported the campaign of the late Daniel G. Fowle, who was the candidate of the Democratic Party for Governor of that State in 1888. His father was as devoted a Whig as your father and Clay's defeat brought tears to the eyes of the young Fowle who had imbibed his politics from his father. In a burst of impassioned eloquence, in my old home town of Wilson, which had at other places moved his audiences, the gubernatorial candidate described to his hearers the grief of old men when they were stunned by the defeat of Clay. He said:
>
> "I was coming home from Princeton on the stage-coach when the news was told. I found that my eyes were full of tears and soon saw that the news had likewise affected other passengers. Going down the Pamlico River on the steamboat I found that the passengers were in the deepest gloom because their political idol had not been elected. Upon reaching my home in Washington, N. C., I found that, while my father welcomed me with every affection, his joy was tempered by his sorrow over the defeat of Clay."
>
> The orator required fifteen minutes, and employed much rhetoric, to tell the affecting story. In its recital he lived over again the real grief which the result of the election

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brought to him and other ardent Whigs. They felt that the cause of the country was wrapped up in their leader. However, the large audience sat unmoved and dry eyed while the eloquent speaker sought to move them to his own state of emotion. That portion of the stirring speech fell rather flat, evoking no response or enthusiasm.

After the meeting, I joined Mr. Fowle on the train for his next appointment. When we were seated, he asked: "What is the matter with your people in Wilson? I made the most eloquent speech of my life, and they sat like wooden men. Have they no heart, no appreciation of eloquence, no emotion?"

I replied: "They are a people with heart and are moved to fine expression of feeling upon occasion. However, they are not given to much manifestation of their feelings. You should not have expected that audience to weep with you because Henry Clay was defeated. They live in a county in which nearly every voter cast his ballot for Polk. You were asking them to cry because the candidate of their party was elected. They like you and will vote for you, but you put a strain upon their party loyalty when you grow eloquent over the defeat of a man against whom nearly all their fathers had voted."

Thereafter the candidate studied the election returns of the year of the contest between Clay and Polk, and in old-time Democratic counties he omitted the tragic story of his sorrow at the defeat of the Kentuckian.

This story points a moral. Don't ask people to weep with you over your political disappointments when they have been taught to believe they should rejoice in the event.

Accuracy in the use of the English language is a subject of such interest and importance that I am always glad to receive from my correspondents any information or comments or suggestions. Here is a letter from G. Frank Kelly, of Scottdale, Pa.:

Permit me to express my appreciation of your article of some weeks ago on Henry George as a best seller. It is especially pleasing as, coming from you, it should materially help to make him a still stronger first seller. I have also read your article in October SCRIBNER'S with its reference to George and was delighted with your commendation of *Moses* which has been a favorite of mine for many years. It is certainly a fine piece of literature. I edited a country daily several years a long time ago and know how the average fellow has to rack his brain to have something of interest all the time.

From that standpoint you may be interested in questions that have been in my mind about the meaning of certain words and their uses.

First, distinguish between *infer* and *imply*. Reading in *The Wall Street Journal* this morning a columnist said that Mr. Roosevelt seemed to *infer* a certain thing, that is that he, Roosevelt, intended to convey a certain meaning. It seems to me the proper word is *imply*. On the other hand, I frequently hear *imply* used where, it seems to me it should be *infer*.

THE FANO CLUB

Mr. Louis Mei of New Haven entered the sacred precincts of the Club on November 7.

THE FAERIE QUEENE CLUB

George P. Elliott, of Arlington, Calif., has just been graduated from the High School at the age of sixteen; he read the entire poem last summer and thoroughly enjoyed it.

Membership is retroactive. Mrs. John C. Cobb, of Milton, Mass., informs me that her sister, Florence Smith, read the poem in 1869. She encloses a poem written by Miss Smith, which I regret is too long for our space, but which reveals the inspiration of Spenser.

THE IGNOBLE PRIZE

Professor Chauncey Brewster Tinker of Yale nominates the neologism *Foreword*. A very good nomination.

From Richard Sheridan Ames of Hollywood, Calif.:

Because you appear to me to be interested in all phases of education, even when mirrored in fiction, I am mailing you a marked copy of *Story* which contains an item, "Ad Viros Faciendos," of possible interest to you. You may not relish the brutalities therein, but you may recognize some truth.

Having bothered you thus far I should add that I am one of the loyal and habitually titillated readers of "As I Like It." But I can't qualify for any of your clubs. I've been ten years reading Proust and haven't finished him yet. I have read *Death Comes for the Archbishop* fifty times, if that means anything. And soon I hope to be guiding Hugh Walpole to the immensities of Boulder Dam. There's the kind of size which thrills me more than *Anthony Adverse*.

DOCTOR JOHNSON ON AVIATION

R. B. M., a writer in *The London Times Literary Supplement*, calls attention to Doctor Johnson's remarks on airmen in Chapter VI of his novel *Rasselas* published in 1759.

If men were all virtuous . . . I should with great alacrity teach them all to fly. But what would be the security of the good, if the bad could at pleasure invade them from the sky? Against an army sailing through the clouds, neither walls, nor mountains, nor seas, could afford any security. A flight of northern savages might hover in the wind and light at once with irresistible violence upon the capital of a fruitful region that was rolling under them.

An interesting letter from Frank H. Randall, of Brooklyn, N. Y., states that he has received from Miss Frances Murray, of Newton Centre, Mass., the following information about the *ough* sounds in English. I have often quoted the first line but could not remember the second.

Though the tough cough and hiccough plough me through,
'Cross Life's dark lough my way I'll still pursue.

He also encloses the following entertaining rhymes:

'Tis not an easy task to show
How *ough* sounds: since *though*
And Irish *lough* and English *slough*
And *cough* and *hiccough*, all allow,
Differ as much as *tough* and *through:*
There seems no reason why they do.

I made a sad blunder in the spelling of one of the most famous romantic rivers in America; and am quite properly rebuked by James K. Stuart of Birmingham, Ala. I spelled it "Sewanee" which is all right for a town in Tennessee, and all wrong for the river immortalized by Stephen Foster. It should and *must* be the Suwannee *river*.

BOOKS MENTIONED IN THIS ARTICLE WITH NAMES OF AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

America's Tragedy, by James Truslow Adams. Scribners. $3.
The Art of the Novel, ed. Richard P. Blackmur. Scribners. $3.
The Platonic Legend, by Warner Fite. Scribners. $2.50.
Editor's Choice, by Alfred Dashiell. Putnam. $3.
Letters from Greenroom Ghosts, by John Mason Brown. Viking. $2.
The American Theater As Seen by Its Critics, ed. John Mason Brown and Montrose J. Moses. Norton. $3.75.
Victoria, the Widow and Her Son, by Hector Bolitho. Appleton-Century. $5.
Author Hunting by an Old Literary Sportsman, by Grant Richards. Coward, McCann. $3.50.
Fourscore, by Robert Grant. Houghton-Mifflin. $3.50.
Letters from John Galsworthy, by Edward Garnett. Scribners. $2.50.
The Apple Tree, by John Galsworthy. Scribners. $3.
The Line-Up, by Helen Reilly. Doubleday, Doran. $2.
A Girl Died Laughing, by Viola Paradise. Harper. $2.
Good-bye, Mr. Chips, by James Hilton. Little, Brown. $1.50.
Rage in Heaven, by James Hilton. A. H. King. $2.50.
Lost Horizon, by James Hilton. Morrow. $2.50.
Ill Wind, by James Hilton. Morrow. $2.50.
Without Armour, by James Hilton. Morrow. $2.50.
The Passionate Year, by James Hilton. Little, Brown. (Out of print.)

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Brain-Testers V

How many of these questions can you answer?

THIS group of questions is the fifth in the Brain-Testers series. The questions are taken from the College Achievement Test used in a study, conducted by the Carnegie Foundation, of the relationship of secondary to higher education. They are reprinted here by permission of the Co-operative Test Service. Answers appear on one of the advertising pages which follow.

Many request for reprints of the questions still come in from those who wish to use them for group entertainment.

Indicate which of the numbered phrases in the left-hand column below best applies to each of the phrases in the right-hand column. Do this by placing the appropriate number in the parenthesis to the right of the phrase.

1. 1. Aberration
   2. Precession of equinoxes
   3. Parallax
   4. Nutation
   5. None of the above

   Slow change of position of the point in the celestial sphere to to which the axis of the earth is directed ( )
   Apparent displacement of stars due to the earth's motion through space ( )
   Ratio of light reflected to light received ( )
   Small irregularity of earth's motion, due to "wabbling" of the moon in its orbit ( )
   The angle between the plane and the earth's equator and the plane of the earth's orbit ( )
   Apparent displacement of stars, as seen from two points on the earth's orbit separated from each other by the mean distance from the earth to the sun ( )

2. 1. Debussy
   2. Gounod
   3. Rossini
   4. Puccini
   5. Strauss
   6. Verdi
   7. Wagner
   8. Leoncavallo

   Aïda ( )
   Electra ( )
   Faust ( )
   Pelleas and Melisande ( )
   The Barber of Seville ( )

3. 1. Archeology
   2. Diplomatic
   3. Epigraphy
   4. Hagiography
   5. Hermeneutic
   6. Histrionic

   The study of saints and sacred writings ( )
   The study of inscriptions ( )
   The general historical science of relics and remains ( )
   The art of deciphering, dating, and determining the authenticity of old writings ( )
   The art of interpreting literary productions mainly from internal evidence ( )

4. 1. Vegetables killed by a heavy frost
   2. Vegetables benefited by a heavy frost
   3. Vegetables not affected by frost

   Lima beans ( )
   Onions ( )
   Oyster-plant ( )
   Parsley ( )
   Parsnips ( )
   Spinach ( )
   Squash ( )
   String beans ( )
   Turnips ( )

5. 1. Sparta
   2. Persepolis
   3. Tyre
   4. Carthage
   5. Syracuse
   6. Byzantium
   7. Thebes
   8. Sodom

   Phœnician seaport ( )
   Chief Phœnician colony ( )
   Palace and tombs of the Persian kings ( )
   Greek colony on site of Constantinople ( )
   Leading Greek city in Sicily ( )
   ( )

In the following questions, indicate which of the several responses best completes the given statement. Do this by placing the number of the preferred response in the parenthesis to the right of the statement.

6. The first psychological laboratory was founded about
   1. 1730. 2. 1789. 3. 1830. 4. 1880. ( )

7. Capital punishment has been abolished in the following number of American states
   1. one. 2. eight. 3. eighteen. 4. thirty-six. ( )

8. Pasteur disproved
   1. spontaneous generation. 2. the theory of biogenesis. 3. the germ theory of rabies. 4. the chemical basis of life ( )

9. In the opinion of Herodotus, geometry first came to be known in Egypt
   1. in order to measure land flooded by the Nile. 2. as an aid in the designing of the pyramids. 3. as a result of the leisure afforded for speculation. 4. through the astronomical studies of Ptolemy. ( )

10. Henry James is noted for
    1. his sympathy with the democratic spirit. 2. his satires on Middle Western society. 3. his keen analysis of Americans in European society. 4. his broad, farcical humor in the American tradition. ( )

11. The number of millionaires in the United States in 1928 was nearest to
    1. 1000. 2. 5000. 3. 10,000. 4. 25,000. ( )

12. The plays of J. M. Synge deal with
    1. the morals of the English aristocracy. 2. Celtic mythical material. 3. the lower classes in Dublin. 4. the life of peasants in the Aran Islands. ( )

13. Cézanne's paintings are distinguished for
    1. vigorous constructive power. 2. grace. 3. the wide range of colors employed. 4. the esoteric subjects he painted. ( )

14. The philosophical and non-historical interpretation of the life of Jesus is
    1. Matthew. 2. Mark. 3. Luke. 4. John. ( )

15. Digestion of food involves
    1. oxidation. 2. reduction. 3. absorption by alimentary canal. 4. hydrolysis by specific enzymes. ( )

16. Italian opera centers around
    1. the singer. 2. the acting. 3. the orchestral score. 4. the story. ( )

In the following, if the statement is true, place a plus sign in the parenthesis (+); if false, a zero (O).

17. The Monroe Doctrine was inspired by the desire of the United States to obtain exclusive rights in Panama. ( )

18. A man who pays a call alone may leave his wife's calling cards with his own. ( )

19. The word "commerce" as used in American law includes the transportation of goods and persons. ( )

20. Molière believed that the best method of treating men's vices was to laugh at them. ( )

21. The bumble-bee is one of the worst insect foes of the fruit-grower. ( )

22. In logical reasoning, if the conclusion is true the premises must be true. ( )

23. Glass is a poor conductor of electricity. ( )

24. Devotional music since Bach has been influenced by lyrical and dramatic considerations, in that an effort is usually made to express the moods and psychological connotations of the words that are set to music. ( )

25. The Sun Dance is the characteristic religious ceremonial of the Indians of the Northwest Coast. ( )

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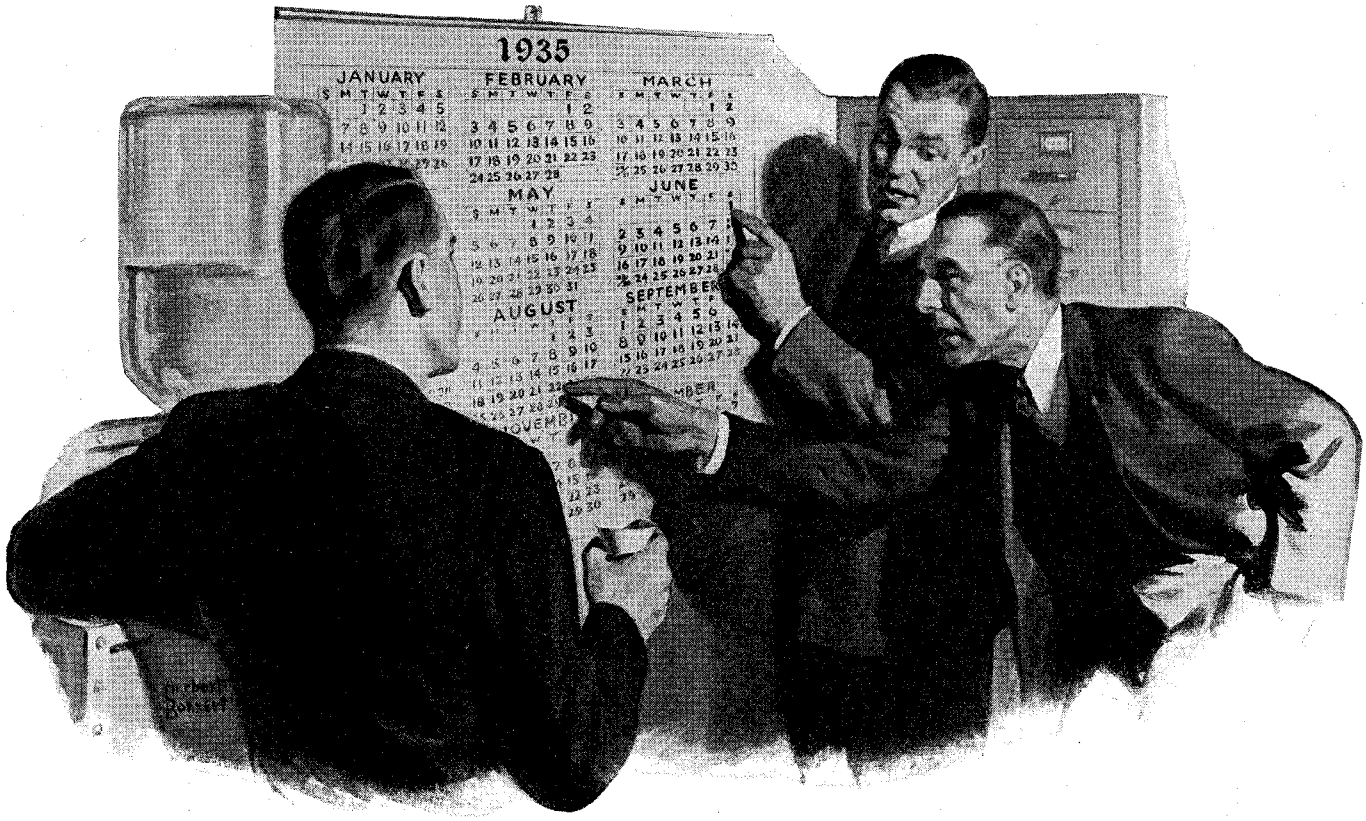

Hay Fever

MANY a hay fever sufferer can point to a calendar and foretell almost to the day when his misery will begin. Often, he knows how long it will last.

His acute distress is caused by pollen carried in the air from a particular kind of tree or grass or weed or, in rare instances, a flower. Some people may be affected by several types of pollen. Little or no relief may be secured until the particular types are known and proper measures are taken to immunize against them.

It requires patience on the part of the sufferer and thoroughness and understanding on the part of his doctor to find out, in advance of the dreaded season, whether hay fever will be brought on by a tree in April or May, a grass in June or July, or a weed in August or September.

One of the methods by which the doctor finds out which pollen causes hay fever consists of making a series of tiny scratches, about an eighth of an inch long, which penetrate the outer skin. He may make from eight to thirty tests, the number depending upon the variety of air-borne pollens in the patient's locality. On each scratch the doctor applies one drop of a different pollen solution. If a particular pollen has caused past trouble, a slight, itching elevation will appear on the skin where the scratch was made.

Based on the results of these tests, the doctor knows just what to do and when to begin to build up the immunity of his patient against the individual trouble-making pollen or pollens.

Some stubborn cases do not yield to this immunizing process, but a majority of hay fever patients have been made far more comfortable by it. Many of them have been relieved completely.

The time to begin the battle against 1935 hay fever is *now!*

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Phonograph Records

By Richard Gilbert

● New Stravinsky recording accompanies his arrival in America. . . . Classical trend exemplified in *Duo Concertant*. . . . Darius Milhaud's ballet *Les Songes*. . . . Bach's *French Suites*, new Beethoven symphony recordings, and a concerto composed by Mozart, aged ten.

IGOR STRAVINSKY's first visit to this hemisphere in ten years is an event of considerable musical importance. The temptation must be denied, at this time, to re-evaluate the splendid and comprehensive recordings of the many works which have flowed from his virile pen since and before the occasion of his sojourn here in 1924. Stravinsky's own ideas on the value of his long list of personal recordings are, I believe, worth a separate article in the near future.

Public appreciation of this most original of contemporary composers has grown tremendously during the past decade. Yet his sudden detours and bewildering changes of style continue to perplex, if they no longer shock, a large number of listeners. Be prepared to observe this time a professor at the piano, a classicist preoccupied with exact proportioning of sinewy tone, with grave and austere abstraction—for it is highly doubtful whether you will be confronted with Eric Walter White's delightful but outgrown portrait of the "little sandy-haired astigmatic man, who appears now and then absent-mindedly on the concert platforms of Europe and America. . . ."[1]

Stravinsky no longer writes of primitive propitiation of the Earth, of peasant wedding ceremonies, or of flirtings with the Devil. He has abandoned for good the weird and tumultuous effects of *Le Sacre du Printemps*, the chanting ecstasy of *Les Noces*, and the burlesque of *Ragtime*, the *saltimbanquerie* of the little orchestral suites and *L'Histoire du Soldat*. Today he is concerned with pure music. In emphasizing the melodic facets of a great talent, he turns to the combination of violin and piano, and brings with him to America a fiddler with whom he has been closely associated during the past three years. During his current tour you may hear Stravinsky and Samuel Dushkin play the new *Duo Concertant*. If you are not able to hear this collaboration in the concert hall, you have only to turn to Columbia Masterworks set No. 199, where, on five record faces, Stravinsky and Dushkin perform from the wax. And, like all other Stravinskian innovations, the *Duo*, upon first hearing, may completely evade you.

There is, however, much to be said for the masterful ease with which Stravinsky solves a whole new set of problems prompted by the opposing sonorities of hammer and strings and a drawn bow. The amazingly deft juxtaposition of violin and keyboard, and the highly distilled interrelationships of patterns provoke the feeling that the *Duo* is music for musicians only. I cannot visualize its appeal for the layman, yet appreciation of the symmetry of Greek sculpture is not wholly confined to the painter or sculptor. It really should be simple, after certain adjustments on the listener's part are made, to perceive associations with archaic art deeper than those suggested by the titles of the second, third, and last movements: *Eglogue* (Nos. 1 and 2) and *Dithyrambe*. The first and penultimate movements are entitled *Cantilène* and *Gigue*. The work as a whole is austere and succinct, but not forbidding. Its sheer perfection cannot remain long invisible to those who have followed Stravinsky's unmatched progress step by step. Others will be glad to know that the music is not discordant, rhythmically paroxysmal, or in any way an "insult to their intelligence."

A complete recording of *Les Noces*, under the composer's direction, will be forthcoming shortly from the Columbia company. For the present it is available in the English pressings. Its review is deferred until a future article.

[1] *Cf. Stravinsky's Sacrifice to Apollo*, The Hogarth Press, London, 1930.

II

Darius Milhaud would be a great asset to Radio City's Music Hall. I can see no reason why a wide public, alert to such agreeably modern confections as Neon stage effects, precision dancing, and chorus costumes of chromium and patent leather, should not respond favorably to the original little ballet masterpieces Milhaud dashes off every so often. The most successful of this prolific French composer's music is generally his most unpretentious. *Swan Lakes* and *Coppélias* and a hundred other sugar plums of the last century cannot go on forever, so why not substitute as a palatable change some of the more airy efforts of the present-day school. When Milhaud puts aside the truculent and vehement intensity evident in *Les Choéphores*, he can become, as in that most genuine of jazz ballets, *La Création du Monde* (1923), devilish, vivacious, and mysteriously nostalgic—always lyrical. His music is original; its marked rhythms and simple folk-like melodies are captivating, the individual instrumentation and structural balance make instant appeal. In short, Milhaud's music, such as *Les Songes* (Columbia discs Nos. 17038/39D), deserves less exclusive auspices than those of the Ballet Russe.

Les Songes, produced a decade after *La Création du Monde*, is another pleasant quarter-hour excursion behind the footlights. This time the original interpreters were the members of the Ballet Russe, in particular charming Tamara Toumanova, a youngster not unknown, thanks to the Monte Carlo troupe, to America. Unfortunately, the reds, greens, and blacks of André Derain, and the "points" of Mlle. Toumanova cannot accompany the music here, but M. Milhaud makes his part authentic by conducting the performance of the Paris Philharmonic Orchestra, the recording of which is unusually good.

III

Harry Cumpson, who plays two *French Suites* of Bach (*No. 5 in G major*, and *No. 6 in E major*) for Columbia (set No. 200), is not an interna-

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● Based on a month's tabulation, the Fifth Avenue buses delivered to

	passengers per year
Lord & Taylor's	378,000
Altman's	423,000
McCreery's Fifth Ave. Entrance	233,400
Best & Co.	184,500
Franklin Simon & Co.	134,700
John Wanamaker	284,294

● These figures are from a survey made by the Fifth Avenue Coach Company a few years ago, when the coaches were carrying only 43,000,000 passengers a year. During the past 12 months the buses carried away from Wanamaker's 366,918 passengers.

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PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

tionally known pianist nor yet one of the great virtuosi. But I like very much his sincere and able performance of these two beautiful works: playing that is notably direct, unaffected, and flowing. He prefers to leave all the talking to Bach and, supported by uncommon musical intelligence, achieves eloquence.

Curiously there has never been a really satisfactory recording of Beethoven's *Symphony No. 5 in C Minor*. The reading by Serge Koussevitsky, with the London Philharmonic Orchestra (Victor set No. M245) falls quite below the effectiveness this conductor achieves in Symphony Hall with his own Boston orchestra. The recording is superb, but the London men do not quite live up to it. Eccentricities of tempo may be blamed on inadequate rehearsals rather than on Koussevitsky's personal desires. Until Toscanini chooses to enrapture disc collectors throughout the world, I suppose we must be content to live with this version. After all, it does make previous editions obsolete.

Mozart's *Concerto in D Major (The Adelaide)*, while of some lyric charm and naïve joyousness, falls far below the standard of his mature works for violin and accompaniment. The mere fact that he composed it at the age of ten, and that Yehudi Menuhin, not yet twice those tender years, plays it on records, will not make it sound any more ingenious projected through the impersonal cavity of a loudspeaker. Thrown in for good measure are three new cadenzas by Paul Hindemith, which, of course, are preposterously inconsistent, and a new orchestration by Marious Casadesus. The accompaniment by the Paris Symphony Orchestra, led by Pierre Monteux, while admirably recorded, lacks lustre. Menuhin tries to make a lot more of the music than the wonder child ever intended. This concerto was written to dispel the idea that Mozart's early compositions were really the work of his father. The daughter of Louis XV, Princess Adelaide, saw the piece come to life under her very eyes. It was lost for a long time and published only recently. As we no longer discredit the child Mozart's precociousness, why not let it go at that and pay more attention to his really eloquent works, of which there remain a goodly number unrecorded? At any rate, add Victor set No. M246 to the increasing phonographic output of the amazing Menuhin.

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If I Should Ever Travel

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

● Long and short cruises to the West Indies. . . . Flowers in Jamaica. . . . Summer in the Southern States. . . . Australia, full of surprises. . . . Spring in the Mediterranean. . . . Winter sports in Canada.

THREE things have combined to make me discontented with my lot. A few days after Christmas came a letter from a newlywed friend of mine whose husband is a young doctor in Porto Rico. "It doesn't make any sense," she said, "that Christmas is coming. No Santa Clauses ringing bells on the corners and of course not a trace of snow or holly. We play tennis every day." Well, over the coffee cups on a bitter January morning, it made a lot of sense to me.

Another friend from England wrote: "I'll be seeing you soon for perhaps the last time. I have just accepted a permanent post on the Australian Research Council. I go by way of America, from our winter fogs to eternal sunshine. Perversely I shall miss the fogs, I suppose." Exiled to eternal sunshine! What is Australia like, then, which is to take my friend away from me? Slowly I got out my atlas and started to turn the pages. . . .

And now I've just seen my sister off on a cruise to Grenada, Trinidad, La Guayra, Puerto Cabello, Curaçao, Panama, and Kingston. She had with her, in her roomy cabin, pale green and yellow and white sports dresses—thin and cool—and natty little summer hats and shoes (some of them mine), and a bathing suit and a beach robe. Pulling the old brown tweeds up around my ears and bracing myself agin the wintry blasts there on that icy pier, I watched the ship back out and all I could think of was "She's carrying tired people to the Islands of the Blest." I guess that was written about the other side of the world, but as far as I was concerned then, any place where the sun shines warmly in these January days was blessed in my mind. And do you know that boats leave for one or another of those places almost every day from now till April 29? You can pay $50 or $250, stay four days or twenty-four, but you'll be walking out on winter just as if you jumped from now into the middle of July.

Courtesy Italian Line

STREET IN ALGIERS

And speaking of tennis on Christmas, a lady who lives in Jamaica read what I had to say about morning-glories in Bermuda and writes me: "Those heavenly blue morning-glories grow here, in great profusion, blooming from November—exquisite in size, texture, coloring and grace. On Christmas I had them for table decoration; rather a unique color for Christmas." And then she adds "Believe me, Bermuda has not *all* the travel allure. We have mountains, plains, and seashore—climate as you like it. Jamaica is as large as Connecticut, and to go on with the 'bouquet': orchids are wonderful here, in the open air. I never get over the feeling of awe [the lady had migrated from Boston] when I see one. In Boston I saw them through the florist's windows chiefly, but here they grow on trees! Bougainvillea is our most constant bloomer; ruby, terra-cotta, pink, white, etc. Stephanotis is a lovely cluster of white waxy flowers, with a quality of fragrance resembling tuberoses." So now I've got Jamaica on my list. Eighteen-day cruises to the "Spanish Main" include a stop at Jamaica, and leave New York every Thursday. $185 up. Or you can take an eleven-day "Jamaica Cruise" for $155 up. And $110 will take you on an eleven-day all-expense cruise to the West Indies and San Juan, the Porto Rico home of my tennis-playing friend. And those are just starters. The possibilities in West Indies Cruises are staggering. Some of these cruises stop at Miami, but the ordinary way to get to Florida, Pinehurst, Southern Pines and other gay and sporting bits of home-grown summer, is by the fast air-conditioned trains of the New York-Florida Limited. Steamers go to Savannah, Sea Island Beach, and even as far as New Orleans (sixteen-day cruise $90). New Orleans is apparently quite a winter resort, for rates are reasonable by land and sea both from New York and California.

AUSTRALIA

I wondered how my friend was going to get to Australia from the Coast. I found that boats leave San Francisco once a month on a regular service to Australia, $574 round trip—which wouldn't do him much good—first class, and $393 cabin class. And what would you expect to find in Australia? Kangaroos? I know. But that's not all. Did you know that there is skiing in Australia? And surf bathing, and cattle punching, and country so like our West that I couldn't tell pictures of the two apart, and funny little fat bears and flying foxes and wombats, and then besides all that, cities and

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harbors and hotels as modern as any in the world? I saw a booklet of pictures of Australia the other day, and to put it mildly I was surprised. Why do we know so little about Australia?

The Mediterranean

There was one year when I saw spring come three times. I was in Florence in March and sitting in the sunny court of Santa Croce, I saw little flowers blooming in the grass and knew that spring comes early over Italy. In April in Paris I saw the chestnut trees in blossom along the Champs Elysées, and in May in Alsace walked through the upland meadows of the Vosges and in the white fragrance of apple orchards heard the cuckoos calling from the evening woods higher up the slopes. So that when I read now that boats are leaving at this moment to discover Springtime in the Mediterranean, they draw me almost more than promises of immediate summer. I have not forgotten what it is to have more than one's allotted yearly share of that blessed season of hope and promise. Try it out, before I go sentimental and tell you of lilies of the valley in—well, enough, enough.

Winter Sports

I realize that all the foregoing has been something more than saccharine and cloying to those hardy individuals, whom I so firmly admire, who like their winters cold. For them a word. Four-day tours leave every Friday until February 22d from the Pennsylvania Station in New York, for Montreal, Quebec, or Ottawa; your fare includes Pullman, hotel rooms, and all meals Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. $45.05 round trip from New York to Montreal. $52 to Quebec, and $51.05 to Ottawa. Montpelier in Vermont is a way station and from a little farm house there, comes word that Mansfield and those other well-known peaks are topped with snow and that "the hills have moved in closer now," and I must see. Tell me of Montreal when you get back.

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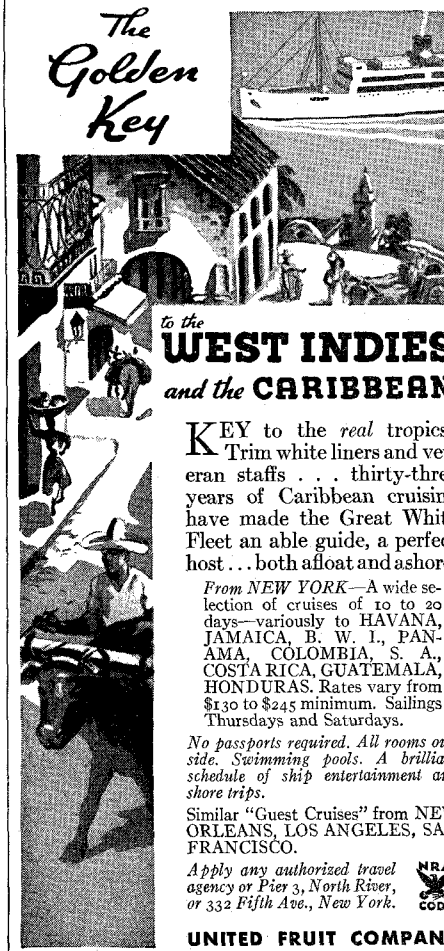

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Behind the Scenes

● Scribner Authors. . . . Charles Beard, Erskine Caldwell, Christian Gauss, William Saroyan, Henry Pringle, Samuel Dunn, Edward Shenton, David C. Colony, Helen Van Pelt Wilson, Ruth Bass. . . . Answering "Under Sentence of Death."

Charles A. Beard's new book, *The Open Door at Home,* has been occupying a prominent position on the President's desk during recent talks in Washington dealing with the State Department's study of means to keep the United States out of a future foreign war. He writes of himself: "I am a queer old bird, now past sixty, and one of the very few independent persons in the United States engaged in scribbling on public affairs, being a dairy farmer in Connecticut with no mortgage on my farm." He claims his faults and follies as his own, due to no boss, editor, president, board of trustees, bishop, or other dignitary. He says he has made two trips to the Orient, so that China and Japan, Formosa and Manchuria are not just word blurs in his mind. In "National Politics and War" he views the future of the country in the light of its past.

"Kneel to the Rising Sun" is another story of share-croppers in the South by **Erskine Caldwell,** author of the theatrical success *Tobacco Road.* This story has aroused such factions, pro and con, among those who have read it before publication that we are sure there will be strong feelings about it among our readers and we should like to hear them. Mr. Caldwell is the son of a Presbyterian minister, born in White Oak, Ga. Never went to school till he was fourteen and by that time had so definite an idea of what his interests were that conforming to educational methods in orthodox schools and colleges seemed worse than dull. He went to the University of Virginia for a little while. To the University of Pennsylvania for three years after that. He loathes reading books but will read anything in print that appears in magazines. He forces himself to read no less than two novels a year. Sometimes he reads three. He has worked in lumber mills and picked cotton in the South; managed a lecture bureau, been a night cook in the Union Station at Wilkesbarre, and played professional football at Allentown, Pa.

Gilbert Seldes says he doesn't change much from year to year, but that's what he says. Since his last article in SCRIBNER'S his version of *Lysistrata* has been illustrated by Pablo Picasso and issued by the Limited Editions Club, and he has been doing a regular column on "The Seven Lively Arts" in *Esquire.* He still conducts a daily column for *The New York Evening Journal.* He says, too, that he has received many congratulations on his work on the munitions racket, but has had to reject them, as that work was done by his brother.

William Saroyan, whose recent *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze* brought him instant fame, speaks for himself:

"My people being poverty-stricken aristocrats and I myself being an alien in the American environment I knew as a boy, some one relatively homeless and rootless in the streets of a small and intellectually barren city, I had little opportunity to follow any creative activity other than writing, since the physical equipment necessary for the writer (paper, pencil, etc.) is more readily and cheaply obtained than the equipment necessary for the pursuit of any other art . . . although by instinct I was probably more inclined to compose music. This unhappy inclination persists still and is noticeable in very nearly everything I have ever written and is especially noticeable in this little story 'At Sundown.' "

In the list of the hundred notable books of the past year, prepared by *The New Republic,* Dean **Christian Gauss's** *A Primer for Tomorrow* is listed as one of the eleven notable volumes under philosophy and science. Much of his writing, as this book, is done in the hours from midnight to morning after his duties as dean and professor are over. He explains that he has to write in self-defense, to reassure himself of his identity. "I was rapidly becoming a character in fiction," he writes. "Day Edgar started it when he made me the dean in stories of *In Princetontown.* Edmund Wilson made it worse when he projected me as the professor in *I Thought of Daisy.* I became hopelessly confused when I was told that I was the comic-supplement dean in my old friend, Hope Coffey's *She Loves Me Not.* All this was very befuddling. Every now and then I have to write something and sign it with my own name to prove to myself that I am in my own person alive and kicking."

As so many men who later on become well known, **Samuel Dunn,** author of "A Few Facts on the Theory of Abundance," started his career as a typesetter. As a boy of thirteen it was his job to put into type the editorials and articles published by *The Pratt* (Kansas) *Republican* on the Farmer's Alliance which sent "Sockless Jerry" Simpson to Congress among others from his district. During the free-silver campaign of 1895–96 he wrote "sound money" editorials for rural newspapers in Missouri, and believes in inflation now no more than he did then. With this beginning he started reading all economic literature written, from Aristotle down. In 1905, when an editorial writer on *The Chicago Tribune,* he was assigned to write on several transportation problems. This led to his specialization in transportation subjects. He is now editor of *Railway Age* and chairman of the Simmons-Boardman Publishing Co., which publishes eight business papers in various fields.

"The Newspaperman as An Artist—Frank I. Cobb" is the last of a series of three biographies of famous newspapermen to appear in the Magazine. The other two, "Godkin of the Post" and "Kentucky Bourbon—Marse Henry Watterson" were also written by **Henry Pringle,** who is well known for his books of biography, especially that on Theodore Roosevelt.

Edward Shenton, whose short story, "When Spring Brings Back," appears in this issue, rather divides himself be-

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tween drawing and writing. He studied illustration at the Academy of Fine Arts and won two scholarship to Paris. He served two years in the army, has written two novels, and contributed short stories to SCRIBNER'S and *Colliers*. He likes writing better, but says that drawing is more soothing, less nerve-wracking.

The Reverend **David C. Colony** is headmaster of The Mission School in Philadelphia. This school, whose method of instruction is a modification of the Dalton Plan, charges the student nothing, and has, of course, a very special method of admissions. The purposes of the school include "the adjustment of children of foreign-born parents to the American environment for reason both of patriotism and because since they are, by chance, placed here, they should learn to understand and to be as happy as possible in their surroundings," and "to teach each child, as soon as old enough to learn, a trade whereby he may earn his living and his share of peace." Religion is an integral part of the teaching.

The author of "The Victorians Had a Word for It," **Helen Van Pelt Wilson,** has a daughter of her own, aged seven, so that her words are from practical knowledge and spoken from the heart. She has taught in a public school; is enthusiastic over gardening, the theater, bridge, travel, and silence; began, four years ago, writing for a hobby and later as a profession, having written articles recently for many leading magazines.

"The Little Man" is the second article about Bayou Pierre Bottom Negroes, among whom **Ruth Bass** was born and still lives on a very lonely, isolated, and worn-out plantation.

So much comment has come in to us about the anonymous article "Under Sentence of Death" in our October issue that we feel confident the following letter, written as a direct result of it, will be of interest to many of our readers. It is of such a personal nature that we are printing it also anonymously.

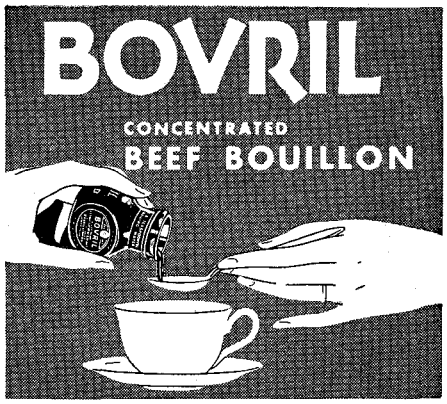
NOTHING IS WASTED

Sirs: I have never replied to a magazine article before. Probably because none has ever affected me so much as the anonymous one in two sections in the October SCRIBNER'S. The author has described my own bitter experience, with a few differences. Her beloved suffered two days. Mine, two years. Years of daily increasing physical torture and mental torment. She knew the dreadful truth in a time of calm. It was shot into my mind by a surgeon outside of my husband's room in a hospital with a bullet made of one word "malignant." And I had to go in there instantly, with a smile on my face that he might go to the ordeal of the operating room with the picture in his mind of a wife certain of a happy outcome. As her directions were, so were mine. "He must not know." How women smile and smile and smile! But if they did not, what then? If I had stopped smiling could he have clung to me, literally with his hands, and been in some measure comforted? To see one's best beloved tortured, to stand at his side helpless. I am sure the world holds nothing more terrible. For we were the second two out of that woman's "thousand" whose marriage was truly a complete one. We had thirteen more years than she did. Thirty-three years. Uneventful except to ourselves, quite ordinary years. But as I sit alone now, they glow with the calm light of a quiet radiance, unshadowed by remembrance of squabbles. We liked the same things always. We did the same things. We were, I should think, completely ordinary married people, lovers to the last minute, when he told me to leave him because he realized the agony his suffering caused me. We had no children either. I think that sorrow drew us closer together. So I too am alone. I too must sell the house we had lived in happily for twenty years. Almost all the money we had in the world went in a vain attempt to stay this terrible tide of destruction. I too must set my sixty years into some harness. I must do some hard work both to make my life take another jerking start forward and to find means for daily living. All these similarities between this author and myself. But here we separate.

It is impossible for me to understand this other woman's impulse to be cruel since her husband is gone. That seems to me almost psychopathic. I have thought about it a great deal. It seems terribly sad to me that she should have so strange a mental reaction beside all the rest. I judge that she is a writer and should think that would help. It is what I am setting myself at doing—going to school again at my time of life!

She is quite sure it is all finished, that the glory of her twenty years of perfect companionship is a memory to be blown out with her last breath. In plain words, it was all wasted except for the enjoyment of the moment and the mutual pleasure they enjoyed for the time. I have thought about that ever since I read her words. Once my husband said to me after the knowledge had dawned that he was growing steadily worse instead of better, "I'll wait for you somewhere." Which was right? Is it wrong of me to cling to that slender thread of promise? Should I tear it away and let myself just float? I have thought and thought and that is why I am writing this. Scientific men used to be counted the greatest enemies of religion. But lately it seems to me, they have been true preachers of a doctrine bearing in it a marvellous comfort. They preach from the text "Nothing is lost. Nothing is wasted." As I write here by the window, leaves are flying in twisting flocks like hurrying birds, faded and dingy, while countless others still cling to the boughs flaunting a last desperate gaiety in the face of certain destruction. And they tell us that no atom of any of them but will be worked over into the scheme of life again. If no puff of steam, no splinter of hoar-frost is lost, if no infinitesmal scrap divided into the millionths of which we cannot even think, but weaves its appointed way on and on and on, why must we think that the mainspring of them all, the attraction of positive and negative, the driving force of all the universe showing most plainly in the love of man and woman for each other, is the only thing to stop? Such would be waste indeed. To me, it is comfort. I shall cling to it.

ANONYMOUS.



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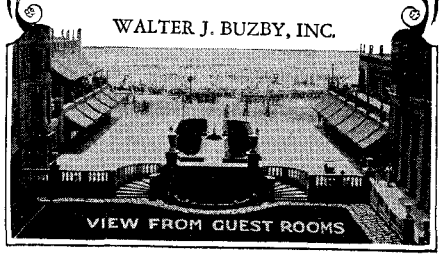

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Books for Your Library

(Continued from page 6)

finest perceptions of tragedy, he let them elapse for the sake of a superficiality that will prove to be only too popular.

ALFRED KAZIN.

SOLDIER FOR PEACE

BLISS, PEACEMAKER. THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF TASKER H. BLISS. By Frederick Palmer. Dodd, Mead. $4.

When in 1875 Tasker H. Bliss graduated from West Point he did not lead his class in rank as he did in scholarship because, as one of his professors lamented, he spent so much time in "outside reading and study." This handicap in academic circles marked the man and explains his notable career. His thirst for knowledge and his imagination preserved him from the mental decline which so often overtakes men, in and out of the army, when promotion is slow and the years drag on in depressing surroundings. True, he acquitted himself to the satisfaction of the War Department and his superiors in a number of important positions, but he did not come into the public eye until in 1917 he was selected as Chief of Staff by President Wilson.

A few months later he was sent to Versailles as America's representative in the Supreme War Council. The competent way in which Bliss, now a four-starred general, shouldered the responsibilities of this duty led to his appointment by President Wilson as a member of the Commission to Negotiate Peace. A strict disciplinarian in army details, in diplomatic debate and discussion, Bliss was a free lance of the most untrammelled description. Unfortunately the substance of his memoranda on the Shantung and Yugo-Slav problems was widely known in Paris. It did not add to the harmony of the conference and it gave assistance to those in Washington who for a variety of reasons sought to wreck the treaty. The sequel has proved that the President was better informed than the soldier for whose judgment in military affairs he had a high regard. The Japanese withdrew from Shantung as they promised and today one of the most disturbing factors in Europe is the circumstance that gallant little Servia was given too great an area to control rather than too little—as Bliss thought.

In later years Bliss struck stout blows in defense of the "disabled soldier" who had been his commander-in-chief in the "battle of Paris." In 1922 he wrote: "The President had gone to France to negotiate and in negotiation you have to make compromises. That he was not quick to learn but he did learn and was steadfast to it. Mr. Wilson did what was practicable to save civilization." And in this campaign, to end war, it should be added that Bliss helped even when he was in loyal opposition. In the crusade for peace to which he devoted his last years General Bliss kept his feet on the ground. "I do not know if the abolition of war is possible," he wrote. "I always speak of the minimization of the chances of war—not the abolition of it. The world must begin to minimize the dangers of it before we can talk about abolishing it." Personally, I recall that he was not receptive to mathematical formulæ to determine the proper military strength of each nation.

General Bliss, for his unflagging efforts in the cause of world peace, earned the gratitude of his countrymen and of all forward-looking people. Colonel Palmer, who knew well the subject of this great biography, is restrained in his praise, and that restraint would be pleasing to his hero. It may be that we shall not see his like again but, thanks to this admirable volume, what General Bliss accomplished will be long remembered by West Pointers—and many others.

STEPHEN BONSAL.

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ASSOCIATED GAS & ELECTRIC SYSTEM ITHACA NEW YORK

Answers to Brain-Testers V

(from page 128)

The numbers for the first seven questions are listed as they should appear in the parenthesis.

Question 1: 2, 1, 5, 4, 5, 3.
2: 6, 5, 2, 1, 3.
3: 4, 3, 1, 2, 5.
4: 1, 1, 2, 3, 2, 1, 1, 1, 2.
5: 3, 4, 2, 6, 5.
6: 4.
7: 2.
8: 1.
9: 1.
10: 3.
11: 3.
12: 4.
13: 1.
14: 4.
15: 4.

Question 16: 1.
17: O.
18: O.
19: +.
20: +.
21: O.
22: O.
23: +.
24: +.
25: O.

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